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A MISCELLANY OF ROMANCE,

General Literature, and Art.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

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AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

WITH FIVE ILLUSTRATIONS ON STEEL BY JOHN FRANKLIN.

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George Cruikshank.

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AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE.

SIR LIONEL FLAMSTEAD.

A SKETCH.

BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

Flos Mercatorum.—Epitaph on Whittington.

AT that festive season, when the days are at the shortest, and the nights at the longest, and when, consequently, it is the invariable practice of all sensible people to turn night into day; when the state of the odds between business and pleasure is decidedly in favour of the latter; when high carnival is held in London, and every thing betokens the prevalence and influence of good cheer; when pastry-cooks are in their glory, and green trays in requisition; when porters groan beneath hampers of game, and huge tubs of Canterbury brawn; when trains arriving from the eastern counties are heavy laden with turkeys and hares; when agents in town send barrels of oysters to correspondents in the country; when Christmas-box claimants disturb one's equanimity by day, and Waits (those licensed nuisances, to which even our reverence for good old customs cannot reconcile us) break one's first slumber at night; when surly Christians "awake," and salute the band of little carolers with jugs of cold water; when their opposite neighbour, who has poked his night-capped head from his window, retires with a satisfactory chuckle; when the meat at Mr. Giblett's in Bond Street, which, for the last six weeks, has announced the approach of Christmas by its daily-increasing layers of fat, as correctly as the almanack, has reached the ne-plus-ultra of adiposity; when wondering crowds are collected before the aforesaid Giblett's to gaze upon the yellow carcase of that leviathan prize ox—the fat being rendered more intensely yellow by its contrast with the green holly with which it is garnished—as well as to admire the snowy cakes of suet with which the sides of that Leicestershire sheep are loaded; when the grocer's trade is "in request," and nothing is heard upon his counter but the jingling of scales and the snapping of twine; when the vender of sweetmeats, as he deals forth his citron and sultanas in the due minced-meat proportions to that pretty housemaid, whispers something in a soft and sugared tone about the misletoe; when "coming Twelfth Nights cast their shadows before," and Mr. Gunter feels doubly important; when pantomimes are about to unfold all their magic charms, and the holidays have fairly commenced; when the meteorological prophet predicts that Thursday the 1st will be fair and frosty, and it turns out to be drizzling rain and a sudden thaw; when intelligence is brought that the ice "bears," the intelligence being confirmed by the appearance of sundry donkey-carts, containing ice an inch thick, and rendered indisputable by the discharge of their crystal loads upon the pavement before Mr. Grove's, the fishmonger's; when crack performers in paletots, or Mackintoshes, with skates in their hands, cigars in their mouths, and tights and fur-topped boots on their lower limbs, are seen hastening up Baker Street, in the direction of the Regent's Park; when a marquee is pitched upon the banks of the Serpentine, and a quadrille

executed by the before-mentioned crack skaters in tights and fur-topped boots upon its frozen waters; when the functionaries of the Humane Society begin to find some employment for their ropes and punt; when old Father Thames, who, for a couple of months, appears to have been undecided about the colours of his livery—now inclining to a cloak of greyish dun, now to a mantle of orange tawny—has finally adopted a white transparent robe with facings of silver; when, as you pass down Harley Street, the lights in the drawing-room windows of every third house, the shadows on the blinds, and, above all, the enlivening sound of the harp and piano, satisfy you that its fair inmate is “at home;” when,

House-quakes, street-thunders, and door-batteries,

are heard from “midnight until morn;” when the knocker at No. 22 Park Street responds to the knocker at No. 25; when a barrel-organ and a popular melody salute your ear as you enter Oxford Street; when the doors of the gin-palaces seem to be always opening to let people *in*, but never to let them *out*, and the roar of boisterous revelry is heard from the bar; when various vociferations arise from various courts and passages; when policemen are less on the alert, though their interference is more requisite than usual; when uproarious jollity prevails; when “universal London getteth drunk,” and, in short, when Christmas is come, and every body is disposed to enjoy himself in his own way. At this period of wassail and rejoicing it was that a social party, to which I am now about to introduce the reader, was assembled in a snug little dining-room of a snug little house, situate in that snug little pile of building denominated the Sanctuary in Westminster.

When a man has any peculiarity of character, his house is sure to partake of it. The room which he constantly inhabits reflects his image as faithfully as a mirror, nay, more so, for it reflects his mind as well as his person. A glance at No. 22, St. James's Place would satisfy you its owner was a poet. We can judge of the human, as of the brute lion, by the aspect of his den. The room marks the man. Visit it in his absence, and you may paint his portrait better than the limner who has placed his “breathing canvass” on the walls. From that well-worn elbow-chair and the slippers at its feet (the slippers of an old man are never to be mistaken), you can compute his age; from that faded brocade dressing-gown and green velvet cap, you can shape out his figure; from the multiplicity of looking-glasses you at once infer that he has not entirely lost his vanity or his good looks; that gold-headed cane gives you his carriage—it is not a crutch-handled stick, but a cane to flourish jauntily; that shagreen spectacle-case, that chased silver snuff-box with the Jupiter and Leda richly and somewhat luxuriously wrought upon its lid, that fine Sévres porcelain, that gorgeous Berlin ware, those rare bronzes half-consumed by the true hoary green *æruugo*, those little Egyptian images, that lacrymatory, that cinerary urn, that brick from the Coliseum, that tessellated pavement from Pompeii, looking like a heap of various coloured dice, and a world of other rarities, furnish unerring indications of his tastes and habits, and proclaim him a member of the Archaeological Society; while that open volume of Sir Thomas Urquhart's ‘Rabelais’ (published by the Abbotsford Club) gives you his course of study; the Morning Post his politics; that flute and those musical notes attest the state of his lungs; and that well-blotted copy of verses, of which the ink is scarcely dry, proclaims his train of thought. The door opens, and an old gentleman enters exactly

corresponding to your preconceived notions. You require no introduction. You have made his acquaintance half an hour ago.

The apartment to which we are about to repair was a complete index to the mind and character of its possessor, Sir Lionel Flamstead. I have called it a dining-room, from its ordinary application to the purposes of refection and festivity; but it had much more the air of a library, or study. It was a small comfortable chamber, just large enough to contain half-a-dozen people, though by management double that number had been occasionally squeezed into its narrow limits. The walls were decorated with curious old prints, maps and plans, set in old black worm-eaten frames, and representing divers personages, places, and structures, connected with London and its history.

Over the mantel-piece was stretched Vertue's copy of Ralph Aggas's famous survey of our "great metropolis," made about the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, or perhaps a little earlier, when it was scarcely so great a metropolis as at the present time, and when novelists, gentlemen of the press, cabmen, omnibus cads, and other illustrious personages, were unborn and undreamed of; when St. Giles's, in lieu of its mysterious and Dædalian Seven Dials (which should have for their motto Wordsworth's title, "We are seven"), consisted of a little cluster of country houses, surrounded by a grove of elms; when a turretted wall girded in the city, from Aldgate to Gray Friars; when a pack of stag-hounds was kept in Finsbury Fields, and archers and cross-bowmen haunted the purlieus of the Spital; when he who strolled westward from Charing Cross (then no misnomer) beheld neither Opera House, nor club-house, but a rustic lane, with a barn at one end, and a goodly assortment of hay-carts and haystacks at the other; when the Thames was crossed by a single bridge, and that bridge looked like a street, and the street itself like a row of palaces. On the right of this plan hung a sketch of Will Somers, jester to Henry VIII., after the picture by Holbein; on the left an engraving of Geoffrey Hudson, the diminutive attendant of Henrietta Maria. This niche was devoted to portraits of the bluff king before-mentioned, and his six spouses; that to the melancholy Charles and his family. Here, the Great Fire of 1666, with its black profiles of houses, relieved by a sheet of "bloody and malicious" flame, formed a pleasant contrast to the icy wonders of the Frost Fair, held on the Thames in 1684, when carriages were driven through the lines of tents, and an ox was roasted on the water to the infinite delectation of the citizens. There Old Saint Paul's (in the words of Victor Hugo, "one of those gothic monuments so admirable and so irreparable"), and which is but ill replaced by the modern "bastard counterpart" of the glorious fane of St. Peter at Rome, reared its venerable tower (not dome) and lofty spire to the sky. Next to St. Paul's came the reverend abbey of Westminster, taken before it had been disfigured by the towers added by Wren; and next to the abbey opened the long and raftered vista of its magnificent neighbouring hall. Several plans and prospects of the Tower of London, as it appeared at different epochs, occupied a corner to themselves: then came a long array of taverns from the Tabard in Southwark, the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, and the Devil near Temple Bar, embalmed in the odour of poesy, to the Nag's Head in Cheapside, notorious for its legend of the consecration of the Protestant bishops in 1559; there also might you see—

— in Billingsgate the Salutation.

And the Boar's Head near London Stone,
The Swan at Dowgate, a tavern well known,
The Mitre in Cheap, and then the Bull's Head,
And many like places that make noses red ;
The Boar's Head in Old Fish-street ; Three Crowns in the Vintry ;
And, now, of late, Saint Martin's in the Seutree ;
The Windmill in Lothbury ; the Ship at th' Exchange ,
King's Head in New Fish-street, where roysters do range ;
The Mermaid in Cornhill ; Red Lion in the Strand ;
Three Tuns in Newgate Market ; in Old Fish-street the Swan.*

Adjoining these places of entertainment were others of a different description, to wit, the Globe, as it stood when Shakspeare (how insufferable is Mr. Knight's orthography of this reverend name—*Shakspere*) trod the stage ; the king's play-house in Charles the Second's time ; the Bear-garden, with its flag streaming to the wind ; and the Folly, as it once floated in the river, opposite old Somerset House. Then came the Halls, beginning with Guildhall and ending with Old Skinner's. Next, the Crosses, from Paul's to Charing ; then, the churches, gateways, hospitals, colleges, prisons, asylums, inns of court,—in short, for it is needless to particularise further, London and its thousand recollections rose before you, as you gazed around. Scarcely an old edifice, to which an historical tradition could be attached (and what old London edifice is destitute of such traditions ?) was wanting. Nor were the great of old—the spirits, who gave interest and endurance to these decayed, or decaying structures, wanting. But I shall not pause to enumerate their portraits, or make out a catalogue as long as the list of Homer's ships, or the gallery of Mr. Lodge. Sufficient has been said, I trust, to give the reader an idea of the physiology of the room. Yet stay ! I must not omit to point out the contents of those groaning shelves. In the goodly folios crowded there are contained the chronicles of Holinshed and Hall ; of Grafton, Fabian, and Stowe ; of Matthew of Paris, and his namesake of Westminster. Let him not be terrified at the ponderous size of these admirable old historians, nor be deterred by the black letter, if he should chance to open a volume. Their freshness and picturesque details will surprise as much as they will delight him. From this wealthy mine Shakspeare drew some of his purest ore. The shelves are crowned by a solitary bust. It is that of a modern. It is that of a lover and a character of London. It is DOCTOR JOHNSON.

Having completed the survey of the apartment, I shall now proceed to its occupants. These were five in number—jolly fellows all—seated round a circular dining-table covered with glasses and decanters, amidst which a portly magnum of claret, and a deep and capacious china punch-bowl must not pass unmentioned. They were in the full flow of fun and conviviality ; enjoying themselves as good fellows always enjoy themselves at “the season of the year.” The port was delectable—old as Saint Paul's, I was going to say,—not quite, however—but just “old enough ;” the claret was nectar, or, what is better, it was Lafitte ;—the punch was drink for the gods. The jokes of this party would have split your sides—their laughter would have had the same effect on your ears. Never were heard peals of merriment so hearty

* News from Barthlomew Faire.

and prolonged. You only wondered how they found time to drink, so quick did each roar follow on the heels of its predecessor. That they *did* drink, however, was clear; that they *had* drunk was equally certain; and that they intended to continue drinking seemed to come within the limits of probability.

Sir Lionel Flamstead was a retired merchant,—one of those high-souled, high-principled traders, of which our city was once so justly proud, and of which so few, in these days of railway bubbles, and other hare-brained speculations, can be found. His word was his bond—once passed it was sufficient: his acceptances were accounted safe as the Bank of England. Had Sir Thomas Gresham descended from his niche he could not have been treated with greater consideration than attended Sir Lionel's appearance on 'Change. All eyes followed the movements of his tall and stately figure—all hats were raised to his courteous but ceremonious salutation. Affable, yet precise, and tinctured with something of the punctiliousness of the old school, his manners won him universal respect and regard, even from those unknown to him. By his intimates he was revered. His habits were as regular as clock-work, and the glass of cold punch at Tom's, or the basin of soup at Birch's, wound him up for the day. His attire was as formal as his manners, being a slight modification of the prevalent costume of some five-and-thirty years ago. He had consented, not without extreme reluctance, to clothe his nether limbs in the unmentionable garment of recent introduction; but he resolutely adhered to the pigtail. There is something, by the bye, in a pigtail, to which old gentlemen cling in spite of all remonstrance, with lover-like pertinacity. Only hint the propriety of cutting it off to your great uncle or your grandfather, and you may rely on being cut off with a shilling yourself. Be this as it may, Sir Lionel gathered his locks, once sable as the ribbon that bound them, but now thickly strewn with the silver "blossoms of the grave," into a knot, and suffered them to dangle a few inches below his collar. His shoes shone with a lustre beyond French polish, and his hat was brushed till not a wind dared to approach it. Sir Lionel wore a white, unstarched cravat with a thick pad in it, sported a frill over his waistcoat, carried a bloak ebony cane in his hand, and was generally followed by a pet pug-dog, one of the most sagacious and disagreeable specimens of his species. Sir Lionel Flamstead, I have said, was tall—I might have said he was very tall—somewhat narrower across the shoulders than about the hips—a circumstance which did not materially conduce to his symmetry—with grey, benevolent eyes, shaded by bushy intelligent brows—a lofty, expansive forehead, in which, in the jargon of phrenology, the organs of locality and ideality were strongly developed, and which was rendered the more remarkable from the flesh having fallen in on either side of the temples—with a nose which had been considered handsome and well-proportioned in his youth, but to which good living had imparted a bottle form, and a bottle tint—and cheeks from which all encroachment of whiskers was sedulously removed, in order, we conclude, that his rosy complexion might be traced from its point of concentration, upon the prominent feature before-mentioned, to its final disappearance behind his ears. Such was Sir Lionel Flamstead. What passed on the evening in question may be described on some future occasion.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CHRISTO.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF ALEXANDER DUMAS.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH, ESQ.

VI.—MERCÈDÈS A COUNTESS.

TRUE to his appointment, the Count of Monte Christo breakfasted with Albert de Morcerf, on the morning of the 21st of May. On this occasion he was introduced to the *élite* of the young men of Paris, among whom, as particularly worthy of notice, and as connected with the development of our history, may be mentioned, M. Maximilian Morrel, captain in a regiment of Algerian spahis ; M. Lucien Debray, a young diplomatist ; M. Beauchamp, a much-dreaded journalist ; and M. Chateau-Renaud, a gentleman from head to foot, with the figure of Guiche, and the wit of a Mortemart.

As the count announced that he had only just arrived in Paris, the grateful Albert hastened to place his house and his equipages at his command ; but, with his usual singularity of habits, Monte Christo informed him that he had sent on his steward Bertuccio in advance, to secure at once a winter residence in the Champs Elysées, and one for summer at Auteuil, with orders to have every thing in readiness upon his arrival. It was true that he had seen neither yet ; but he proposed to himself to do so, the moment that breakfast was over.

Albert insisted, however, that before his departure, he should be introduced to his mother, Madame de Morcerf, as preliminary to his further introduction at the house of his intended, Mademoiselle Eugenie Danglars.

"Eugenie Danglars!" interrupted Monte Christo ; "is not her father the banker, Count Danglars?"

"Yes," answered Morcerf ; "but count of modern creation."

"Oh! what matters," answered Monte Christo, "if he has rendered services to the state which have merited such a distinction?"

"Great services," said Beauchamp. "He effected a loan of six millions, in 1829, for the King Charles X."

"Well, I must make his acquaintance," said Monte Christo, in an indifferent tone, "for I have a credit opened upon his house by Thomson and French, of Rome."

"Thomson and French!" interrupted Morrel. "Do you know that house, sir?"

"They are my bankers in the capital of the Christian world," answered the count ; "can I be of any service to you with them?"

"Oh! count, you might, perchance, assist us in researches that have been hitherto unsuccessful. That house once conferred a great service on ours, and, we do not know why, has always denied it."

"You have relatives, then, in Paris?" inquired the count.

"Yes ; my sister and brother-in-law."

"Whom did your sister marry?"

"She married the man whom she loved, and who remained true to us in our misfortunes, Emmanuel Herbaut. You will come and see us, I hope?"

"I am at your orders," answered Monte Cristo, "in any thing that you can make use of me."

The repast of the morning concluded, Albert conducted Monte Cristo to the apartments occupied by his father and mother. The Count de Morcerf hastened to receive him with every politeness; but the thanks which he had upon his lips for his saving influence with the Roman bandit, were somewhat confused in their delivery, by the astonishment which the stranger's face evidently occasioned to him. Recovering somewhat—

"The countess," he said, "was at her toilet when your visit was announced; but it will not be long before she will join with me in the expressions of gratitude which we feel so sincerely."

"Ah! here is my mother," exclaimed Albert.

And Monte Cristo, turning round, saw Madame de Morcerf at the threshold of the door, pale and motionless. He rose in a moment, and saluted the countess, who returned the compliment in a mute and ceremonious manner.

"Madame," inquired the Count de Morcerf, "what is the matter? I hope you do not feel unwell this morning?"

"No," she answered, endeavouring to smile. "I merely experienced a slight emotion on seeing, for the first time, the person without whose intervention we might now have been in tears and mourning. Sir," continued the countess, advancing towards Monte Cristo, "I owe you the life of my son, and I bless you for it."

Monte Cristo bowed again, but more profoundly than the first time. He was paler even than Mercédés, whom he had at once recognised in the Countess of Morcerf. It was some time before either recovered sufficiently to carry on conversation in a tone of usual indifference; but this was ultimately accomplished, and they separated without a word that intimated to father or son a previous acquaintanceship, and with many polite insinuations upon a frequent and friendly intercourse.

VII.—THE MURDER AT AUTEUIL.

MONTE CRISTO had no sooner arrived at, and had scarce glanced over, his mansion in the Champs Elysées, than he ordered his carriage to be ready to convey him to his summer residence at Auteuil. His Corsican steward Bertuccio, was ordered to accompany him, to his evident horror and dismay, but the count feigned not to perceive it. He had one of his strange and never-failing projects in view, it was to obtain possession of a great secret, either by exciting physical or religious terror.

Arrived at Auteuil, the carriage drew up at the mansion formerly inhabited by the Count de St. Meran, and the Corsican, whose emotion had continued to increase as they came near the village, now broke out into an alarming perspiration. But Monte Cristo was inflexible, and he did not choose to see even a sign of perturbation.

Dispensing with the services of the housekeeper, and followed by Bertuccio, the count visited the different apartments without any manifestations of curiosity, till he came to a bedroom, from which a staircase led into the garden.

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"No," she answered, endeavouring to smile. "I merely experienced a slight emotion on seeing, for the first time, the person without whose intervention we might now have been in tears and mourning. Sir," continued the countess, advancing towards Monte Cristo, "I owe you the life of my son, and I bless you for it."

Monte Cristo bowed again, but more profoundly than the first time. He was paler even than Mercédés, whom he had at once recognised in the Countess of Morcerf. It was some time before either recovered sufficiently to carry on conversation in a tone of usual indifference; but this was ultimately accomplished, and they separated without a word that intimated to father or son a previous acquaintanceship, and with many polite insinuations upon a frequent and friendly intercourse.

VII.—THE MURDER AT AUTEUIL.

MONTÉ CRISTO had no sooner arrived at, and had scarce glanced over, his mansion in the Champs Elysées, than he ordered his carriage to be ready to convey him to his summer residence at Auteuil. His Corsican steward Bertuccio, was ordered to accompany him, to his evident horror and dismay, but the count feigned not to perceive it. He had one of his strange and never-failing projects in view, it was to obtain possession of a great secret, either by exciting physical or religious terror.

Arrived at Auteuil, the carriage drew up at the mansion formerly inhabited by the Count de St. Meran, and the Corsican, whose emotion had continued to increase as they came near the village, now broke out into an alarming perspiration. But Monte Cristo was inflexible, and he did not choose to see even a sign of perturbation.

Dispensing with the services of the housekeeper, and followed by Bertuccio, the count visited the different apartments without any manifestations of curiosity, till he came to a bedroom, from which a staircase led into the garden.

"Bring the light," he said to the trembling steward, "and go before. Let us see where this staircase leads to."

"Sir," said Bertuccio, "it leads to the garden."

"And how do you know that?"

"That is to say it ought to lead there."

"Well, let us see then?"

Bertuccio sighed audibly, and tremblingly led the way. The staircase did lead into the garden, and the count bade Bertuccio hold up the lantern, while he explored it. The Corsican, wiping the perspiration from his brow, obeyed, but he kept bearing away to the left. Monte Cristo, on the contrary, was equally resolute in keeping to the right, and having reached a clump of trees he stopped short. The Corsican could restrain himself no longer.

"Do not stop there, sir!" he exclaimed, "I beg of you, you are on the very spot."

"On what spot?"

"On the spot where he fell."

Monte Cristo turned towards his terrified servant, and looking at him with infinite severity, he said,

"Has the Abbé Busoni then told me a falsehood, when he sent you to me with a letter of recommendation, in which he spoke of your integrity and good qualities? I knew you were a Corsican, I knew you had sorrows, and was troubled with what I thought was some vendetta, that might be passed over in Italy; but an assassination in France, allow me to tell you, is quite another thing, and I shall not keep a person near me who may bring me into trouble with the authorities."

"My good master, indeed, sir!" said Bertuccio, throwing himself upon his knees before the count, "it was a vendetta; I swear that it was an act of pure revenge."

"Well!" said the count, "relate the event to me." And he betook himself to a seat shaded from the moon, which was itself ever and anon darkened by passing clouds, much to the Corsican's horror, to whom every shadow seemed to cause an involuntary shudder. Bertuccio remained standing before the count, and began his narration.

"I had, sir, an elder brother, who was in the service of the emperor. He had become lieutenant in a Corsican regiment. In 1814, under the Bourbons, he married, but the emperor having returned from Elba, he rejoined his regiment, leaving my sister-in-law, Assunta, in my charge. We dwelt together at Rogliano, in Corsica. One day we received a letter announcing his return, and requesting some money to be sent for him to a certain inn at Nismes. I loved my brother dearly, and resolved to take the money myself. It was the time of the celebrated massacres in the south. The assassins were organised in bands, and were everywhere busy in murdering, plundering, or burning down property; on entering the city, one literally walked in blood. I was apprehensive for the welfare of my brother, a soldier of the empire, and who probably had not disguised his uniform. My worst fears were verified. When I arrived at the inn, I found that he had been murdered upon the very threshold of the door. I did every thing in my power to discover the assassins, but no one dared to tell me their names. I then thought of that French justice, of which I had heard so much, as fearing nothing, and I appealed to the king's solicitor.

"And this public functionary was named Villefort?" inquired Monte Cristo, with an assumed indifference.

"Yes, your excellency, he came from Marseilles. 'Sir,' I said to him, 'my brother was murdered yesterday in the streets of Nismes. You are here at the head of justice, and it is for justice to revenge those who have not been able to defend themselves.'

"And who was your brother?" asked the loyal solicitor.

"A lieutenant in the Corsican batallion."

"A soldier of the usurper's then?"

"A soldier in the French army?"

"Well," he replied, "he made use of the sword, and he has perished by the sword. What would you have me do?"

"Punish his assassins."

"How do I know them?"

"My brother had a wife; if any thing happened to me she might die of want. Could you not obtain a small pension for her?"

"Every revolution has its catastrophes," said M. de Villefort, "your brother has been a victim of the present—that is a misfortune—but government owes nothing to your family on that account. What has taken place is quite natural—it is the law of retaliation."

"Oh, sir! is it possible that you, a magistrate, speak thus to me!"

"All the Corsicans are mad, I do believe," said M. de Villefort, "they still think that their countryman is emperor. Go away; if you do not I shall have you removed by force."

"I looked at him for a moment to see if any hope was left to soften this man. No, he was made of stone. I approached him."

"Well, then," I said, "if you know the Corsicans, you must know that they keep their word. From this moment I declare *la vendetta* against you, and the first time we meet face to face your last hour is come."

"And before he had recovered from his surprise I had opened the door and fled."

"It is unnecessary to trouble you with the details of how long I watched my opportunity, and what efforts he made, but in vain, to discover my hiding-place. At length he became afraid of remaining at Nismes, and as he was a man of influence he got removed to Versailles. I could have killed him several times, but I had to kill him and not to be arrested, for I had my sister-in-law to protect. At length I found that he paid mysterious visits to Auteuil. He used to come to this house, but not by the street-door; he used to leave his horse at the inn, and enter by the little door you see there."

Monte Cristo nodded to indicate that he could distinguish it in the obscurity.

"I took a room that overlooked this garden, and from thence I observed that M. de Villefort was met here by a young lady, very fair, and who appeared to be in the family way. I ascertained that she was called the Baroness, and that M. de St. Meran, the father-in-law of M. de Villefort, had let the house to her; but I had not an opportunity of ascertaining her name. One evening I saw a servant quit the house on horseback, and gallop off towards Versailles. In three hours' time he returned, covered with dust, and he was followed shortly afterwards by a person wrapped in a mantle, who opened the little garden gate. I recog-

nised M. de Villefort, and descending quickly I got over the garden wall, and examining the door, found that he had left the key in it. My escape was therefore secure on that side. I then hid myself in this clump of trees which lies on the road from the garden gate to the door at the foot of the staircase. I waited there a long time, and I thought that I heard moanings; but, perhaps, you know that one who is waiting to commit a murder always hears hollow sounds in the air. It was past midnight, but still I waited patiently till I perceived a faint light on the staircase, after which the door opened, and the man in the mantle came out. I drew my knife and felt its point. As M. de Villefort approached I saw that he carried something in his mantle which he soon deposited on the ground, and he had a spade in his left hand. He stopped close by where I was, and after looking around him, began to dig a hole. I felt curious to know what he was about, and remained perfectly motionless. Having completed his work, he drew from his mantle a box about two feet long, and six or eight inches wide, and he deposited it in this hole, covering it carefully over with the soil. Just as he had finished this task I threw myself upon him, and struck him in the chest with my knife, saying,

“ ‘I am Giovanni Bertuccio!—thy death for my brother—thy treasure for his widow.’ ”

“I do not know if he heard me, for he fell without uttering a cry, and I felt the jets of blood fall burning on my hands and face. In a few moments of time I had dug up the box, and replacing the earth that no one might see that any thing had been removed, I passed through the garden gate, turning the key twice, and taking it away with me.

“I fled as far as the river, where sitting down upon the bank I opened the box with my knife, and found in it a newly-born infant, enveloped in fine muslin; its purple face and violet hands showed that violence had been used, but it was not cold. I took off a cord that had been tied round its neck, and blowing air vigorously into its lungs, I felt its little heart beat, and after a quarter of an hour of continued efforts I saw it breathe, and a cry escaped from its chest.

“An involuntary exclamation escaped at the same time from myself, but it was one of joy. ‘God does not curse me then, since he permits me to restore life to a human creature in exchange for the life which I have taken from another.’ ”

“And what did you do with that child?” asked Monte Cristo, “it was a rather embarrassing load for a man who had to make his escape by flight.”

“I conveyed it to the Foundling Hospital, after taking the precaution of preserving one of the letters which marked the child’s wrapper.”

“And what were the letters?” asked Monte Cristo.

“An H. and an N., surmounted by a baron’s coronet. A fortnight afterwards I arrived at Rogliano, and I said to Assunta,

“ ‘Be comforted, sister, Israel is dead, but I have revenged him.’ ”

“She then asked me the meaning of these words, and I related to her all that had taken place.

“ ‘Giovanni,’ said Assunta to me, ‘you should have brought the child with you.’ ”

“I had now my old business to look after, and my trips upon the coast were sometimes of long duration. Once I had been to Lucca to take in a cargo of oil, and had been absent about six weeks. On my return I

perceived a cradle in the room, and in it a fine boy seven or eight months old. The sight of the child gave me infinite pleasure, for the only regret I experienced was at having abandoned the infant. Assunta had been to claim it at the hospital, and we called him Benedetto, in remembrance of the strange circumstances which gave him to us.

"But never did a more perverse nature manifest itself so early as in this child. My sister loved it and cherished it more than if it had been her own, but it never returned an act of kindness, and when still a mere boy he preferred the fruit stolen from a neighbouring garden to the sweetmeats which its doting guardian brought it from the market town. As he grew up he chose for his companions the worst characters of Bastia; and when I endeavoured to prevail upon him to come on board ship with me, he laughed at me and said he would not, for that I was not his father. He was not only given to bad company and lying, but he also used, whenever it was in his power, to rob my sister. Affairs were in this bad way, and I had made up my mind to send him out in some vessel that traded with distant countries, when I was myself obliged to quit home for the fair of Beaucaire in France. I was detained for some time by a misfortune that happened to me on this journey, and when I returned it was to make the most grievous discovery that has ever yet afflicted me. Assunta had refused to gratify the unlimited demands made upon her by Benedetto, when, assisted by some of his bad companions, he had fired the house, after plundering the strong box and barricading her, who had been more than a mother to him, within, had left her to perish in the flames. He, himself, made his escape; and from that time till the present, I have never seen him, nor heard of him."

"And what did you think of this sad event?" inquired Monte Cristo.

"That it was the punishment of the crime that I had committed," answered Bertuccio.

"I believe so, also," said Monte Cristo, in a thoughtful tone; "Benedetto is left for some great purpose, God appears to take the wicked under His own care, to use them as the instruments of its vengeance! It was after this that, abandoning your profession of smuggler, you presented yourself to me with letters from the Abbé Busoni, but these letters were given to you on your liberation from prison. How did that happen?"

"Sir, that was the misfortune which happened to me on my journey to the fair of Beaucaire, which I alluded to. The re-establishment of order and tranquillity in the country, rendered our transactions much more dangerous than formerly. We were surrounded on this occasion, lost our boat and cargo, and I only saved myself by a precipitate flight. The landlord of a small inn on the road from Bellegarde to Beaucaire, was associated with us in our enterprise, and I fled towards his house."

"And what was his name?" asked Monte Cristo.

"Gaspard Caderousse," answered Bertuccio; "he was married to a woman from the village of La Carconte, and we knew her by no other name than that of her village. Fearful that there might be some one in the inn, I got over the garden wall and placed myself under a kind of shed at the back part of the house, which was only separated from the public room by a thin partition of planks. I had before this passed many a night under the same shelter, and I found that it was well that I acted so cautiously, for there was a stranger with Caderousse, whom I soon discovered to be one

of those jewellers who come from distant parts, to attend the fair of Beaucaire."

"What evening did this occurrence take place?" inquired Monte Cristo.

"It was the 3rd of June, 1829."

"Proceed," said Monte Cristo.

VIII.—A SHOWER OF BLOOD.

"THERE were in the room with the jeweller, Caderousse, his wife, La Carconte, and the house-dog. The first words that I overheard were from the host:—

"'Eh, La Carconte,' he said, 'that worthy priest, the Abbé Busoni, did not deceive us, the diamond is good.'

"'What do you say?' asked the old hag, paler than death.

"'I say that the diamond is good, and here is this gentleman, one of the first jewellers of Paris, who is willing to give us fifty thousand francs for it.'

"'That is to say I offered forty thousand for it,' interrupted the jeweller, 'I am not satisfied with the manner in which you became possessed of this valuable stone.'

"'Why,' said the woman, 'my husband told you, that in former days he was connected with a young sailor called Edmund Dantès, poor young man, he died in prison, and left us this diamond, which had been given to him by a rich Englishman, and which was brought to us by a worthy abbé, who had consoled him in his last moments.'

"'Well, let me see the diamond again,' said the jeweller.

"Caderousse drew from his pocket a small chagrin case, and opening it, his eyes glistened as he displayed a diamond that was as large as a small nut. The jeweller took it out of its case, and taking another from his pocket, he weighed it carefully.

"'I will give forty-five thousand francs,' said the jeweller, 'and not a halfpenny more,' and he drew from his pocket a number of notes and a heap of gold, which caused the host's eyes to glisten with a fiery brightness, and the old woman's mouth to open widely. They looked at one another.

"'Well!' said Caderousse, 'take it for the forty-five, but the abbé said it was worth fifty.'

"The jeweller counted out upon the table fifteen thousand francs in gold, and thirty thousand in bank-notes. La Carconte had lit the lamp, for darkness was coming on, and with it a storm was approaching, with occasional thunder. But none of those inside the house paid attention to it. They were all three possessed by the demon of gain.

"The bargain concluded, the jeweller took his departure, notwithstanding the wind and rain, and the pressing entreaties of Caderousse and his wife to induce him to stay and pass the night in their inn, and the two exchanged many gloomy and fearful looks at his resolve. But the storm continued to increase in vehemence, and the blue lightning played about the cottage as if it were accursed. The jeweller had not been gone long when a loud clap of thunder was followed by a knock at

the door, which caused the host and his wife to rise tremblingly from counting their money for about the fifth time. La Carconte went to the door.

“‘Who is there?’ she said, with a firm voice.

“‘I, Joannes the jeweller.’

“‘Come in, M. Joannes,’ said she.

“‘Really,’ said the jeweller, as he walked in, dripping with rain, it appears that the devil will not allow me to get to Beaucaire this night.’

La Carconte closed the door behind the jeweller, with two turns of the key. The fragments of the day’s dinner and a couple of fresh eggs were soon served up with an unusual degree of politeness for the jeweller’s supper, after which he finished his bottle of light wine, accompanied by a pipe, in the corner of the fireplace, where, as he got dry on one side, he turned himself to the other. The interchange of looks between Caderousse and his partner had become more frequent and impatient. At last La Carconte lit a candle.

“‘Come,’ she said to the jeweller, ‘you must be tired; I have aired the sheets for your bed, let me show you the way.’

“Joannes wished his host good night, and ascended the staircase. He passed over my head, and I heard every one of his footsteps. Soon afterwards his bed cracked beneath his weight, and it was evident that he was making the best dispositions to pass a comfortable night. On my part I determined also to go to sleep for a few hours, and to start again in the middle of the night.

“Overcome by fatigue, I had fallen into a profound slumber, when I was suddenly woke up by the report of a pistol, followed by a fearful cry. Some staggering footsteps sounded through the floor, and then a lifeless mass fell upon the staircase immediately over my head. I opened my eyes but could see nothing in the dark, and I put my hand to my forehead, upon which it appeared to me that there was dropping through the interstices of the staircase, a warm and abundant rain. A few moments afterwards a man came down stairs, went to the fireplace, and lit a candle. That man was Caderousse, his face was pale, his shirt was covered with blood, and in his hand was the diamond, which he put into his red kerchief, and tied it round his neck. He then ran to the closet, drew from thence his gold and his bank-notes, and passing through the door, disappeared in the obscurity. Then every thing came clearly before my mind; I reproached myself for my silence, as if I had been a participator in the crime, and hearing a low moaning, I entered the house to see if I could yet be of any use to the poor jeweller. Taking the candle, I ascended the staircase; a corpse intercepted the passage, it was that of La Carconte. The pistol-shot that I had heard had been fired upon her. Approaching the jeweller, I found that he had also just expired. He had received three large knife wounds in the chest. Terrified by so horrible a sight, I rushed, rather than hastened, down stairs, uttering exclamations of horror. In the room below were several gendarmes, and five or six men of the preventive service. They looked at me with horror. I was covered with blood. The warm shower which I had felt dropping upon me through the staircase was the blood of La Carconte. The gendarmes soon put handcuffs on me, and placing me on horseback, I was taken away to Nismes.

“So strong was the circumstantial evidence against me, that nothing

could save me, except the confession of Caderousse, who was not taken, or the aid of the Abbé Busoni, and I requested that every endeavour should be made to find out the place of the abode of the latter. I had already lost all hope when the worthy abbé arrived from Marseilles. You may imagine with what pleasure I saw him, and this was increased by the news of Caderousse having been captured. He was condemned to hard labour for life, and I was set at liberty."

"It was after this," said Monte Christo, "that you came to me with a letter from the Abbé Busoni?"

"Yes, your excellency; the abbé had said to me, when I was dejected and in prison, that my profession of smuggler would be my ruin, and made me promise that if I obtained my liberty I would give it up. When I was set free, and I found that my sister was dead, and that the wicked Benedetto had fled, I had nothing more to care for in the world, and I went and sought out your excellency. May I hope he has not, notwithstanding the strange events of my life, had reason to complain of me?"

"No," answered the count; "I confess it with pleasure, you are a good servant, Bertuccio, although you have hitherto been wanting in confidence."

IX.—TOXICOLOGY.

THE progress made by the Count of Monte Christo in Paris, was brilliant beyond conception. He was received into the bosom of the best society. He hired one of the best boxes at the opera, where the beauty and gorgeous dress of the young Greek, Haydée, were the subjects of universal comment and curiosity. His horse Vampa carried off the prizes of the Jockey Club. He astounded the Baron Danglars by opening a credit of six millions for his expenses of one year; and, as a sequence, became also intimate with the domestic circle in the banker's house, composed as it was simply of Madame Hermine Danglars, and their daughter Eugenie, who was betrothed to Albert de Morcerf. He did not forget to visit the Morel family, who lived in the happy enjoyment of a tranquil, unambitious felicity; and an accident, in which himself and his Nubian slave, Ali, were instrumental in saving Madame de Villefort and her son Edward from extreme peril, caused by the flight of their carriage-horses, was the means of introduction to the aristocratic circle of the haughty king's solicitor.

Madame de Villefort was alone upon the occasion of the count's first visit; and she immediately sent for her son Edward, in order that the child might join her in reiterating thanks to their preserver. After the usual interchange of politeness, the count inquired after M. de Villefort.

"My husband dines with the chancellor," answered the young lady; "he will, I am sure, regret much not having had the pleasure of meeting you. Edward, what can your sister Valentine be doing? Let her be informed that I wish to present her to the count."

"You have a daughter, madame?" asked Monte Christo; "she must be a child?"

"She is the daughter of M. de Villefort, by a first marriage," answered Madame de Villefort; "a grown-up and handsome person."

"But melancholy," interrupted Edward, who was amusing himself by pulling the feathers out of the tail of a parrot, that screamed with pain from its golden perch.

At this moment the young lady herself entered. She did, indeed, appear sorrowful, and even as if she had been weeping not long ago. She was a tall girl, with light hair and blue eyes, and with that languishing air, accompanied by the same exquisite elegance, that belonged to her mother, and which gave to her at first a likeness to those beautiful Englishwomen, who have been poetically compared in their movements to swans admiring themselves in looking-glasses. The count rose up.

"Mademoiselle de Villefort, my step-daughter," said Madame de Villefort to Monte Christo.

"And the Count of Monte Christo, King of China, and Emperor of Cochinchina," said the young gentleman, who had changed his amusement into feeding the parrot with live flies. Madame de Villefort contented herself with saying,

"Silence, Edward!"

"But, madame," said the count, looking first at Madame de Villefort and then at Valentine, "have I not already had the pleasure of meeting you somewhere?" and he placed his hand upon his forehead, as if to concentrate his remembrances.

"It is not likely, sir," answered Madame de Villefort; "Mademoiselle does not like the world, and we go out rarely."

"Nor was it in the world that I met you, madame; I have been myself but a short time in Paris, where the world is little familiar to me; no, it must have been abroad that I had the pleasure of seeing you."

"Perhaps the count saw us in Italy," said Valentine, with slight timidity.

"Ah! exactly so, mademoiselle," exclaimed Monte Christo. "It was at Perouse, in the garden of the hotel, where chance, I remember, gave me the honour of meeting you."

"I remember Perouse perfectly, sir," said Madame de Villefort; "but I am ashamed at my bad memory, in not also remembering to have seen you there."

"Do you not remember, madame, that while seated on a stone-bench, you conversed for some time with a stranger?"

"Oh! truly, yes," said Madame de Villefort, blushing, "I remember, with a man enveloped in a long mantle—a physician, I believe."

"Exactly so, madame, that man was me; my servant had been taken ill at the hotel, and I cured him, which caused me to be looked upon as a great physician. We spoke concerning many things, and among others of that famous *aqua-tofana*, the secret of which, you had heard was still preserved at Perouse."

"True! true!" said Madame de Villefort, with a certain anxiety of manner. "I remember."

"Considering me as a physician, you also consulted me regarding the health of Mademoiselle de Villefort."

"But surely, sir, you were a physician, since you cured the sick."

"I have studied chemistry and the natural sciences profoundly, but only as an amateur."

At this moment it struck six.

"It is six o'clock," said Madame de Villefort, agitated. "Valentine, are you not going to see if your grandpapa does not want his dinner?"

Valentine rose, and bowing to the count, left the room.

"Do you know, sir, the deplorable state in which my husband's father lives?"

"I have heard of it, madame; he is a paralytic, I believe."

"Alas! yes, the poor old man is completely deprived of motion, the mind alone lives in that human machine, and it is like a lamp that trembles previous to its total extinction. But I interrupted you at the moment you were telling me of your chemical studies."

"Oh!" answered the count, "I studied chemistry, because, as I intended to reside a good deal in the East, I wished to follow the example of King Mithridates."

"*Mithridates rex Ponticus*," shouted out Edward, who was now busy cutting the pages out of a magnificent album, "the same who breakfasted every morning upon a cup of poison served up in cream."

"Edward! wicked child!" exclaimed Madame de Villefort, snatching the mutilated book from the hands of her son. "Go and join your sister in grandpapa's room."

"The album!" said Edward.

"What, the album?"

"Yes, I want the album,—I will not go without it."

"Well then, take it, and leave us, dear," said Madame de Villefort, and she rose and gave him the album.

"Now let us see if she will shut the door after him," muttered Monte Cristo to himself. She did so with great care, but the count did not appear to notice it.

"A charming boy, madame. You are really too severe with him. He has his Cornelius Nepos at his fingers' ends, and he was quoting him when he spoke of King Mithridates."

"He certainly is very quick," said the flattered mother; "but he is also very mischievous; one cannot help excusing him, he is so very clever! But do you really believe that King Mithridates used such precautions, and that they were really efficacious?"

"I believe in it so perfectly, that I myself would on three different occasions have been poisoned, without that precaution."

"Ah! it is true, I remember that you related to me something of the kind at Perouse."

"Did I?" said the count, with an admirably dissimulated surprise. "I did not remember it."

"And how did you accustom yourself to this progressive absorption of poison?"

"It is very easy. Supposing that you knew beforehand what poison is going to be used against you. Let us say that this poison shall be—brucine for example."

"Brucine is obtained from the false *Angustura*, I believe?" said Madame de Villefort.

"Precisely so, madame," answered Monte Cristo, "but allow me to compliment you; so much knowledge is rare among women."

"Oh! I acknowledge it," said Madame de Villefort, "I have a passion for the occult sciences, so continue, I pray, to inform me, what you say interests me in the highest degree."

"Well, then!" answered Monte Cristo, "suppose you take the

first day the eighth of a grain of brucine, and the fourth of a grain the second day, you may take half a grain on the third, and then in a few days time, you can take a grain of brucine without inconvenience. Continuing with similar precautions, but in a less rapid scale of augmentation, you may, at the end of a fortnight, be able to withstand a dose, that would be very dangerous for any one who had not taken the same precautions as yourself; and at the end of a month, you might drink water without the slightest suffering, which would kill any one else who might accidentally drink of it at the time."

"So you think," said Madame de Villefort, "that the poisons of the Borgias, the Medicis, the René, the Ruggieri, and in later times those of Baron de Trenck, were not fables of the middle ages?"

"No, madame, but in those cases they were no longer used as objects of defence, but of offence. Such learned artists did not, most probably, address themselves directly to the individuals whom it concerned. A chemist of my acquaintance, the Abbé Adelmonte of Taormine, in Sicily, made some curious experiments upon that subject."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, I will relate one of them to you. The abbé had a beautiful garden, full of vegetables, flowers, and fruit; he chose the most simple of all, a cabbage. During three days he watered this cabbage with a solution of arsenic, the third day the cabbage fell ill, and became yellow, that was the time to cut it. Then he took this cabbage home and gave a leaf of it to a rabbit to eat, the rabbit died. The abbé opened the dead rabbit, and threw the offal upon the dust heap. A fowl picked at this offal, and perished the following day. A vulture came down and seized upon the fowl, carried it to a rock and dined upon it. Three days afterwards the vulture, who had felt unwell ever since that dinner, was seized with the giddiness of death, amidst the very clouds, from which it fell a lifeless mass into the pond. Pikes and eels and other fish, are fond of dead vultures, and will eat freely of such. Well, suppose the next day that eel, or that pike, poisoned at the fourth generation, was served up at table, your guest would be poisoned at the fifth, and would die at the end of eight or ten days of suffering. His body would be examined, the doctors would say, 'The subject died of a tumour in the liver, or of a typhus fever.'"

"But," said Madame de Villefort, "all these circumstances which you thus bring to pass one after the other, may be interrupted by the slightest accident; the vulture may not come, and if it did, it might omit to fall in the pond."

"Precisely so; and there is exactly where art comes into play. To be a great chemist, chance must be made subservient to your views."

Madame de Villefort was attentive and thoughtful.

"But," she said, "arsenic is indelible; in whatever way it is absorbed it will be found again in the body, if taken in sufficient quantity to cause death."

"Right!" exclaimed Monte Cristo, "right! That is precisely what I said to the good Abbé Adelmonte. He reflected, smiled, and answered by a Sicilian proverb, which I believe is also a French one: 'My child,' the world was not made in a day, but in seven; come back on Sunday. The next Sunday accordingly I returned: instead of having watered his cabbage with arsenic he had watered it with a solution of salts of strychnine."

nia. This time the cabbage did not look in the least degree sickly ; a rabbit eat of it at once, and died in five minutes ; the fowl picked at the offal and perished the following day. Then we played the part of the vulture. We took the fowl and examined it. There were no symptoms of illness, only a slight indication of cerebral congestion, nothing else ; the fowl had not died of poison—it had perished of apoplexy. This is a rare case with fowls ; but, I believe, it is a common one among men."

Madame de Villefort appeared to be more than ever wrapt in deep thought.

"It is very lucky," she at length said, "that such substances can only be prepared by chemists, for were it not so, half the world would poison the other half."

"Only by chemists, or by persons acquainted with chemistry," observed Monte Cristo, in an indifferent tone.

"Ah, true, you, count, are a great chemist, witness that elixir, a single drop of which you gave to my son when he had fainted in the carriage, and which instantaneously restored him to life."

"Oh ! do not trust to it, madame," said Monte Cristo, "a drop of that elixir sufficed to recall that dying child to life, but three drops would have thrown all his blood into the lungs ; six drops would have stopped respiration, and ten would have destroyed life in a moment of time."

"It is then a terrible poison ?"

"Oh, dear me, no ! It is a learned preparation, the secret of which was given to me by my friend, the excellent Abbé Adelmonte. It is a most salutary remedy properly administered ; as for being a poison, all medicines are so, when given in enormous doses."

"Oh !" said Madame de Villefort, "it must be an excellent anti-spasmodic. Invaluable to one like myself, who am so nervous and so prompt to faint ; but no doubt it is a great secret, and I am not so indiscreet as to ask it from you."

"But I, madame," said Monte Cristo, rising, "I am sufficiently civil to offer it to you."

"Oh ! sir."

"Only remember one thing, it is that in small doses that it is a remedy, in strong doses it is a poison. One drop can restore life, but five or six will kill infallibly, and accidents might the more easily arise, as dropped into a glass of wine or water, not the slightest difference of taste is perceptible."

Monte Cristo made a profound vow, and took his leave. Madame de Villefort remained buried in thought.

"He is a strange man," said she, "and I should think his Christian name was Adelmonte."

As to Monte Cristo, the result had surpassed his warmest anticipations.

"Well," he said, as he walked way, "this is a promising soil, and I feel convinced that the seed that is allowed to fall upon it will not miscarry."

And, faithful to his word, the ensuing morning he sent the receipt that he had promised.

X.—MAJOR CAVALCANTI AND HIS SON.

A FEW days after this interview a hackney-coach stopped at the door of

the count's mansion in the Champs Elysées, and appeared to slink away as if thoroughly ashamed, after having set down a man about fifty-two years of age, dressed in one of those green surtouts with black frogs and profuse braids, which it would appear are imperishable in Europe. Large trowsers of blue cloth, boots of uncertain polish, and the sole rather too thick, kid gloves, a hat approximating in form to that worn by a gendarme, a black stock bordered by a white rim, which, if the proprietor had not worn it of his own free will, might have passed for the iron collar of the pillory ; such was the picturesque costume under which this person presented himself at the outer gate of the Count of Monte Cristo's palatial residence.

The small and angular head of this man, his white hair and thick gray moustache, caused him to be at once recognised by the servant, to whom the description of his person had been given, and he was introduced into an apartment where the count awaited him with a smiling countenance.

"Ah ! my dear sir," he said, "welcome, I was waiting for you."

"Really !" said the Italian, "your excellency was expecting me ?"

"Yes, I had been informed of your arrival."

"Ah ! so much the better ; I was fearful that they might have omitted that slight precaution."

"Oh no."

"You are sure that it is myself that you expected ?"

"Certainly so," said Monte Cristo ; "are you not the Marquis Bartolomeo Cavalcanti ?"

"—Bartolomeo Cavalcanti," repeated the Italian, "that is the name."

"—Ex-major in the Austrian service ?"

"Was it major that I was ?" asked the old soldier, somewhat bashfully.

"Yes," said Monte Cristo, "it was major."

"Well," said the Italian, "I do not wish better."

"You are sent to me by the excellent Abbé Busoni," said Monte Cristo. "Have you a letter from him ?"

"Oh yes !" said the major, joyously.

And Monte Cristo took the letter and read it, while the major looked at him with eyes of extreme wonder.

"This is precisely the thing . . . this excellent abbé . . . the Major Cavalcanti, worthy patrician of Lucca, descendant of the Cavalcantis of Florence," continued Monte Cristo as he read on, "enjoying a fortune of half a million."

Monte Cristo raised his eyes from the paper and bowed.

"Of half a million," said he ; "pretty well, my dear M. Cavalcanti."

"Does it say half a million ?" asked the Italian.

"Precisely so ; and to whom only one thing is wanting to complete his happiness—that of finding an adored son, carried off in his youth by an enemy of his noble family, or by gipsies."

"At five years of age, sir," said the Italian, with a deep sigh, and raising his eyes up to heaven.

"Poor father !" said Monte Cristo, and he continued, "I restore hope

and life to him, count, when I announce to him that this son, whom he has sought in vain for fifteen years, you can restore to him."

"I can do so," said Monte Christo.

The Italian looked at Monte Christo with ineffable anxiety.

"But your excellency has not read all!"

"Ah! true," said Monte Christo, "there is a post scriptum."

"Not to give Major Cavalcanti the trouble of removing moneys from his bankers, I send him the sum of two thousand francs for the expenses of his journey, and credit him upon you for the sum of forty-eight thousand francs."

The major watched the effect of the postscript with increased anxiety.

"All right!" said the Count.

"He said all right," muttered the Italian. "So, sir," he said, "you will pay me the forty-eight thousand francs?"

"Whenever you shall demand them."

The major rolled his great eyes about in dumb astonishment.

"So, sir," said Monte Christo, "you lived at Lucca, you were noble and rich, wanting only your son to complete your happiness?"

The worthy Italian raised his eyes towards heaven, and endeavoured to sigh.

"His mother belonged, I believe, to one of the first families in Italy."

"Patrician of Fiesole, count, Patrician of Fiesole."

"And her name, Marchioness Olivia Corsinari?"

"Olivia Corsinari!"

"And," said Monte Christo, "have you brought all your papers in good order?"

"What papers?" asked the Italian.

"The act of marriage, and the certificate of baptism of Andrea Cavalcanti. Is not his name Andrea?"

"I believe it is," replied the major, "but, count, I regret to say, that as to the papers I forgot to bring them with me."

"That may be fatal," said Monte Christo, "to his prospects of marriage."

The Italian scratched his forehead. He began to fear that the want of these papers might affect the forty-eight thousand francs, when Monte Christo relieved him by saying,—

"Those papers, I have them!"

The Italian made an exclamation of joy, and joined his hands in token of admiration.

"You married Olivia Corsinari in the church of St. Paul's, Monte Catini, here is the priest's certificate."

"Yes, indeed, there it is," said the astonished major.

"And here is the certificate of baptism of Andrea Cavalcanti, given by the priest of Saravezza. Now take these papers and give them to your son, and let him take every care of them."

"He shall do so."

"And as to the Marchioness Corsinari."

"Dear me," said the Italian, "will she be wanted?"

"No," said Monte Christo; "did she not pay the tribute of nature?"

"Alas, yes!" said the Italian, "ten years ago!"

"Well, then, now that your memory has been refreshed upon the most

important points. It only remains for you to be introduced to your long lost son."

"Certainly, most desirable," said the major, tightening the frogs of his Polish habiliments.

"My dear sir, I understand your emotion, the young man is here, and I will go and prepare him for the interview."

"But," said the major, "before you go, you know that I have only had the two thousand francs which the good Abbé Busoni gave me for the journey."

"And you want money?—very natural, my dear M. Cavalcanti. Here are eight notes of a thousand francs each." And making a low bow to the Italian, who was in an ecstasy of delight, Monte Cristo left the room.

In the adjoining apartment was a tall young man with short light hair, red beard, black eyes, of tolerably good manners, and gentlemanly appearance. On perceiving Monte Cristo enter, he rose from the sofa, on which he was reclining, striking his boot with a light cane.

"Monsieur," he said, "is the Count of Monte Cristo?"

"Yes, sir," answered the latter; "and I have the honour to speak to the Count Andrea Cavalcanti?"

"The Count Andrea Cavalcanti," repeated the young man, bowing.

"You have a letter for me?" inquired Monte Cristo.

"Yes; but I scarcely dared to mention it, in consequence of the signature; it appeared so strange."

"Sindbad the Sailor, is it not?"

"Precisely so; and as I know only one Sindbad—"

"Well, it is one of his descendants; a rich and eccentric Englishman, whose real name is Lord Wilmore."

"Ah! that explains every thing," said Andrea. "Count, I am your humble servant."

"Well, sir, you shall be restored to your father; an excellent parent, I assure you; somewhat stiff—but that is excusable after eighteen years' service in the Austrian army."

"And my father is really rich?" asked the young man.

"Millionnaire!—five hundred thousand francs of income; and he will allow you fifty thousand francs a year, so long as you remain in Paris."

"Why, then, I shall remain always there, if that is the case. And this money, how am I to receive it—from my father?"

"No; Lord Wilmore has, at your father's request, opened a credit to your account, of five thousand francs a month, at M. Danglars."

"And does my father intend to stay long in Paris?"

"Only a few days," replied Monte Cristo. "His military duties do not permit a longer delay."

"Oh, the dear father!" said Andrea, visibly affected by this prompt departure.

"Well, are you prepared, then, to embrace the worthy M. Cavalcanti?"

"You do not doubt it, I hope?"

"Then go into that room, my young friend, and you will find him waiting for you."

Andrea made a bow, and passed into the adjacent apartment. He closed the door behind him. The count, however, had touched a spring behind a picture-frame, which allowed him to observe all that took place.

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"Ah! sir, and dear father," said Andrea, so that the count could hear him in the next room; "is it really you?"

"Good morning, my dear son," said the major, with grave dignity.

"After so many years of separation," said Andrea, still looking towards the door, "what a happiness to meet again!"

"Truly so; the separation has been very long."

"We are united, I hope never to part again?"

"My dear son, I fear you now consider Paris as your country, and I cannot live out of Lucca. I shall return to Italy as soon as I can."

"But before you go, dear father, you will give me the papers that will enable me to prove the blood that I spring from?"

"Undoubtedly, I came on purpose to do so. Here are the papers."

Andrea seized the papers hastily, and perused the certificates with the anxiety natural to a good son. When he had finished, he looked at the major, with a strange smile.

"So, so!" he said, in excellent Tuscan; "there are no *galères* in Italy?"

The major straightened himself.

"Why so?" said he.

"That such papers should be fabricated there. My dear M. Cavalcanti," said Andrea, pressing the major's arm, "how much do they give you to be my father?"

The major was about to answer.

"Chut!" said Andrea, lowering his voice, "I will give you the example of confidence. They give me fifty thousand francs a year to be your son, therefore it is not I who shall ever be likely to deny your being my father."

The major cast an anxious look around him.

"Well," said the Italian, "they give me fifty thousand francs at one payment."

"M. Cavalcanti," said Andrea, "have you any faith in fairy tales?"

"No, I had not formerly, but I think that I must now begin to place some credit in them."

"It is very extraordinary, a letter from an unknown English lord, who signs himself 'Sindbad, the sailor,' brings me from Nice to Paris, accredits me with the Count of Monte Cristo, finds me a father, and papers to testify to my birth and parentage, and secures me an admission into Parisian society, with an annuity of fifty thousand francs!"

"Your case is nearly the counterpart of my own," said the major. "My letter was from an unknown abbé called Busoni, who accredited me to the Count of Monte Cristo, where I should meet with my son who had been taken away from me at five years of age, for forty-eight thousand francs."

"There must be a dupe somewhere in all this."

"At all events, it is neither you nor I!"

"Well, then!"

"Why, it is a matter of indifference; is it not?"

"Precisely so; but to obtain our ends we must play our parts."

"Yes, I, of a tender father."

"And I, of a respectful son."

"Let it be so; you will see that I am worthy of being your associate."

"I did not doubt it for a moment, my dear father."

Monte Cristo selected this moment for re-entering the room. On hearing the sound of his footsteps, the two men threw themselves into one another's arms.

"Well, marquis," said Monte Cristo, "it appears that you have found a son to your heart?"

"Ah! count, I am suffocating with happiness."

"And you, young man?"

"Ah! count, I am stifled with joy."

"Happy father! Happy child!" said the count.

"One thing alone grieves me," said the major, "it is the necessity in which I am placed of leaving Paris so soon."

"Oh! dear M. Cavalcanti," said Monte Cristo, "you will not go, I hope, till I have introduced you to a few friends."

"I am at the count's orders," said the major.

"Well, Saturday, if it is agreeable to you, I would wish to see you. I have a small dinner-party at my house at Auteuil; among other persons, your banker, M. Andrea, M. Danglars, will be there, and I can introduce you to him."

"At what hour shall we present ourselves?" inquired the young man.

"About half-past six. One word, marquis, will you permit me a word of advice."

"Will I permit it! I shall be thankful for it."

"It would be advisable that you should leave off that ornamental surtout."

"Really," said the major, looking at it with extreme complacency; "but what shall I put on instead?"

"Why, for the dinner, uniform and cross; as for a town dress, you will find it also in your trunks."

"My trunks?"

"Yes, your trunks. They arrived yesterday at the Hotel des Princes. You lodge there, do you not?"

"Oh! certainly, if you say so, count."

"And I?" asked Andrea.

"Oh! you, let your dress be simple. Bliss or Veronique will dress you. Black coat and trowsers, white waistcoat. If you purchase horses, you will find them at Devedeux; if you buy a phaeton, go to Baptiste's."

"There is only one little difficulty upon that score," said Andrea.

"Ah, true! do you hear, major?" said Monte Cristo.

"Undoubtedly, I hear him."

"He says he wants money, the dear child!"

"What can I do to it?"

"Why, give him some!"

"I?"

"Yes, you!"

Monte Cristo passed between the two men.

"Here!" he said to Andrea, giving him a roll of bank-notes; "your father gives you that."

"Oh! the dear father!"

"Well, now," said Monte Cristo, "you may go!"

The two Cavalcanti bowed to the count, and departed together. Monte Cristo went to the window, and saw them walk away arm-in-arm.

"Truly," said he, "these are two pitiful creatures. What a pity they are not really father and son!" Then, after a moment's reflection, "Well! I shall go to the Morels," he said; "I think that disgust is more insupportable than hatred."

XI.—THE WILL.

M. NOIRTIER, as motionless as a corpse, animated only by the senses of hearing and of sight, sat in an arm-chair before a large mirror, which permitted him to see who came into his room, and what took place within it. M. de Villefort had just entered, followed by Madame de Villefort, and, after sending away Barrois, an aged domestic, who had attended upon the old man for twenty-five years, had taken seats by his side.

The old man's eyes were fixed with an anxious intelligence upon his children, whose ceremonious respect announced that some unexpected and official step was about to be taken. In those eyes, as always happens when one organ is constantly used at the expense of all the others, all the activity, the skill, the force, and the intelligence, formerly dispersed over the whole of that body and that mind, were now concentrated. The movement of the arm, the sound of the voice, even the attitude of the body, were wanting, but that powerful look supplanted all: he commanded with his eyes, he thanked with his eyes; it was a corpse with living eyes; and nothing was more fearful than that face of marble, out of which gleamed a look of passion, an expression of joy. Three persons only understood this language of the poor paralytic old man—they were Villefort, Valentine, and the aged servant we have just spoken of.

"Sir," said M. de Villefort, "Madame Villefort and myself have a communication to make to you, which we hope will be agreeable to you."

The old man's eye remained immovable, without expression.

"It is our intention to marry Valentine, and that even before three months are over."

The old man's eye continued inanimate.

Madame de Villefort hastened to take up the conversation:

"We fancied, sir, that this news would interest you; as you have always entertained an affection for Valentine. The party chosen for her possesses a good name, fortune, and every quality necessary to ensure happiness. It is M. Franz de Quesnel, Baron of Epinay."

M. Noirtier's eye shuddered at the mention of the name.

The king's solicitor, who knew that there once existed a political enmity between his father and the father of Franz, appreciated the cause of this dislike.

"This marriage," added Madame de Villefort, "is agreeable to M. d'Epinay, who has only himself to consult. His mother died in giving him birth, and his father was assassinated in 1815."

Noirtier's eye assumed almost a sanguinary expression.

"A mysterious assassination," said M. de Villefort, "the authors of which have remained unknown, and who, no doubt, would be very happy, if, like us they had a daughter to offer to M. Franz d'Epinay, to put an end for ever either to old political enmities, or to the possibility of a suspicion of the past."

The old man's look expressed at once a profound contempt and an intelligent anger.

Villefort only answered this look by shrugging his shoulders, and making a motion to his wife to get up.

"Now, sir," said Madame de Villefort, "receive our respects. Would you wish to see Valentine?"

It had been agreed that the old man should express his approbation by closing his eyes, his refusal by shutting and opening them several times; and when there was something that he wished to say, he looked up to heaven. If he wanted Valentine he closed the right eye only. If he wanted Barrois, he closed the left.

"Yes," he answered this time, shutting his eyes quickly.

Valentine entered a few moments afterwards. A single look satisfied her that her grandfather was suffering from emotion.

"Oh! my good papa," she exclaimed, "what has happened? Some one has angered you?"

"Yes," said he, shutting his eyelids.

"Against whom? Against my father?—no! Against Madame de Villefort?—no! Against me?"

The old man signalized "Yes."

"And what have I done to you, then, dear, good papa?" exclaimed the girl.

No answer.

"They have said something against me, then?"

"Yes," said the old man.

"What could they have said?" and she remained thoughtful for a few moments: then, lowering her voice, and approaching the paralytic, she said, "I have found it; they have spoken to you concerning my marriage?"

This received an angry affirmative.

"Do you not like M. Franz?"

The eyes repeated "No," three or four times.

"Then the marriage displeases you?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, listen," said Valentine, passing her arm round her grandpapa's neck, "it displeases me equally. I do not love M. Franz d'Epinaï."

An expression of joy gladdened the old man's eyes.

"Oh, dear grandfather! if you could only help me to break off this detestable project of my father and mother."

The old man's eyes assumed such an expression of malice and of meaning, that the young girl plainly read in them,—“I can do much for you.”

"You can do something for me, my good papa?" said Valentine.

"Yes:" which answer made, he lifted his eyes towards heaven.

Valentine mentioned the letters of the alphabet one after the other, till she came to N., at which the old man closed his eyes.

"Ah," said Valentine, "what you want begins with an N.—well, let us see—na—ne—ni—no . . ."

"Yes, yes," said the old man.

Valentine now brought the dictionary, and turned to "N O." She

then placed the book before the old man, and, following the words down the columns, arrived at *Notary*,—he made signs to stop.

"Notary," said Valentine, "do you want a notary, good papa?"

The old man shewed that it was effectively a notary that he wanted.

"Is that all that you wish, good papa?"

"Yes."

"Shall I acquaint my father with your wishes?"

"Yes."

Valentine ran to the bell, and begged a servant to bring M. or Madame de Villefort to her grandpapa. Barrois soon returned, accompanied by M. de Villefort.

"What do you want of me, sir?" he inquired of the paralysed old man.

"Sir," said Valentine, "my grandpapa wishes for the attendance of a notary."

"You ask for a notary?" exclaimed M. de Villefort, astonished at this unexpected request.

"Yes."

"And what can you want a notary for?" asked Villefort.

The old man's eye remained motionless.

"To play us some bad trick or other?" said De Villefort.

"No matter," interrupted Barrois; "if master wishes for a notary; I had better fetch one?"

"Yes," answered the paralytic man, with an expression almost of defiance; and the old domestic went out.

M. de Villefort took a chair, and installed himself in the apartment of M. Noirtier. A quarter of an hour afterwards, the servants returned with the notary.

"Sir," said M. de Villefort, "you are sent for by M. Noirtier de Villefort, whom you see here; a general paralysis has taken from him the use of his voice and limbs, and we alone can understand his wishes.

"If that is the case," said the notary, "it is one in which a public officer cannot proceed. The first necessity to render an act legal, is that the notary should be satisfactorily convinced that he has faithfully interpreted the wishes of he who dictates. Now I cannot myself be certain of the approbation or disapprobation of a client who speaks through other persons.

A smile of triumph came across the lips of the king's solicitor; but Noirtier appealed with his eyes to Valentine in a manner that she understood at once.

"Sir," she said to the notary, "it is true that my grandfather has lost his voice, but the language which he speaks, I can teach it to yourself in a few minutes. Nothing more can be necessary to your conscience, than that you should speak to him yourself. When M. Noirtier expresses his approbation, he closes his eyes; when he wishes to express his disapprobation, he shuts and opens them several times."

"Have you heard and understood what your grand-daughter has just said?" inquired the notary of M. Noirtier. Noirtier closed his eyes.

"And do you approve of what she says, that is to say, are the signs which she has described really those by which you make your thoughts known?"

"Yes," answered the old man.

"Is it you who sent for me?"

"Yes."

"To make your will?"

"Yes."

"And you do not wish me to go away without having made that will?"

The old man closed and opened his eyes several times.

"Do you accept of your grand-daughter as an interpreter?"

"Yes."

Valentine named the letters of the alphabet till she came to T.

At that letter the eye told her to stop.

"It is the letter T, that he wanted," said the notary, "that is evident."

Valentine next brought the dictionary, and the word Testament was soon made out.

"This is truly marvellous," said the notary, "this gentleman wishes to make his will, and I see no difficulty in the matter, except that a will made under such circumstances should be approved of before seven witnesses. If M. Noirtier has no objection to it, I will send for a professional assistant, which will give to the act a greater degree of formality. Shall it be so, sir?" addressing the old man.

"Yes."

M. de Villefort, whose high social and public position, restrained with difficulty within the bounds of a proper decorum, bade that Madame de Villefort should be told that it was M. Noirtier's wish to make his will, and that her presence was desirable.

In about a quarter of an hour all the parties were assembled in the old man's room. The usual form of a will was read out, after which preamble, as if to determine the amount of the old man's intelligence, the first notary addressed him.

"Have you any idea of what may be the amount of your fortune?"

"Yes."

"I will give you several numbers in succession, you can tell me to stop, when I shall have reached what you consider to be the amount."

"Yes."

"Your fortune exceeds three hundred thousand francs, does it not?" asked the first notary, while the second was busy at the table, putting down the answers.

"Yes."

"Do you possess four hundred thousand francs?" asked the notary.

The old man's eye remained motionless.

"Five hundred thousand?"

Same immoveability.

"Six, seven, eight, nine hundred thousand?"

At the last number, the old man signalled quickly "Yes."

"You possess nine hundred thousand francs?"

"Yes."

"To whom do you wish to leave your fortune?"

"Oh!" interrupted Madame de Villefort, "there can be no doubt about that. M. Noirtier only loves his grand-daughter, Valentine de

Villefort ; she has nursed him for six years, and it is proper that she should reap the reward of her devotion."

"Is it then to Valentine de Villefort, that you leave the nine hundred thousand francs?" asked the notary.

The old man shut and opened his eyes several times in the most earnest manner.

"No?" said the notary, "is it not Valentine de Villefort to whom you wish to bequeath your fortune?"

"No."

"Oh, my good father, you take your fortune from me, but you still leave me your heart?" exclaimed Valentine.

"Oh, yes, certainly," spoke the eyes of the patient, as they closed themselves with an expression in which Valentine could not be mistaken.

This refusal had, however, given rise to unanticipated hopes on the part of Madame de Villefort, who approached the old man.

"Then it is to your grand-son, Edward de Villefort, that you leave your fortune, dear M. Noirtier?" inquired the mother.

The winking of the eyes was terrible.

"No," said the notary, "then is it to your son now present?"

"No," answered the old man.

The notaries looked at one another perplexed ; Villefort and his wife blushed, the one with shame, the other with spite.

"But what have we done to you, father?" said Valentine, "do you no longer love us?"

Noirtier fixed his earnest look upon the hand of Valentine.

"My hand?" she said.

"Yes," said Noirtier.

"Oh!" exclaimed Valentine, "I understand ; my marriage, is it not, good father?"

"Yes, yes," repeated the old man.

"You are displeased about the marriage, are you not?"

"Yes."

"But this is absurd," said M. de Villefort.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the notary, "it appears to me to be very rational."

"You do not wish that I should marry M. Franz d'Epinay?"

"No, I do not wish it;" answered the old man's eye.

"And you disinherit your grand-daughter," inquired the notary, "because she marries against your will?"

"Yes," answered Noirtier.

"But without this marriage she would be your heiress?"

"Yes."

A deep silence succeeded for a moment around the old man. The two notaries consulted together. Valentine was looking at her grandfather with a smile full of gratitude ; Villefort was biting his thin lips ; Madame de Villefort could not suppress a joyous expression, which almost without her knowledge spread over her countenance.

"But," said Villefort, first breaking the silence, "it appears that I am alone judge of the circumstances which plead in favour of this union. Sole master of the hand of my daughter, I am resolved that she shall wed M. Franz d'Epinay."

Valentine fell weeping on a chair.

POEMS AND PICTURES.*

As even goodness is rendered more acceptable when united to comeliness, and virtue is exalted by grace and beauty, so poetry is made to receive new life and additional charms from the arts of design.

One hundred illustrations by seventeen English artists are devoted in Mr. Burns' Annual, to the embellishment of popular and standard poetry. This is applying a principle, the legitimate character of which we advocated on a previous occasion, to the greatest extent that has as yet been attempted, and where so much enterprise has been shown, we are happy in being able conscientiously to say that it has been so with the greatest success. This illustration of "Poems by Pictures," surpasses, indeed, in beauty and excellence, all the competing Annuals that we have seen. It stands unrivalled as a graceful and a beautiful present. Taste and judgment, sentiment and passion, fancy and feeling, imagination and intellect, have all wherewith to luxuriate upon.

With respect to artists, we have the same members of the Etching Club, who toiled at Goldsmith's works and the "Deserted Village." Cope, Creswick, Horsley, and Redgrave; but we have, also, glorious additions in the names of Pickersgill, G. Corbould, W. Dyce, Franklin, Tenniel, Selous, Weigall, Dodgson, &c., &c. Creswick has, strange to say, only one illustration, it is

The moss-cover'd bucket which hung in the well.

And it is the gem of the landscapes.

The subjects may be divided into general and special; the chief of the general subjects are "The Merchant and the Saracen Lady," with nine illustrations by Corbould; the "Prince and the Outlaw," with six illustrations by J. Tenniel, jun. The "Bard," illustrated by H. C. Selous; the "Spinning Maiden's Cross," by W. Dyce; and Cowper's "Mother's Picture," by Horsley. The chief of the special subjects we undoubtedly consider to be C. W. Cope's "Serenade," Redgrave's "Child's Answer," and Pickersgill's "Spirit of the Spangled Night;" but Cope's illustration of

What wakes me from my gentle sleep?
Sweet sounds my soul delight:

for expression attained by the most simple means, for the perfection, indeed, of artistic simplicity and effect, as far as wood-engraving has yet allowed that art to go, surpasses any thing we have yet met with.

They may also be considered as subdividing themselves; which they appear to do so naturally, into domestic, heroic or romantic classic, and landscape subjects; to which are to be added two or three subjects of a complex character as Mr. Duncan's ships, excellent in their way. Weigall's illustrations of "Abra," in which, to our infinite surprise, *accuracy of costume* is united to good drawing and pleasing landscape; and, lastly, Corbould's "Blacksmith," an attempt to produce pictorial effects, which is by no means unsuccessful.

In regard to the *domestic* subjects; after the "Serenade," to which we have given the palm, there is close rivalry between Pickersgill's "Little Mary" and Redgrave's "Child's Answer," as there is between Cope's "John Anderson, my Jo," and Franklin's "Fisherman's

* Poems and Pictures: a Collection of Ballads, Songs, and other Poems. With One Hundred Illustrations on Wood, by English Artists. James Burns.

Wife;" as the two first are pleasing, so the two last are specimens of very highly finished engravings. Cope's illustrations of the "Village Stile" are eminently successful. Two of Horsley's, "Mother's Picture" are also entitled to praise; but the "Mourner" is a familiar face. Archer's "Muffin Man" also deserves commendation. Townsend's "Miner," Horsley's "Lover," and Dyce's "Christ Cross," are not so satisfactory.

The *heroic* and *romantic* subjects constitute the leading features of the book, and are replete with interest and beauty. Tenniel's jolly, care-devil prince, and his surly impassible antagonist, are admirable, nor are the other numerous illustrations of the same ballad much inferior. Corbould has introduced his haughty London merchant of olden times, with surpassing effect, nor are the fortunes of the Saracen lady, less graphically delineated. The same artist's illustrations of the "Wild Huntsman" are fearfully truthful. The inciting evil spirit, the gracefully forbearing good one, and the ghostly denouement, are told with infinite art and spirit. H. C. Selous has also had tasks of magnitude to perform, and his "Bard" and "Leonora" are worthy subjects adequately treated. But the "Bard" himself is introduced in a somewhat exaggerated form, nor do we like the drawing of Leonora in the arms of death. The same artist is unobjectionable in his "Roland Græme" and "Flodden Field." The "Glove" by Franklin, and "Lullaby" by Tenniel, are too fantastically decorative.

In *classic* subjects, Pickersgill shines pre-eminent. He has indeed achieved a triumph in his "Tomb of the Brave."

Nor is his treatment of the "Spirit of spangled Night" inferior in conception or design. We wish we could speak as well of the three angels watching over the dead baby. The same artists illustrations of "I love to roam" are unfinished and unsatisfactory. "The Mother's Day Dream," is better. Albeit unequal, he is still classical even in his treatment of domestic subjects. Dyce's illustrations of Lady Maria, as she was found, and as she was carved in the lonely chancel, possess all the severe simplicity and chasteness which are essential to the classical treatment of sentimental subjects.

The *landscapes* are almost all beautiful, and possessed of distinguished merit. Topham's "Lucy Flittin," Franklin's "Old Martin," Weigall's "Highland Shepherd," and the same artist's "Boatie rows," and Dodgson's "Nightingale" and "Brooklet," are all delightful contributions to this volume redolent with charms.

It is impossible not to observe, as a summary that illustrative art is at present struggling between an Albert Durer kind of boldness and accuracy of outline, probably suggested by cartoon drawing, as exhibited very unsuccessfully in Townsend's "Miner," and the old school of extreme finish, without much ambition of outline, as in Cope's "John Anderson, my Jo." There is no doubt, however, that finished detail is not inconsistent with a certain boldness of outline; and we can indeed find in this work several instances of this; as in Cope's "Village Stile," Horsley's "Cumnor Hall," and in Dyce's admirable illustrations of the "Spinning Maiden's Cross." On the contrary, examples are also to be met with where there is accuracy of finish with unsatisfactory drawing. The union of the two will be the desirable perfection to which the patronage of this branch of art, by the public, will no doubt soon conduce, if we judge by the immense progress that has been made in the art of wood engraving within a few years.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF NIMROD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HANDLEY CROSS."

No. III.

THE next volume of the *Sporting Magazine*, albeit the winter one contains little in support of the title of Nimrod. Thus speaks the Index—

"NIMROD—A few Lines from—his System of summering the Hunter, advocated by Count Veltheim—On the Road—His fifth and last Letter on the Game Laws—Extraordinary Charge against Nimrod—His History of the Saddle—A Poetic Address."

The extraordinary charge is amusing, showing the importance of punctuation.

"Taking up the last number of your miscellany," writes one Timothy Ramrod to the editor of the *Sporting Magazine*, "and turning first, as I invariably do, with anxious delight to the letters of the 'mighty hunter,' I was shocked at the inhuman and horrible practice he asserts to have witnessed. Read his own words:—'When I last visited Mr. Smith, he had in his kennel *the old huntsman and a man to boil and the food appeared to be as good as money could purchase.*' *Boil a man!* One's blood *boils*, or rather *freezes*, at the very thought."

"This puts us in mind," writes the editor in a note, "of the Lewes bricklayer, who having been employed, in a time of scarcity, to fix a *copper* for the purpose of distributing soup to the distressed population, sent his bill in to the parish officers as follows:—'To hanging a *cooper* to make soup for the poor—' "

It puts us in mind of the barber's sign—

"What do you think

I shaves for a penny and axes to drink."

A customer, having been shaved, wanted the fulfilment of the offer; but the barber, taking him out, read it as it stood on the other side of the sign—

"What! do *you* think

I shaves for a penny and axes to drink?"

We should not omit to mention that in this year Nimrod turned coach-proprietor, in conjunction with Mr. James Waterhouse and Mr. John Peer, and started a coach called "The Nimrod," on the Southampton road, Nimrod putting ten horses on ten miles of road. "The drag," wrote Nimrod, "is to be turned out in the very first style, with patent axles and plate glass windows, and green silk blinds, fit for the sort of passengers we shall have the honour of carrying in THE NIMROD. We also purpose that the fox's head shall be the only ornaments on the pads and winkers, with a flying fox on the hind boot."

We believe it did not answer; at all events not to Nimrod, who occupied one of the unenviable positions on the road that used to be toasted at coach proprietors' dinners as "the middle fools."

Nimrod though silent—at least as far as hunting was concerned—had

not been idle during the winter 1826—7. In the July following he bursts forth with his "Yorkshire Tour," which appears to have commenced at the end of October, 1826, and, as usual, his steps are first bent towards Warwickshire.

Yorkshire was a fine field for Nimrod, whether we regard it as the most sporting part of her Majesty's dominions, or as a district where greater originality in character, coaching, and road work, was to be met with than anywhere else. Nimrod soon touches on their weak point—coaching.

"On the 3rd of November," he writes, "I took coach at Leeds, and arrived at York at twelve o'clock. It is natural to conclude that in a strange country, every thing relating to my former pursuits should attract my notice, and coaching in the north was certain to be one. I had long been of opinion that—speaking generally—coach work *in perfection* is not to be met with a hundred miles from the metropolis, seldom so far; and my journey to Yorkshire most fully confirmed it. The build of the coaches, the manufacture of the harness, and the stamp and condition of the horses, are greatly inferior in these northern counties; and as for the coachmen, I saw but four at all deserving that appellation. The man who drove us on the day I am speaking of reminded me more of a Welch drover than any thing else. He had neither gloves, boots, nor gaiters, although the day was cold, which at first excited my surprise; but when I found that he only drove one ten-mile stage, I ceased to wonder, as a glass of gin on leaving the town, one on the road, and towelling his wheel horses, kept his blood on the move for the short time he was at work. As I sate by the side of him, he was kind enough to amuse me with some hair-breadth escapes he experienced when on one of those galloping opposition coaches which more than once went from Leeds to London, one hundred and ninety-six miles, in sixteen hours."

Nimrod, unluckily, told the genius that he must be a "proficient" on the bench, which induced him to "show off," to the imminent risk of upsetting the coach, a proceeding that so disgusted our professor as to cause him to sham sickness and get into the coach.

"When we got to Tadcaster," writes Nimrod, "only ten miles from York, the door of the coach was opened, and 'Please to remember the coachman,' tingled in the ears of the passengers. 'What now?' said I, 'are you going no further?' 'No, sir; but ah gans back at neet,' was the Yorkshireman's answer. 'Then you follow some trade here of course?' continued I. 'No, sir,' said a bystander, '*he has got his horses to clean.*' I then saw my fellow-passengers pull out sixpence each, and give it to John, who was not only satisfied but thankful. 'What am I to do?' said I to myself,—(and this question is very characteristic of Nimrod) 'I never gave a coachman sixpence yet, and I shall not begin that game to-day,' so chucked him a *bob*, which brought his hat down to the box of the fore-wheel."

Nimrod's friend stuck to him, at all events to the coach, for on pulling up in the old style at the half-way house for a drop of comfort, Nimrod espied him perched on the roof—"What," said he, "are *you* there?" "Why, yeas;" answered John, "it's market-day at Yerk, and ar wants to buy a gouse or twe." "Ah," replied Nimrod, "I thought you were a little in the huckstering line."

Sir Bellingham Graham, having resigned Shropshire since Nimrod's visit to that county, was now domiciled at one of his own places named Whitwell, twelve miles from York, on the Harrogate road, where our author takes up his abode, and is mounted until his own horses arrive. From there he goes to the late Duke of Cleveland's, (then Lord Darlington), at his lordship's hunting-box, Newton House, Leeming Lane. On a non-hunting-day, Nimrod rides to Ripon, and finds it Fair day. Opposition hawkers were selling ready-made waistcoats by auction. They put them up at twenty shillings, but the moment eighteenpence was offered, down went the hammer. Nimrod bought one, and found himself in possession of an "excellent waistcoat."—"Joking apart," adds he, "as far as the use and end of a garment extend, it is an excellent waistcoat, and very warm, being doubly lined in the back. I know not whether many London tailors read the *Sporting Magazine*, but I know mine (Mr. Green, of Regent Street) does, and I hope he will recollect the selling price of the Ripon waistcoat."

A double-backed waistcoat for one and sixpence! That was cheap enough, at all events. The man must have stolen them ready-made, like the broom-maker who undersold his opponent, who only stole the material.

Our traveller got another cheap penny-worth further north, in the way of nourishment.

"I dined and slept," writes he, "at the Golden Lion, at Northhallerton, kept by Mr. Hirst, a good sportsman, and a most respectable character. My dinner—consisting of fish, flesh, and pastry—was *half-a-crown*; a reckoning I had not been much accustomed to for such good fare; and I learned from my groom that, in the stables, every thing was equally good and moderately charged for."

Nimrod entered the then principality of Durham under rather disheartening circumstances to a man who had travelled manyhundred miles from home for the purpose of hunting—a cold north-east wind, and a blood red sun-set, with the thin ice crackling under his horse's feet. Still, however, his buoyant spirit finds consolation—"he is in the land of coals." Pulling up at a toll-house to light a cigar, he is greeted with a blazing fire.

"What a contrast was here!" writes he. "Instead of a few dying embers—of some wood, pilfered, perhaps, from a neighbour's hedge, which I should have met with in Hampshire—there was a fire that would have roasted a good joint of meat; but coals—'that best boon of nature'—are only worth eight shillings a ton here; and when I informed the toll-keeper that I paid three guineas for that quantity in my country, I perceived he gave me credit for a traveller's licence."

Durham in those days was hunted by two very celebrated, but very different characters, Mr. Ralph Lambton and Mr. Matthew Wilkinson: Mr. Lambton, presenting all the high polish of the finished gentleman; Mr. Wilkinson, all the sterling, homely qualities of the affluent British yeoman.

Here is an infant railway—Time, 1826. Nimrod going to dine with a friend at Yarm is late in arriving.

"The delay arose," says he, "from my meeting something, which I could only compare to a *moving hell*. Excuse my profaneness—if such it can be called—for I cannot find any other simile. This turned out to

be a locomotive steam-engine, which was running parallel with and close to the road, so alarmed my hack, that it was in vain that I tried to make him face it. This, however, is not to be wondered at; for a horse is naturally a timid animal, and this machine was enough to alarm the devil himself, if he had met with it, as my horse did, out of his own country. The night was dark, which increased the terrors of it: and it really was a frightful object. The noise of the wheels—perhaps twenty pairs—the working of the engine, the blazing fires of blue and yellow hues, the hissing of the steam, and the black-faced wretches with their red lips and white teeth running to and fro, all conspired to heighten the resemblance, and my astonishment increased when I reflected on such a nuisance as this being suffered so close to a turnpike road.”

January and February of 1828 were close months in the hunting way throughout the greater part of England, and Nimrod having returned to spend his Christmas at home, did not retrace his steps northward till the second week in March. The following reads ominously at this time of year:—

“January 2nd. The wind changed from south to north, with a cloudless sky and a star-light night; thermometer at freezing point, and all hopes of hunting vanished.”

When he started again, he makes his way for Beverley and the Holderness hunt, then in the hands of Mr. Hodgson, afterwards master of the Quorn hounds. It seems to have been a hospitable country, and Nimrod commences by a description of a topping yeoman, who took under his roof, uninvited, any sportsman living at a distance, as also his servant and horses, on the evening before hunting, when the next day's fixture was near his house.

Holderness seems to have been prolific in sporting characters, but, indeed, wherever Nimrod went a goodly crop seems to have turned up. He mentions a curious sort of article found in some of the gorse covers towards the coast, namely, cases of smuggled gin, run a-shore and placed in these fox preserves for times of convenient removal. He also tells an anecdote of two magpies attacking a vixen fox, in the act of removing her cubs, and fairly driving her from the ground.

From Beverley Nimrod fell back upon York, where he encounters Naylor, the York and Acristy huntsman, who, on being admonished to mind his P's and Q's, as “Nimrod was coming,” had the audacity to reply, that he had forgotten more than Nimrod would ever know, a piece of impertinence that our author resents by printing in italics, “*God help the man who knows only what Mr. Naylor has forgotten!*” Nimrod pays a second visit to Norton Conyers, and on the 19th of March left for Raby Castle, which he reached in a yellow post-chaise, observing, as he records the fact, that he would have cut a more reputable figure in his own travelling carriage.

On the 28th of March, Nimrod took his departure from Raby, and making for Ferrybridge, had a few days with the Badsworth and Lord Harewood's hounds, and arrived at Melton on the 1st of April. Lord Alvanley had just launched the black or Napoleon boots, as they have been since christened, and Nimrod thus describes his lordship. “His appearance and costume in the field also amused me much. He wears what may be compared to the regulation jack-boot of the royal horseguards, blue, the top of which reaches considerably higher than the

knee, and doubtless protects him from the thorns and blows he would otherwise receive in cramming through the rough Leicestershire fences; of which his lordship is any thing but shy."

From Melton, Nimrod travelled to Lyndhurst, to top up the season again in the New Forest. On his way thither, he thus passes judgment on Yorkshire as a hunting country:—

"It is, like all the provincials, too close to enjoy hounds in, and subject to everlasting interruptions from covers, rivers, canals, and railroads. The ploughed land in some parts may rather be termed rotten than deep, though, generally speaking, this is by no means its character—but in the Bedale country the grass land is particularly sound and dry. The fences, with the exception of the brooks, are such as do not so much put to the test the spring and power of a hunter, as his temper and the ready use of his legs; but the finger of his rider is almost constantly put to the trial. It is a country in which men who ride quickly over it must get falls.

"As a sporting country Yorkshire has no parallel, neither is it possible it ever can have one. In extent (ninety square miles) it is equal to several of the petty German principalities; and every man in it—ay, even the archbishop himself—is a sportsman. There is not a 'boots' at an inn that has not his guinea on the St. Leger; and the manufacturer, with his apron, who in other places knows no more of a horse than a horse knows of him, will take 'foive to one' *he* names the winner. In short, the horse is the Yorkshireman's idol, and had Virgil visited its plains previous to writing his first Georgic, he would have assuredly given it the preference to Epirus.

At Lyndhurst, Nimrod found many eminent sportsmen, but beyond assisting in jalaping old "Wise," the quondam Southampton coachman, one hot day, a joke that Wise pocketed like a wise man, as Nimrod says, we learn little that we were not told the year before.

On the 22d of April Nimrod left the Forest driving a party of the hunting men from there to London by the Nimrod coach. "In the evening of that day," he writes, "I returned home, and although my pockets were as empty as when they came from the tailor's, my spirits were good—I dwelt with pleasure on the scenes I had been a witness of, and indulged a hope that I might see something like them again. But this is not all. I echoed the words of an elegant writer, who so happily expresses himself on a similar occasion—'When we travel towards home,' says he, 'we return as it were to the arms of a friend, AND BLESS THAT GOODNESS WHICH HAS SO ORDAINED, THAT HOME, WITH NO CHARMS, CHARMS US BECAUSE IT IS OUR HOME!!'"

In the course of this tour—that is to say, in the month of December, 1827—an event occurred of serious import to Nimrod, and fatal to the further continuance of his equestrian peregrinations. We allude to the death of Mr. Pittman, the then proprietor and editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

The late Mr. Pittman was no sportsman, as was candidly avowed in the announcement of his death that appeared in the work, but he was a man of taste, judgment, and liberality, and by an extensive expenditure raised the character of the *Sporting Magazine*—and of sporting literature generally—from the very low ebb at which he found it, to one of character and importance.

Nimrod in the hunting department was ably supported by other eminent sportsmen and able writers, while the late Lord Harley, under the signature of "The Old Forester," and the late celebrated painter, Mr. Marshall (then residing at Newmarket), did by the "Turf," what Nimrod and Co. did by the "Chase." Lord Harley also, under the signature of "A Member of Christ Church," wrote some very amusing descriptions of college life, and an author signing himself "Peter Pry," was equally felicitous with the horse, the hound, the gun, the road, and in describing his sporting adventures in foreign parts. Altogether there was a vast array of goodly talent and amusing portraiture.

Nor should we omit to mention the great ability displayed in the embellishments, then under the tasteful guidance of Mr. Cooper. We know of no man who so ably unites the truthful delineations of the sportsman with the poetical feelings of the painter, as this gentleman. Give Mr. Cooper ever so dry a subject, and he is sure to invest it with those little adventitious aids that show at once the man of feeling, the sportsman, and the artist. Mr. Cooper had also the advantage of having his pictures engraved by men fully capable of appreciating and sustaining his taste. "Scott," son of the celebrated John Scott, and "Webb," are names that will never be surpassed in the pictorial world. With this combination of talent, aided by the charm of novelty, it is no wonder that the *Sporting Magazine* prospered—"flourished" would perhaps be a more appropriate description of the state it was in, than "prospered," for though the sale was large, if we mistake not, the expenses were proportionate, if not rather more than proportionate.

It will be evident to such sporting readers as have followed this narrative, that these tours of Nimrod must have been attended with very considerable expense. Nothing runs away with money like locomotion, and locomotion in those days was much more expensive than it is now. The mere coach work must have been something considerable—especially as Nimrod always travelled "*en grand seigneur*," and "never gave a coachman sixpence in his life." In the last tour, he made three false starts into Yorkshire, returning to Hampshire from each effort in consequence of the frost. But the coach work was a mere trifle in the amount of expenditure. There were six horses, and half as many grooms, wandering about from inn-stable to inn-stable, paying sixpence for every two-pennyworth of corn they consumed, and for every thing else in proportion. It is only those who have had road work that can conceive the enormous expense of an itinerant stud. But we have omitted to mention the cost of the horses themselves, many high-priced ones, with all their expensive outfittings (and Nimrod was always an advocate for the very best of every thing), with the wages and outfittings of their attendants, fees to huntsmen, servants, &c. It will not surprise the sporting world to read that, in the course of six years, Nimrod drew nine thousand pounds from the *Sporting Magazine*! Against such an expenditure on the part of one ally, it was hardly possible for a work to bear up, in so limited a field as the sporting one, and we have heard from what we consider good authority, that Mr. Pittman had come to the determination before his death, of discontinuing the tours, at least on the grand scale on which they had been made—a resolution that was carried into effect by his successors.

The nine thousand pounds of the magazine, indeed, does not appear

to have been sufficient, for about this time Nimrod sent a circular into the sporting world for a subscription to defray the "heavy expenses he had been at in the tours"—an appeal that was responded to by the munificent donation of twelve hundred guineas, thus making upwards of ten thousand pounds that he had received during the six years.

The Yorkshire tour may be considered as the last legitimate tour that Nimrod made in the service of the old magazine, for though he went to Germany with Mr. Tattersall, in 1828, his sporting wanderings were on race-courses, for which he had neither knowledge nor taste, with occasional "chasses" after the fashion of the country, which we may readily suppose would be almost equally uninteresting to him.

Before entering on the second part of Nimrod's literary career, a few words, relative to what we have passed in review, may not be misplaced. There is no doubt that Nimrod originated a new style of literature, which may be, not inappropriately, perhaps, called the "sporting personal." That it requires a considerable degree of tact and delicacy to write upon those whom death has removed, without wounding the feelings of friends, is sufficiently notorious; but Nimrod set himself a more difficult task still; namely, that of writing on the equestrian performances of the living, a point upon which sportsmen—we might almost say, men in general—are peculiarly sensitive. We consider the ability with which he did this, a greater feat than the good and forcible language in which he expressed himself. Nimrod was a good English writer. We have heard that one of the greatest authorities of the day pronounced him one of the most correct writers we had. This power, applied to a subject in which he was heart and soul, of course produced corresponding success. Nothing can be better, more sporting, dashing, or characteristic than his hunting contributions in the *Sporting Magazine*. These papers may be read and enjoyed by persons who never saw a hound.

Latterly, perhaps, there was a disposition to yarn-spinning, when he got among the beauties and interiors of Studley, Castle Howard, and Raby; but great allowances must be made for a man writing, as he was, against time. It is a weary spirit-depressing thing, to feel the constantly recurring month coming round, and know the necessity of satisfying its demands, whether in the humour for writing or not. Moreover, Nimrod was pen-bound. He tied himself to facts, and no general describing an engagement looked with greater scrutiny on his despatch than Nimrod did on his description of a run.

Nimrod's great talent, however, as we said before, was in the "sporting personal;" in studying character, and saying what he thought would be pleasing and palatable to each. There he excelled. He might occasionally strike the wrong chord, yet a man following Nimrod through his travels will be struck by the general accuracy and happiness of his touches.

We now pass to the less prosperous portion of Nimrod's life.

After much bickering and wrangling with the new proprietor of the *Sporting Magazine*, Nimrod, in October, 1830, left England, and took up his abode at Calais. It is immaterial entering into the merits of the question, though from his own statement the proprietor appeared to have been willing to allow him a moderate sum—170*l.* a year—for the keep of horses, to enable him to continue the character of Nimrod. Suffice it to say, they could not agree; and to avoid arrest, Nimrod hastily left his

farms and house at Beaupaire, in Hampshire, and sought refuge in the kingdom of France. He first went into lodgings in the *Rue Française*, and then took up his abode in the *Rue de Thermes*, "one of the pleasantest streets," as he said, in that unpleasant town; where, for forty pounds a year, he got an excellent unfurnished house, with three sitting-rooms, five bed-rooms, a coach-house, and stabling for two horses.

Here it was that he wrote the celebrated article "The Chase" for the *Quarterly Review*, an article that, perhaps, is destined to do more for his posthumous fame, than all his contributions to the *Sporting Magazine*, which lie scattered through too many volumes to be available to any but the regular sportsman.

The idea of this article originated with Mr. Lockhart, and singular as it may seem, its conception by that distinguished, though non-fox-hunting, author, was easier than its execution by the all-fox-hunting Nimrod. At all events, Nimrod's first attempt was a failure—at least unsuccessful, as far as the *Quarterly Review* was concerned. Instead of the lively-spirited article that afterwards appeared, Nimrod wrote a heavy learned disquisition on sporting, which, after undergoing the ordeal of the *Quarterly* types, was rejected, and came to the *New Sporting Magazine* in print, where it was published under the title of the "Antiquity and Advantages of Field-Sports."*

This mention, however, of the *Quarterly*, has led us rather in advance of our subject, as far as a regular notice of the writings of Nimrod are concerned. We must, therefore, retrace our steps a little. The *New Sporting Magazine* was commenced in May, 1831, but though Nimrod was notoriously in the market, the proprietors, profiting by what they had seen during his connexion with the old magazine, resolved not to engage him, unless they could get him on their own terms, the likeliest step towards which was letting him make the first advance. Accordingly, in the month of April, 1831, the editor received the following letter:—

"80, Rue Française, Calais, April 4.

"Sir,

"You will much oblige me by informing me, by return of post, whether you will allow me to occupy three or four pages of your opening number. If you can do so, you shall hear further from me on Friday morning.

"Yours, &c.

"CHARLES APPERLEY."

The answer to this of course was, that the editor could not promise the insertion of any thing until he saw what it was, and instead of forwarding the article, Nimrod made another attempt at reconciliation with what we shall now—for the sake of distinction—call the *Old Sporting Magazine*.

The new magazine came out with great spirit. The embellishments, under the able superintendence of Mr. Cooper, were first-rate, and a host of fresh literary talent was called into existence. The editor endeavoured to alleviate the tedium of the usual dry, horse and dog detail, with humorous stories and sporting fiction. The magazine was eminently successful—still there were no symptoms of Nimrod till the close of the

* Vol. ii., p. 147.

first volume, when he concluded "a line" respecting the publication of his "letters on condition," with "wishing the editor every success in his very spirited undertaking." As might be expected, after this, the parties came to terms, and the first paper of Nimrod's that appeared in the *New Sporting Magazine* was the already mentioned rejected *Quarterly Review* article, which, being rechristened the "Antiquity and Advantages of Field Sports," appeared in the January number of 1832, along with the first of a series of papers, called "Characters of Hunting Countries," the first one being the Bicester or Sir Thomas Mostyn's, now Mr. Drake's hunt. Neither of these articles—nor indeed any of the subsequent "Characters of Hunting Countries," were published as by Nimrod. Two causes operated here. In the first place, Nimrod was under a bond to the old magazine, and it was supposed that the proprietors would apply for an injunction to restrain parties from publishing any sporting papers of his—indeed, they did give the late Mr. Murray, publisher of the *Quarterly Review*, notice to that effect—and in the second place, the proprietors of the new magazine, anticipating that much of the matter Nimrod would supply, would be from information procured during his various progresses, thought it would have the greater chance of wearing the garb of novelty, if published as by any one but himself.

The "Characters of Hunting Countries," like every thing Nimrod wrote connected with his favourite pursuit, are very masterly—Warwickshire particularly so—which may be regarded as a perfect model for that species of writing. Nimrod, master of his subject, and writing *con amore*, was a very different person to Nimrod, the mere bookseller's drudge, and it is much to be regretted that he was ever reduced to be one. Still the critical reader will see, that the *material* of these papers, as indeed the *material* of all his subsequent ones, was drawn from the one grand source of the hunting tours. They were, in fact, the lake of the tours drawn off in streams.

Although the proprietors of the *New Sporting Magazine* did not consider it expedient to publish sporting papers as by Nimrod, it was yet deemed advisable to have his name on the title-page; accordingly, short pieces—sometimes poetry—sometimes prose—were introduced; all evidently make-shifts, and not requiring further notice. Nimrod's poetry, indeed, was only of a very middling order, and exempted him from all suspicion of being the author of the "Season at Melton," or of the "Chaunt of Achilles," two poems published in the work, that made a great noise in their day, and, indeed, continue to be quoted and talked of still. One of Nimrod's early productions in the *New Sporting Magazine* was an affidavit, detailing, after a fashion of his own, the cause of his quarrel with the *Old Sporting Magazine*, which affidavit, sworn before the consul at Calais, commences, "I, Charles James Apperley, late of Beaupaire, Hants, but now of Calais, France, do hereby make oath and swear, that I am a loser to the amount of one thousand five hundred pounds, or thereabouts, by my connexion with the *Old Sporting Magazine*." How this loss arose, however, he does not explain, but he said, he intended to reside at Calais till the expiration of his bond to the old magazine, when he hoped to become the Nimrod of the new. Alluding to the proceedings that had been taken against him, by the proprietor of the old magazine, he says, "Thank God, and my good old father, I shall never starve as long as there is a goose-quill to be had, and a bottle of ink to dip

it into. On the contrary, I am happy to say, I was never better in all my life than I am at the present time. I wanted rest. As Ovid has it, the '*anxietas animi, continuusque labor*,' of the last ten years were wearing me down; and a winter's run, after the hard thumps and severe work I have lately experienced, with temperate living, early hours, gentle horse exercise, and sea-breezes, has made me quite a new man. In short, I feel as if I could exclaim with the poet:

Methinks I've cast full twenty years aside,
And am again a boy."

Elsewhere, in the same paper, alluding to the forthcoming quarterly article, he says:

"My name in the market is now good, and I do not arrogate too much, when I assert the time is approaching when it will be still better. This assertion may surprise you; fame, you will say, should be the consequence not the motive of our actions, and we should not proclaim ourselves thus to the world. But I will not use the fulsome language of mock humility! A consciousness of merit is inseparable from the possession of it; and I should basely dissemble if I did not fearlessly declare, that on sporting subjects my pen shall yield to none other."

We now come to the consideration of the *Quarterly Review* article. Considering the foregoing flourish as well as what he had told us about the forthcoming article, together with the acquaintance we had with the rejected one, published under the title of "The Antiquity and Advantages of Field Sports," we had no great expectations from the new one nor was that impression much removed by a cursory reading by Nimrod of parts of it. This took place one winter's afternoon in a back bedroom at the Sabloniere Hotel in Leicester-square, and whether it was the darkness of the room, the difficulty he had in joining and reading his own scratchey manuscript, written on the worst of French paper, or the natural disinclination one has to hear a thing by bits, that we mean to read as a whole, especially near dinner-time, we don't know, but we remember that we were not much taken by it.

None but authors, however, are aware of the almost incredible difference there is between reading a thing in manuscript and reading it in type. Nimrod, too, was a bad, hesitating reader, added to which he kept his manuscript and his dirty linen in the same bag, and with much the same degree of order. Moreover, it had not then undergone the revising hand of Mr. Lockhart, who is allowed to be the best hand at dressing up an article that ever was known. Not that he would interfere with the sporting part, but there are divers little bits that we doubt not owe their parentage to him. The moral, for instance, at the end, is evidently his, being opposed to all that Nimrod had ever written as to the irresistible attractions of Leicestershire.

This article, "The Chase," is too well known to require any lengthened eulogium from us. It is the cleverest and most spirited union of truth and fiction that ever was written. "The line" of the run, as it is called, was given, we believe, by the late Mr. Moore, of Melton celebrity, son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury; but the filling-up—the detail—the execution, was Nimrod's, and Nimrod's only. "The Chase," and its twin-brother, "The Road," would make a reputation for any man. A paper, however, like "The Chase," was not a thing that

a man could write two of. This Nimrod found. He soon after tried his hand at a second run, in his conclusion of his "Character of Leicestershire as a Hunting Country," in the third volume of the *New Sporting Magazine*. The principal feature in this run, is the circumstance of the hero being mounted on a five-year-old horse (Edwin), out of whose fabulous misfortunes an amusing real incident arose. The story, as written by Nimrod, made the unfortunate horse get his eye knocked out at a bulfinch, as a thick Leicestershire fence is denominated, notwithstanding which, his humane master (in great grief, of course) went on as if nothing had happened. The run was severe, and the horse died. The paper was a curious combination of cruelty and feeling—the cruelty preponderating considerably over the feeling—so, by way of reducing them to somewhat of an equality, instead of letting the poor animal get his eye knocked out, the editor made him get a thorn into it. The story is bad enough that way, as it appears to have been considered by others; and one gentleman, in particular, wrote a strong letter of remonstrance, urging the editor to submit all such papers to the revision of Nimrod, who, he said, was the only man capable of appreciating the taste and feelings of sportsmen. That story, we think, is about a match for the "Dog and Rabbit," one with which we closed last month.

"DEEDS AND NOT WORDS."

SONG.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

I.

Oh! call back the thought, let it die on the tongue,
That would answer in anger the old or the young;
Though thy purpose be good, and thy passion be strong,
Will discord convince if you're right or you're wrong?
Let reason and truth be your motto through life,
And your path shall be free from its sorrow and strife,
For the maxim I hold, that true honour affords,
Is, sincerity prove, and by deeds but not words!

II.

No matter how humble the service be thought,
'Tis the act and the deed that with honour is fraught;
And the meanest attempt can more kindness display
Than all the fine promises words can convey.
If to preach were to practise how easy 'twould be,
To relieve ev'ry want and distress that we see?
But since that vain boasting no honour affords,
Your sincerity prove, and by deeds but not words!

THE MISERIES OF A PRIZE.

BY GEORGE RAYMOND.

"THE lottery of wedlock,"—has been a figure of speech committed to the stream of time, and will in all probability float on till the current be lost in eternity. "There are some falsehoods," says Lord Bacon, "which are continued by tradition, because they supply commodious allusions," and the above proverbial expression may be one of them. That the prizes are few we admit, but the produce of our scrip will be found less at the caprice of Fortune than at our own. In fact we are too apt to *debit* this lady with our own blunders.

Nous disons injures au sort,
Chose n'est ici plus commune ;
Le bien, nous le faisons : le mal, c'est la Fortune ;
On a toujours raison ; le Destin toujours tort.

Men at sometimes are masters of their fate, and scarcely ever so much as in the business of wedlock ; for we may say, pretty generally,

Marriage is a thing, I take it,
Just as the parties choose to make it.

The expression *prize* and *blank* assumes a kind of equitable right to expect that Fortune will do something especially for us—that the cause is entirely hers—that having purchased a ticket in the wheel, we have but to give to the blind goddess our blinder faith, who will do all the rest without our stir; as in Andalusia, there was a lottery cheme for the prizes of absolution, so that sinners who could not afford to buy them outright, had at least a chance of winning them. Lottery is a matter of fate alone—marriage almost alone of conduct—else might Herod himself have declared he had no prize in Mariamne, nor the Emperor of the East in his wife Eudocia.

The man who takes a wife only for a slave, and so finds her, or the woman who marries a man only to cloak her intrigues, and this he does, although both may have acquired what they desired, yet this being an unholy acquisition, cannot pass under the denomination intended by the proverb.

The metaphor is in other ways inapposite. A man, for instance, marries, who without being a vicious character, or even an indifferent member of society, does not find quite the Elysium his dreams had taught him to expect, and his good-natured acquaintances immediately declare he has not drawn a prize. But the truth is, he has not the discernment to discover the higher qualities of his partner—he has not the faculty to understand nor cherish those valuable properties of her nature, which another might have had, and to whom she would have been a capital Twenty Thousand. Her worth has become an unyielding possession—she is a sealed cabinet—her nature finds no response, and wedlock itself has become a barren empire. No sympathy existing, the parties are, to all intents and purposes, unhappy; for they are still too conscientious to seek refuge in the only state now left for them, namely, mutual hate. The fact is, this man has drawn a prize (to retain the expression) and

doesn't know it. It is no longer "conjugium," as Burton observes, but "conjurgium"—the reed and the fern, of opposite natures.

Again, there are other ill-favoured marriages the result not so much of the blindness of Fortune as the wilful blindness of the parties themselves. It may appear startling; but, perhaps, the greatest duplicity in life is the season of courtship—this is partly voluntary and partly involuntary. Affection is a most arrant traitor, and like the rapt astronomer, whilst gazing on the stars we fall into a pit. We deceive ourselves in the regard of another, and we deceive another in the false representation of ourselves. We put on our best garments without at all suspecting the holiday dress of our companion. Suitors, in each other's eyes, are as perfect as those once were who now lie in churchyards—*affectionate brothers, dutiful sons, and sincere friends*. "Rogues all" have a prescriptive title to this language when they are six feet in the earth, and all suitors claim as equal an estate when over head and ears in love. This, then, is no lottery, but a juggle—we juggle others and juggle ourselves, "*Quisquis amat ranam, ranam putat esse Dianam*." If we will make her Diana to please our imagination, she may turn out a frog to justify the truth. Marriage, therefore, is less an affair of the die than of positive wilfulness, and its results less the operation of lottery than of conduct—for surely those who marry (to use the words of Voltaire) through the caprice of a few days, a connexion without attachment, a passion without affection, the affectations of cicisbeism, or a romantic fancy, cannot place the upshot to the charge of Fortune, who are themselves alone the responsible parties.

Fortune a goddess is to fools alone—
The wise are ever masters of their own.

Mr. DANIEL FOGG was certainly not of that class denominated fortunate in the matrimonial lottery. Whether too many spokes had been put into the wheel, or too little anti-attrition at the axle, we know not, but its turn had not been fortunate. Mr. Fogg was a member of the Pewterers' Company, a vender of Dutch toys in the neighbourhood of the Poultry, and a man, moreover, of so nice a sense of all obligations, that had he contracted to water the streets at periods, he would have made good his trust after the heaviest fall of rain. At the age of fifty, he had married the widow of a brother pewterer, a lady with a jointure of 200*l.* a year, which she settled on herself, and a remarkably ill-favoured son whom she distinctly settled on her husband. Truly this lady had refused the hand of Daniel on more than one occasion, a fact which she took care to keep constantly in his sight. A will of her own Mrs. Fogg certainly had, and would also have her way, which she never found much disputed amongst her neighbours, as most of them were disposed to keep out of it.

But to do her justice, Mrs. Fogg was not insensible to that peculiar gratitude, for which we are bound to give the sex due credit, namely, the constant recurrence to the virtues of her first husband; for, although her temper and extravagance had brought him to an early grave, yet she would fain pay him Artemisian honours, now he was gone, by building up the monument of his praise, that it fairly tottered over the head of her present mate, and threatening hourly to crush him. Mrs. Fogg was

a tall brazen woman, with a face rough as a map of Switzerland—what our ancestors would have called a “common scold,” and had only escaped the cucking-stool, by an abolition of the punishment.

Mr. Fogg, who had assuredly courted the widow with his eyes open, could as little place the charge to the blindness of Fortune, and was accepted by this lady three days after the unexpected marriage of Mr. Deputy Saunderson with the cast off mistress of a noble peer. Mrs. Fogg was, in fact, a proud, prying, vindictive, chattering woman—avaricious yet expensive—busy yet idle—and extremely vulgar though excessively fine. Narrow was the circle in which she moved, yet ample for the display of these abundant qualities; for the weazel, though small, is in nature ravenous as the lioness.

With these striking qualities, it may be matter of surprise that the pewterer should have made such unwearied advances, but the truth is, although a harmless and well-intentioned man, he was possessed of some little vanity which betrayed him into a good deal of mischief. Deputy Saunderson had been much in the habit of regarding poor Fogg as a butt, using him in the club for the exercise of his witticisms, by punning on his name, quizzing his trade, caricaturing his figure, and the like, all of which the little pewterer hoped some day amply to avenge. It was useless to remind him that Plato and Aristotle had their lampooners—this was but little consolatory to the dealer in Dutch toys, and he looked only forward to a day of retribution. At length he fancied the hour had arrived, for having discovered from time to time, certain gallantries played off by the deputy as regarding the widow, and deeming thereby his “purpose marriage,” he conceived at once a *coup de grace*, and this no other than cutting him out altogether in the lady’s affections.

With this view, he followed the widow to city balls, pic-nics, and annual meetings; and, although three times repulsed, his ardour knew no abatement—nay, from the rank stem of revenge, a blossom, something like passion seemed to germinate; he fancied that he really affected the widow, and like a person who had lost his way, would exclaim—“Tell me, my heart, if this be love!”

The result was, as we have seen—the deputy slipped away, and the widow fell back into the very arms of little Fogg, who was just at her heels. His triumph alas! was but a base counterfeit—the washy illusion was presently rubbed off, and his brazen predicament but too apparent. The small toyman was pinched like a frog in a cleft stick, or, to use a nobler figure, his boast, like the antlers of the stag, was his undoing—and Fogg had literally married “*with a vengeance*.”

The lady was soon reconciled to the infidelity of the deputy, for though she had lost the man she fancied would have administered to her ambition, she had secured another who would respond to her sumptuary demands; and as to her previous hostilities in respect of her latter suitor, she was not unlike, perhaps, those Amazons we have read of, glorying in the fact of marrying the man she had first fought with, and was now looking forward to reducing him into quiet subjection for the remainder of his days. True.—Mrs. Fogg, during a whole moon, conducted herself, if not with amenity, at least with forbearance, and

so did Judas, "usque ad loculorum officium," till the bag was committed to him, but no sooner were the wife's rights established, than the husband's wrongs began to appear.

The toyman's pecuniary means were not large, yet equal to the expenses of a small house now taken at Walworth, rent, taxes, general repairs, and Tom's schooling. Indeed, they so exactly measured the calculated extent of these demands, that Mrs. Fogg declared they seemed positively intended for it. The lady's two hundred a year became, therefore, at her own personal disposal.

A portion of Mrs. Fogg's estate, as we have observed, was a grown up son, a lad of about seventeen years of age, and as thorough a scamp as any in the parish of Walworth. With scarce a coat to his back, he lived on the skirts of the district, into the body of which he scarcely ventured except to borrow money or to pilfer. His education had been of a practical nature, for his chief employment was in the permission he had to exercise horses up and down the yards of livery stables—in conducting small raffles for articles which, at his suggestion, his companions had purloined from their masters or parents—in drawing up the regulations for conducting penny theatres, and in making hardbake from the involuntary contributions of his mother's sugar-pot, which he sold at an interest quite worthy a commercial gentleman. In fact from *Cock Lorrel* down to *Ikey Solomons*, there was no greater rogue on record than Tom, nor has Francis Grose discover to us any thing in phraseology of which he was not master. The marriage of his mother was naturally enough an event of deep interest to this young man, for on the very day of the wedding, he appropriated five pounds, with which he had been intrusted for the payment of some hymeneal charges, and within a week fairly swore his father out of all belief of having advanced the money.

With a firm reliance on that moral philosophy, which teaches that pleasure and pain, like the spheres themselves, are nicely balanced, and finding at this moment, that in the mortal steel-yard his peace was knocking hard against the beam, Daniel looked hourly to the hand of Fortune for that equitable vibration, which would justify his faith and atone his suffering. It was now the third anniversary of the citizen's marriage, and for the third time he invested a sum of money in the chances offered at the office of Goodluck & Co., Cornhill. On the day he first went to the church with the widow, he purchased a sixteenth of a lottery ticket: this, in due course, was announced a blank. On the second year he bought a quarter, this was a blank also; and now grown bolder by defeat, or feeling himself a positive creditor on fortune, he went to the extent of a half ticket, and patiently awaited the revelations of that doctrine in which he was so steady a believer.

These Cornhill adventures were the only actions which Fogg had kept from his wife's knowledge, and which the vigilance and extravagance of the lady had rendered doubly difficult to manage. While Mrs. Fogg was heading the vain Walworth sisterhood at nightly commerce, where malice was the staple commodity, jaunts to the play, assemblies at the Horn's Tavern, or excursions down the river, Daniel was but a mere nonentity in the house; a kind of dummy in a perruquier's window, whose still life office was to set off the coiffure of his wife's absurdities. He avoided the club, sat day after day in the back parlour of his shop, which actually

looked on a dead wall, where his long-drawn sighs drew the very blue bottles into the vortex of his mouth. Here, indeed, "he hung up philosophy," and found there was no purgatory in marriage, but that the souls of men either go to *one* place, or — the *other*. Yet according to Bayle, even this state of things had its advantages; for says the philosopher, "if your marriage be happy, you live in daily anxiety about losing your wife, but if *fortunately* unhappy, you have the delightful hope that she will die."

But the first of June of the nineteenth century was scarcely more eventful to the strides of Napoleon than of the family at Walworth. Marengo had crowned the one, and Guildhall the other. Eight thousand Austrians had become prisoners of war, and the number "Eight Thousand" was placarded at Goodluck's window, a capital prize of ten thousand pounds. Fogg had purchased a half of this ticket. Never had *ill* fortune fallen with so great a shock on the head of man as this *good* fortune on the brain of Daniel. He could have borne up against fresh calamity, for to this he had long served an apprenticeship, but five thousand pounds levelled him to the earth. A crowd of heterogeneous projects rushed into the small chamber of his brain, which threatened to split the building. He felt like a man who had committed some grave misdemeanor, exclaiming, "What shall I do? where shall I go?" He found himself in unknown streets and at strange corners. He was as much afraid to turn homewards as though aware peace officers were waiting to take his body. Excess of joy became a sense of pain. At one moment he indulged the project of concealing this great event from his pestilential partner, but this was impossible, for already the history of the "number eight thousand" was known to the whole town.

From this state of indecision he became precipitate. He resolved on acquainting his wife with the entire transaction, for which purpose he ran off in the direction of Walworth as one pursuing a pickpocket. We have heard of poor Paddy, who, on being suddenly enriched by a guinea, was so elated, that his foot slipped, and falling into a gutter, was run over by a coal-waggon. But Fogg arrived safely at home; and, with the exception of a slight scratch from collision with a porter's knot, unhurt.

He entered his parlour, or rather Mrs. Fogg's. The lady, at this moment, was in the act of quitting the house to take her accustomed sway over some neighbouring tea-board. If the aspect of Fogg did not excite her fears, it certainly awakened her curiosity—she looked eloquently for explanation. In hurried and imperfect accents, the good toyman now ran over the events of the day, and his palpitating listener was presently visited by five thousand throes of exultation. She shook her feathers, like the fore-horse of a spinster's hearse, and rattled her ear-drops like a stray bell-wether. Her congratulations were verily sincere, for they were directed to herself, which Fogg for a moment misapprehending, fancied he had at length elicited a spark of generous sympathy in her conjugal bosom, and now, without reserve, entered into the detail of the whole transaction. But Fogg was mistaken. For, however elated the lady might have been at the prospect before her, and indeed "felt now the future in the instant," yet the secrecy with which the little manufacturer had worked, was a "*lese majesté*" she

could not brook ; and when she understood that on former occasions, too, he had acted without consulting her, or in other terms, without receiving her permission, she opened on him with all the fury of a slighted woman.

In vain he protested—in vain palliated. A typhon directed all her words. Congratulations were turned to reproaches, and at this moment the miserable Fogg would have bartered his prize and good-luck, for his old estate of blanks and quietude.

“Look you, madam,” returned the toyman, “a patient man, once provoked, is nothing short of desperation. True, I may have little credit, for since I parted with so much of it to make you respectable, I am almost beggared. Have I known an hour’s peace since I married you? My patience has been mistaken for content by others—trampled and imposed on by you. My toil, my earnings, have been wasted in support of your frivolities, while not a shilling, not the fare of a hackney-coach, have I ever received from you. My reward has been slander—my home is made a pestilence. You have converted my respect abroad into humiliating pity ; have turned competency to want ; and a profitable trade to a failing credit—in fact, madam, you have made my heart a wilderness, and my hearth a desert.”

“Fogg!” vociferated the lady in green satin, as she placed each hand on a corresponding arm of her chair, stretching forward her neck like a ferret ; “Fogg! Daniel Fogg, have you lost your senses?”

“No, madam ; but pretty well every thing else I once possessed. What Fortune has now done for me, shall be more wisely employed, so that neither you, nor your stable-boy son—”

“Why, the imp will strike me!” screamed Mrs. Fogg, starting from her chair ; “another moment, and he will strike me!—do it—do it, you little monster!” saying which, she pursued him with a gesture which at least suggested her reply would be quite as prompt—“Strike me, Daniel Fogg.”

“Nay, madam, my blows are directed at your conscience—your heart—false as your face ; but which neither your sex, your patches, nor your paint—”

“Then take that, you dirty wretch!” vociferating which, she awarded him a box on the ear, which sent him with violence against the window, and the shivered pane fell piecemeal into the street. Mrs. Fogg once more shook her feathers, adjusted her curls, and ringing the bell as though positively in earnest, stepped into a hackney-coach, to keep her engagement in the Kent Road.

A stillness now settled on the *ménage* at Walworth—a spell-bound stillness which not even the return of Mrs. Fogg at the hour of midnight seemed to awaken—a kind of “Egyptian gloom” (as a writer describes the moments which succeeded the earthquake at Lisbon in 1755), “a gloom such as might be felt.”

The nocturnal councils of Mrs. Fogg we will not wait to examine, but on the morrow she appeared before her husband with a grace and sweetness which surpassed the urbanity of her bridal-day ; and if her morning lips did not beg remission for the sins of her fingers over night, it was because her deportment could speak more eloquently than words, or perhaps more safely be intrusted with the commission. But, alas!

Forgiveness to the injured doth belong ;
They never pardon who have done the wrong.

As for Daniel, tied like the ape in the fable to a log, he inwardly exclaimed, "Now, brave! I have you fast!" but his plastic nature soon yielding to the blandishments so dexterously played off by his cunning mate, he presently lost sight of all his wrongs, and part of the five thousand quickly following, he sat down for the first time tolerably at ease in his own house, indulging the illusion that he was also for the first time master of it.

But upon grounds far more substantial Mrs. Fogg began to look forward to brilliant achievements. Again was she despotic from the beer-cellar to the attic—yet wary in these early movements—temporising a little as she proceeded. The venerable St. Augustin speaks of women who could turn men into horses, and Mrs. Fogg was verily possessed of no less a power—her "Daniel" had already won the *Cornhill Stakes*, and no one knew better than the lady that his race was not yet run.

The toyman's stroke of fortune spread like an Extraordinary Gazette. His shop in the Poultry was now beset, not indeed by chapmen of toys, but a crowd of persons panting to become as suddenly rich, and propitiating the aid of Daniel the Prophet for this Mammonic purpose. The "lucky Daniel" was the most unfortunate of men—he had to buy a quarter ticket for one—a sixteenth for another—to advance thirty pounds to a third—to remit a debt and interest to a fourth—to become security for a fifth—to make up the losses of a sixth, and to pay damages on breach of contract to a seventh. Of his acquaintances, the greater part were borrowers, the rest made up of sneerers. There was not one whom he could now meet on the old terms, or without finding himself the worse for his company, either by giving money or receiving ill-nature. The Poultry gossip was no longer free—all that was once civility was now adulation, and all that was not adulation was downright malice. In some shape or other he paid dearly for every hour he lived, and yet lived not as he was wont to do. He had lost every thing, in fact, and had gained nothing, except the distinction of "*Ticket Daniel*."

The following are amongst the agreeable communications he was now in the daily habit of receiving:

"My very good friend,—You and I have been so many years on terms of intimacy that I will make no apology for begging your assistance. The greatest satisfaction a man can have in becoming suddenly rich, is feeling that it is in his power to prove his sincerity to his old and attached friends. I lament to say my interest in the wharf has but a very gloomy appearance. I fear the parties must go to law. My division on the sale of the 'Harriet' corn brig, turns out so much below my expectations, that I am unable, for the moment, to meet my engagements. I request of you as a loan the sum of three hundred pounds till my affairs are settled. Providence has blessed you with wealth, and you have a Christian heart.

"I am your old friend,

"WM. WOULDs.

"P.S.—We hope Mrs. Fogg's cold is better."

By the same post :

" My dear old friend,—I venture to ask that of you which I should feel it my duty to grant were the case reversed—namely, were I rich and you needy. At this moment a hundred and fifty pounds would save me—my situation you know—and I see my way clearly. A hundred and fifty pounds just now would be the making of me—an opportunity offers which may never occur again. Will you spare me this small sum for a few months, which Fortune has put you in the power of doing? You will save a drowning man? I will call in the Poultry to-morrow by twelve o'clock.

" Your old friend,
" ISAAC BYANDBY."

By hand,—the wafer wet.

" Good sir,—You ofen had said you wish you cood do me a servise and I thinks you can, mr. Weeks has promis to take Robert apretnise for 2 year for 75 pound is now fifteen year old O sir if you wood but do it providense is kind to you and our blesing never end I expeck to be confine next munth and my husbun also knos your charritable heart O sir if you wood do this for poor Robert he will sum day pay you as mr. Weeks says you have known us so menney year and it is nothing for you as people say you are so verry rich.

" Yr obejent,
" SARAH HOPPER."

Eight hundred pounds were already knocked down in the Poultry, and double rouleaus toppling over the water. The air of Walworth had become pestilential as that of Fernando Po, and leprous were the inhabitants in the nostrils of Mrs. Fogg. From her morning dreams she awoke only to exclaim, " Whom next shall I despise?"—in fact, she ate and drank, and walked about, despising.

" Daniel " had won the Cornhill cup, but his wife was of that complexion, which is termed " the better horse," and now, indubitably, mistress of the course. The concern in the Poultry was to be given up; the toyman to quit trade; Walworth to be evacuated, and the Fogg to take rank (in the phrase of Westminster Hall), and be admitted within the bar of silken aristocracy. Within a short time, the Poultry lease, drums, dolls, bandaloras, and rocking-horses, passed into the hands of a new tenant, who, first borrowing two hundred pounds of his easy landlord, cheerfully subscribed to the covenants, and entered into all arrangements for liquidating his debt, and paying for the stock in trade.

Clapham Common was the looked for *Canaan* of the Fogg family. A little stucco villa, on which the lady had positively set her heart (fabricated nearly of the same material), was now taken, and the lively occupation of furnishing and decorating, softened for a time, the malefic quality of the lady's humour. This villa, to use her own expression, was fitted up quite in the foreign style; that is, crowded with a multitude of things foreign to any possible use, or a use of which she was entirely ignorant; for here were Etruscan lamps perverted into tea-pots, and carved pedestals with the wrong ends uppermost. As for Fogg, he fancied

himself, at times, in a new shop ; but where, alas ! the only sale would, in all probability, be one day for the benefit of his creditors.

Mrs. Fogg having shaken off her old acquaintances, as the surgeons, on a time, shook off the barbers, now looked to the right and left for a little high life, and walked about, not so much despising, as doing homage. She was already, on what she termed, a footing with No. 2, on the Terrace, and No. 2 was quite a lady ; and had received a *coup de chapeau* from the Corner house, who was a thorough gentleman.

Tom, though not the rose, yet living near it, smelling one day of the stable, and another of tobacco, had of course the run of the villa. The vanity of the mother, and the besetting weakness of his ill-starred father-in-law, yielded him pickings and gleanings, whilst the confidence of his acquaintances abroad supplied him a fuller harvest.

On the third Sunday of the Clapham naturalisation, Mrs. Fogg went to church. It was a fine, sunny morning, and her devotional musings suggested that too much respect could not be paid to religious rites. She was dressed in the very panoply of state, and attended by her new footman, a callow lad of about fourteen summers, in a grass green coat, yellow plush small clothes, and a glazed hat, looped up with gilded strings, who supported her Bible and prayer-book, she marched stately towards "the holy edifice of stone." Mrs. Fogg measured the middle aisle ; the lad, groaning under the weight of the two volumes, followed, but not having a hand at liberty to remove his glazed covering, shuffled into the church with his hat on, when he suddenly received so lithe and sharp a stroke of the beadle's cane, that set him into a violent roar, which positively re-echoed under the vaulted dome.

Six months had now elapsed, and Mrs. Fogg found herself, to all intents and purposes, the centre of observation ; but her admirers were something like the spectators of those rare creatures from the lairs of Bengal, congregating about their cages, but earnestly begging to be excused further approaches.

Since the churching of Mrs. Fogg, "No. 2," and "the Corner house," had become chary of their favours, and no other Numbers nor Corners having manifested any inclination for supplying their places, she naturally enough relapsed into her former state of despising. Shut up in her villa, like a crocodile in an Egyptian temple, she was verily regarded with no less curiosity. The eyes of her passing neighbours were now usually turned in the direction of her windows, and the Clapham coachmen pointed their whips towards the house, as at the residence of the "pig-faced lady." The butcher boys gave a shrill whistle as they rattled their sticks at her iron-railing, and the pot-boy of the "Rising Sun" invariably shouted "*Lot-te-ry!*" when on his pewter avocations.

Expenses and outstanding demands began to weigh heavily on poor Fogg. The five thousand was wasting "like a waxen image 'fore the sun ;" disappointment and mortification had materially rubbed off the French plating of his wife's graciousness, and some furious curtain diatribes ensued ; but it was now too late for extrication, and Daniel's fitful dream of freeing himself from his torments was about as hopeful as amputation of a limb, after mortification had reached the intestines.

The period for payment of the second instalment due from Daniel's tenant in the city had arrived ; but like a *fausse couche* to a fond, expectant nursery, deep and disastrous was the disappointment. Fogg,

who had been counting his chickens in the Poultry, to meet the demands of Dame Purtlet at home, became addle as an egg, on suspicion of his debtor's affairs. There were also two hundred pounds due to him from the same quarter, and in a state of mind very unlike that in which he ran from Cornhill, in the summer of Marengo, he set off in the direction of his well-remembered shop.

"Blank," indeed, was the aspect of the premises—a kind of Caribbean tornado seemed to have swept every cane from the estate—the dolls, drums, and skipping-ropes, had been knocked down for what they could fetch, and the kites were flying in every direction.

Short-sighted—unprophetic Daniel!—Goodluck! Hymen! and his own blindness!—Alas! these were now but vain complainings. The gloomiest imaginings now proceeded from the hermitage of his brain. To William Woulds and the "corn brig" our votary of wealth turned his steps; but beyond some further inquiries after Mrs. Fogg's cold, he got nothing. Isaac Byandby was still a drowning man, and ready to catch at a straw, which, verily, might have been no other than Fogg himself, who was fast becoming one of that substance. Robert's mother could renew only her prayers, but was confident that the boy, when out of his time, would find the means of showing his gratitude. As for friends, like the wounded deer, which, seeking refuge amongst his fellows, is beaten out of the herd, so was Fogg expelled the houses of all his acquaintance. He bent his way in the direction of the villa, and his best hope,—pity from a crocodile.

As usual, Mrs. Fogg was dressed for some foreign coterie when Fogg entered the villa. His position of affairs in the city was made known, in accents which might have elicited pity from the animal we have named, but not from Mrs. Fogg. The ill-conduct of "Tom" formed but a small part in the volume of her words, whilst the loans advanced without her knowledge to Daniel's defective friends were the main subject of her invectives. She thanked God that she had been thoughtful enough to take care of herself; that *she*, at least, was safe, whatever might be the upshot; and, shaking her trimmings, like a poodle just out of the water, predicted ruin on the imbecility of her husband.

Daniel, as though having "eaten of the insane root, which takes the reason prisoner," had lost all power of reply; he sat bewildered on one of the impracticable chairs; the foreign furniture danced topside turvy before him, so that the pedestals, perhaps, took their right position in the confusion of his senses. Compassion was not one of those foreign articles which had recently found a place in the affections of Mrs. Fogg; but some little alarm taking possession of her, at the present aspect of her husband, she vouchsafed a hope that the state of affairs might not be found so desperate as he had apprehended.

An unaccustomed bustle was now heard in the passage, and presently the footsteps of some one hurrying up stairs. Daniel was loosened from his stupor, and the lady gazed fearfully towards the door. Flushed, disordered, and evidently under the influence of liquor, "Tom" rushed into the room. His gesture terrified his beholders. Claspings his lank, greasy locks, he tumbled on a music-stool, which creaked aloud with the agony.

"For mercy—mercy's sake, Tom! what is this?" exclaimed his mother; "why, the boy's at his wits' end—clean out of his mind."

"What, new distress?" ejaculated the trembling Fogg.

"That I am beggared; that you, my good mother, and you, respected sir, will be shamed, dishonoured to the world; (and, oh! what a world it is!) unless something be done."

"What, what is it," cried the agitated parent. "Oh! the dear boy, how wild he looks!"

"What can be done?" demanded Daniel, who had now completely lost sight of his own distresses.

"I know not; but if any thing,—quickly, quickly, or I ——, but I care not for myself, 'tis for you and you." Here Tom seized a hand of each listener, and pressing them together groaned bitterly.

"Tom, Tom, you frighten us to death," cried his mother. "Look, father-in-law, he will certainly do himself a mischief."

Tom struck the table violently with his fist, and the gold fish darted "like mad" around their aqueous prison.

"I do not defend myself," vociferated the youth, to the accompaniment of the screaming music-stool; "I do not justify myself, no, no; I am a criminal—but the hope of retrieving the past—of repaying some of the heavy debt I owe to you, tempted me in a moment of infatuation ——"

"What! have you killed any body?" roared Mrs. Fogg.

"Yes! you, my mother, and that good worthy gentleman beside you."

In a manner similarly striking, Tom now entered into the history of this fearful visit. Having rendered himself singularly useful, a few years past, to the Deputy Saunderson, by conveying little triangular *billets* from him to the hands of his respected mother, he had naturally enough formed some acquaintance with the style and character of his handwriting; and having at that period received but little remuneration for these Mercurial offices (nothing, in fact, but empty promises) he deemed it high time to make some effort for repaying himself; and this he did, by placing the deputy's honoured name across the face of a small slip for eighty pounds. Tom had pocketed the gold, and by this time had scattered the monarch's image o'er the land. It was now within three days of the bill becoming due, and Tom, with all the horrors of Newgate before his imagination, rushed in a state of despair into the presence of his beloved relatives. The result is soon told. The copious tears of the mother speedily prevailed over the weakness of her little husband. Fogg, before they parted, found means to supply the sum in question, and Tom, steeped in gratitude, ran off to honour the acceptance of Mr. Saunderson.

All soon was wild and desolate at the villa, as an American prairie. Like trees bled for their resin, Fogg was soon exhausted of his resources; he looked indeed for his estate, but like the land of Alcibiades, it was no longer to be found on the map of the world.

The blaze of the lottery ticket had gone out like the snuff of a candle. Within a few weeks man and wife, like the waters of the Red Sea, were distinctly parted. The villa and foreign furniture passed under the hammer. The toyman had returned to his old shop in the Poultry, and his lady was once more absolute in Walworth.

Ill thrives that hapless family which shows
A cock that's silent, and a hen that crows—
I know not which live more unnatural lives,
Obeying husbands or commanding wives.

HOW MISS MOUNTNORRIS GOT A HUSBAND.

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS.

"You must return to the country, Louisa," said Mrs. Malmsey, "and there is an end of the matter."

"I shall do no such thing, Caroline," returned the younger lady; "and I did not think you would behave in such an unsisterly manner."

"You had no business to run away from home."

"But I have run away. What's the use of talking about that?"

"With every thing around you to make you happy—"

"I hate being made any thing. I like to make myself happy, or not to be happy at all."

"Your delightful spirit has improved, I think, since I left you. What in the world made you come to me?"

"Why, where else should I have gone? You have a nice house, and a nice husband, and plenty of money, and plenty of company, and nothing to annoy you; and you have no feeling for me, who have been shut up for two years in a dull little box in the country, with no amusement except listening alternately to the history of papa's gout and the hacking of mamma's cough, and no excitement except wonder when the doctor's boy came late with the bark and the paregoric."

"Poor Loo," said Mrs. Malmsey, laughing; "but then see what a healthy life you have led. You look as fresh and as pretty as—as I used to look before the days of late hours and hot rooms."

"And what is the use of looking well when there is nobody to look at one?" was the unanswerable answer of Miss Louisa Mountnorris. "You write me long letters full of your gaieties, and your parties, and your flirtations—and more shame for you that you *do* flirt, with such a husband."

"What, do *you* like Malmsey, too?" interrupted the married sister.

"Who can help liking him?—look at his hair," said Louisa, almost indignantly.

"Ah! he has nice hair, now you remind me of it; though, do you know, it is a very long time since I noticed it."

"Lor, Caroline, what things you say! Do you mean that you don't love him now?"

"As much as ever, child, though we neither of us talk quite so much about it, or sit making eyes at one another."

"Ah! but I like to make eyes," said the unsophisticated Louisa.

"Of course," said her sister, "it is your vocation. You are in the ranks, at present; but when you are promoted, you will use other weapons. An officer don't carry a musket."

"All in good time, I suppose," replied Loo; "but come, Caroline, how do you mean to manage for me?"

"Malmsey shall see you to the railway to-morrow morning—it is too late to-night, I'm afraid."

"To go home?"

"Certainly."

"I won't, Caroline," and the beauty burst into tears.

"You need not begin doing that, Louisa," said Mrs. Malmsey, very quietly; "you forget that I have been in the habit of seeing you cry, at various short intervals, during eighteen years."

"What a hard, unkind thing you are!"

"Not at all; I am only rational. Now, listen to me. It will not suit me to have a younger and a much prettier sister—and that you are, Louisa—perpetually by my side. I have plenty of vanity; and it amuses me to gratify it in a harmless way. Now, I am quite sensible enough to know that the presence of so large a share of *la beauté de diable* as you possess, would materially interfere with my arrangements. Do you understand?"

"Yes; but, Caroline, I must be married."

"I have no objection, my dear child. Go, and be married. I thought you wrote me word that young Gyp, the lawyer, was going to propose?"

"And so he was; but papa had hardly forgiven him for accidentally kicking his footstool, when mamma quarrelled with him for saying that her cough was only nervous. So he left the house in despair. Besides, he is so innocent."

"Do you wish to marry a burglar, or a forger, or a rick-burner?"

"No, no: you know what I mean."

"A highwayman, perhaps, or a sheep-stealer?"

"How can you go on so? No, I mean—O! you know what I mean very well."

"You would like a husband who could describe to you a great number of wickednesses."

"Which he had given up, all for my sake. Now, Gyp has no wickednesses to give up, except his ugly thick boots. Now, Carry, can't you, out of all your acquaintances, get me a husband like Malmsey?"

"No! *that* I can't, Miss Modesty. But, stop."

"That's just what I want to do, Caroline."

The married lady pondered for some minutes, with a curious smile occasionally playing about her features. Once or twice she seemed about to speak, and then checked herself. At last she compressed her lips, as if making up her mind.

"Louisa," she said, "I am too good to you, and you don't deserve it. But a plan occurs to me; and if Malmsey approves it—hark!—there is his knock. Come into my dressing-room—I dare say he will follow."

The council sat late; until Louisa, who had arrived in town that day, after an exciting journey, fell back in her white easy-chair, "a dove, out-wearied with her flight." But the result of the conference shall be told hereafter.

Ferdinand Waring, who, if not a knight of Mrs. Gore's order of modern chivalry, would certainly have been dubbed had his fortunes been of a more elevated rank. As it was, he performed the vow of perpetual selfishness with as much fidelity as his means permitted. He had an independent income of about seven hundred a year, which he seldom referred to, but when he mentioned it, he always materially understated it, partly that his vanity might be gratified, by the wonder of his acquaintances that he could surround himself with so many

luxuries for so little money, and partly by way of warning off any friend or relative who might presume, from the appearance of so much silver and so many pictures, or the taste of such Burgundy, that a five-pound loan might be elicited upon emergency. Ferdinand was small in person, but neatly made, wore a tiny black *moustache*, dressed with extreme care, and used no perfume except *eau de Cologne*. He was an unexceptionable ornament in a room, if you were not ill-natured enough to think of the band-box in which some people supposed he came.

Ferdinand, of course, was not a marrying man—he perhaps took more pains than was absolutely necessary to announce the fact; for he was not very popular among the young ladies of his set, who had not arrived at an age to understand that selfishness is a virtue. So that there was not the manifest scramble for the hand of Ferdinand, which that gentleman, in his private mind, expected and guarded against. His attentions to the single part of the female community were of the most limited and frigid kind; he sometimes in conversation ventured upon a fact, seldom upon an opinion, and never upon a sentiment—and it was a consolation to him, as he drew his curtains around him at night, to reflect, that if any maiden heart was breaking for him, as was too probably the case, he, at least, had not beguiled her by the display of the slightest interest in any thing she thought, said, or did, during their intercourse. Morning call, dinner party, or quadrille, Ferdinand was ever watchful against those insidious enemies who must win a heart before they may wear a diamond.

But with the married women Waring indemnified himself by what he thought a display of the most elaborate Don Juanism. With them, the ice became fire, as it does in Dr. Ryan's experiment. The distant, starched-cravat manner was exchanged for one as bending, attentive, excited, and full of gesture, as Ferdinand could assume; and if it was sometimes a little overdone, or not a little funny to behold, assuredly it was regarded by him as a masterpiece of fascination. Some of his intended victims stared, and others laughed and encouraged him, and one or two went so far as to stimulate him to the composition of various *billets*, which, written in a pedantic hand, and upon ornamented paper, with painted flowers in the upper left-hand corner, caused much mirth when exhibited by the mischievous recipient in her domestic circle. But Ferdinand was a sad bore, and was habitually dropped with great expedition, a circumstance for which he could never account; for it is needless to say, that his belief in himself was almost fanatical in its enthusiasm.

A few days after the conversation which we have had the honour to record, Mrs. Malmsey assembled a small and well-selected party in Great Coram-street. Mr. Malmsey came home early from his office, and gave out the wine; and hearing that a "sit-down-supper" was intended, expressed a satisfaction in which all right-thinking persons must have concurred; for of all the unseemly spectacles in the world, a promenade supper is the most humiliating to the dignity of human nature. What can be the self-respect of a man who stands with a jelly in one hand and a glass of sherry in the other, afraid to drink, lest, while doing so, the tall lady, who is squeezing him against the wall, should move her elbow, in which case she will shake the wine all down his Valenciennes; and unable to eat for want of a third hand, and

also of the spoon for which he has repeatedly but vainly, dodged the boy in buttons. Engaged for the next polka, he is starving while the precious minutes vanish, and just as he obtains elbow-room and his spoon, he sees Miss Trevor looking for him to take her up-stairs. Frantically he imbibes the sherry, and pretends to smile as he offers her his arm, but his heart is in the dish where the lobster-salad is now no more.

As the clock struck ten, Ferdinand Waring was making his way across the room to Mrs. Malmsey.

"Ah! Mr. Waring, you are very good to come early."

"The difficulty is to stay away from Mrs. Malmsey's," replied Ferdinand, with a bow of extreme politeness. And he looked towards a very pretty person who stood near his hostess, to see whether his distinguished manner had not produced an effect upon her. It obviously had; for she smiled very graciously.

"Let me introduce Mr. Waring to you, my dear. This is my sister Louisa. Is your husband in the room, dear," said Mrs. Malmsey, taking care that the words should not be lost upon Ferdinand.

"I—I *hope* so," said Louisa, pretending to look round, and thus telling stories with her eyes, but truth with her tongue.

Ferdinand thought that she was the prettiest young wife he had seen for a long time. And so she was, though dressed somewhat older than seemed necessary, with one of those queer things, which may be either caps or cobwebs, in her black back hair. So, like the gentleman who stood amid the glittering throng, he whispered low, he took her hand, he led her forth to dance.

Then Ferdinand broke out in all his glory, and smiled, and bent, and looked, until his *vis-à-vis* asked her partner whether those two people were lovers; and Louisa's *vis-à-vis* replied that it did look like it, didn't it? And Malmsey exchanged looks with Caroline, which said "Hooked," as plainly as ever "*Do play*," at whist, meant *diamond*, or "*Come, my dear*," meant club. And the three Miss Walkingtons, who, being all very pretty, liked to sit close together, like a perch of love-birds, pushed one another slightly, thereby intimating that Ferdinand's proceedings were worthy of inspection.

Yes, Ferdinand was caught, though he didn't know it. How many quadrilles he contrived to dance with Louisa—how many things he poured into her ear, if not tender, certainly soft—how he led her down to supper, imploring her to draw her scarf closely round her neck on the staircase—how he sat by her side, helped her to the white of chicken, and sliced the tongue into the finest shaving, took sherry with her, and then champagne, and then more sherry—and engaged her for the first *valse* after supper, we need not pause to note—but Mrs. Malmsey did. Ferdinand never found conquest so easy, and felt a private sympathy with De Grammont.

Once, during the evening he asked her to point out her husband; but with an arch laugh, the unsophisticated Louisa refused, saying playfully, that surely so observing a person—indeed she feared he was a quiz—could not fail to find him out. And this *badinage*, as Ferdinand thought it, she persevered in, until Ferdinand, after fixing alternately on two strangers, one of whom was an Irish barrister and the

other a Polish refugee, decided that it did not signify. And after supper he forgot all about it.

That champagne, and the cheering when Mrs. Malmsey's health was given! But for their united efforts, Ferdinand would never have told Louisa that he was an isolated being whom nobody understood or loved. He would never have said, that if he had ever the good fortune to meet such a creature of light and loveliness as herself, he might have been spared a desolate home, a desert heart. He certainly never would have expressed a hope, that although she was another's, she would sometimes think of him with pity—might he—dare he say, with something like interest. And when they were sitting on the couch in the corner, Mrs. Malmsey having discreetly withdrawn certain dowagers to leave such a flirtation-place at their command, Ferdinand would not, but for such agencies, have managed to touch her hand as he asked if he might write to her. Would he not? Yes, he would, for it was his nature, expanded a little by the wine and the excitement, but his own vain nature.

As to his writing, Louisa could not think what he could possibly have to say to her, but of course she should be happy to hear from him. But he must not address her direct—what would every body think? let him write under cover to her sister, and put "L." in the cover. Would he remember, now, "L.?" Would he not?

Home he went, as happy as young gentlemen who are in the habit of vending sand are traditionally reported to appear. In the morning he reflected on his conquest, and it seemed to him even more signal than before. She had not only permitted him to write, but had asked him to do so. He would scarcely wait for his boots, but rushed into Soho-square, and bought three quires of embossed note-paper with roses painted in the first page. Pleasant and pathetic were the lucubrations he indited—carefully was "L." inscribed in the corner—and merrily did the said "L." and her sister laugh as they read them. There was no lack of encouragement in the well-framed answers, written under the eye of Malmsey, a solicitor of no common talent. Nearly half the painted paper had been received in a very inflammatory state, by Louisa, when Malmsey said that those letters would "do." So he called upon Ferdinand Waring, and asked him his intentions.

When the truth came upon Ferdinand that he had been carrying on a correspondence with a single girl, and that such correspondence would carry any amount of damages Malmsey might like to ask for, in "*Mount-norris v. Waring*," the defendant in perspective uttered a huge groan, and subsided into his easy chair, with thoughts of remaining there, coiled up, for the rest of his natural life. But Malmsey was too good a tactician to make him more unhappy than was necessary. He represented that Waring was very well off (a jury, by-the-by, would remember *that*); that he could afford to marry, and, by his own showing, was desolate and lonely. Louisa was a very dear, good girl, and one that any man might be proud of, especially when she entered a room (a weak point of Ferdinand's). Her affections had been insensibly but deeply engaged, which was no wonder, considering Ferdinand's knowledge of the sex, and various attractions. (Waring smiled miserably.) That there could have been any mistake, was so improbable that Malmsey could only suppose Mr. Waring was trying a joke, and he admitted it was a good one; but they must talk seriously, as the poor girl had done nothing but cry for two

also of the spoon for which he has repeatedly but vainly, dodged the boy in buttons. Engaged for the next polka, he is starving while the precious minutes vanish, and just as he obtains elbow-room and his spoon, he sees Miss Trevor looking for him to take her up-stairs. Frantically he imbibes the sherry, and pretends to smile as he offers her his arm, but his heart is in the dish where the lobster-salad is now no more.

As the clock struck ten, Ferdinand Waring was making his way across the room to Mrs. Malmsey.

"Ah! Mr. Waring, you are very good to come early."

"The difficulty is to stay away from Mrs. Malmsey's," replied Ferdinand, with a bow of extreme politeness. And he looked towards a very pretty person who stood near his hostess, to see whether his distinguished manner had not produced an effect upon her. It obviously had; for she smiled very graciously.

"Let me introduce Mr. Waring to you, my dear. This is my sister Louisa. Is your husband in the room, dear," said Mrs. Malmsey, taking care that the words should not be lost upon Ferdinand.

"I—I *hope* so," said Louisa, pretending to look round, and thus telling stories with her eyes, but truth with her tongue.

Ferdinand thought that she was the prettiest young wife he had seen for a long time. And so she was, though dressed somewhat older than seemed necessary, with one of those queer things, which may be either caps or cobwebs, in her black back hair. So, like the gentleman who stood amid the glittering throng, he whispered low, he took her hand, he led her forth to dance.

Then Ferdinand broke out in all his glory, and smiled, and bent, and looked, until his *vis-à-vis* asked her partner whether those two people were lovers; and Louisa's *vis-à-vis* replied that it did look like it, didn't it? And Malmsey exchanged looks with Caroline, which said "Hooked," as plainly as ever "Do play," at whist, meant *diamond*, or "Come, my dear," meant club. And the three Miss Walkingtons, who, being all very pretty, liked to sit close together, like a perch of love-birds, pushed one another slightly, thereby intimating that Ferdinand's proceedings were worthy of inspection.

Yes, Ferdinand was caught, though he didn't know it. How many quadrilles he contrived to dance with Louisa—how many things he poured into her ear, if not tender, certainly soft—how he led her down to supper, imploring her to draw her scarf closely round her neck on the staircase—how he sat by her side, helped her to the white of chicken, and sliced the tongue into the finest shaving, took sherry with her, and then champagne, and then more sherry—and engaged her for the first *valse* after supper, we need not pause to note—but Mrs. Malmsey did. Ferdinand never found conquest so easy, and felt a private sympathy with De Grammont.

Once, during the evening he asked her to point out her husband; but with an arch laugh, the unsophisticated Louisa refused, saying playfully, that surely so observing a person—indeed she feared he was a quiz—could not fail to find him out. And this *badinage*, as Ferdinand thought it, she persevered in, until Ferdinand, after fixing alternately on two strangers, one of whom was an Irish barrister and the

other a Polish refugee, decided that it did not signify. And after supper he forgot all about it.

That champagne, and the cheering when Mrs. Malmsey's health was given! But for their united efforts, Ferdinand would never have told Louisa that he was an isolated being whom nobody understood or loved. He would never have said, that if he had ever the good fortune to meet such a creature of light and loveliness as herself, he might have been spared a desolate home, a desert heart. He certainly never would have expressed a hope, that although she was another's, she would sometimes think of him with pity—might he—dare he say, with something like interest. And when they were sitting on the couch in the corner, Mrs. Malmsey having discreetly withdrawn certain dowagers to leave such a flirtation-place at their command, Ferdinand would not, but for such agencies, have managed to touch her hand as he asked if he might write to her. Would he not? Yes, he would, for it was his nature, expanded a little by the wine and the excitement, but his own vain nature.

As to his writing, Louisa could not think what he could possibly have to say to her, but of course she should be happy to hear from him. But he must not address her direct—what would every body think? let him write under cover to her sister, and put "L." in the cover. Would he remember, now, "L.?" Would he not?

Home he went, as happy as young gentlemen who are in the habit of vending sand are traditionally reported to appear. In the morning he reflected on his conquest, and it seemed to him even more signal than before. She had not only permitted him to write, but had asked him to do so. He would scarcely wait for his boots, but rushed into Soho-square, and bought three quires of embossed note-paper with roses painted in the first page. Pleasant and pathetic were the lucubrations he indited—carefully was "L." inscribed in the corner—and merrily did the said "L." and her sister laugh as they read them. There was no lack of encouragement in the well-framed answers, written under the eye of Malmsey, a solicitor of no common talent. Nearly half the painted paper had been received in a very inflammatory state, by Louisa, when Malmsey said that those letters would "do." So he called upon Ferdinand Waring, and asked him his intentions.

When the truth came upon Ferdinand that he had been carrying on a correspondence with a single girl, and that such correspondence would carry any amount of damages Malmsey might like to ask for, in "*Mountnorris v. Waring*," the defendant in perspective uttered a huge groan, and subsided into his easy chair, with thoughts of remaining there, coiled up, for the rest of his natural life. But Malmsey was too good a tactician to make him more unhappy than was necessary. He represented that Waring was very well off (a jury, by-the-by, would remember *that*); that he could afford to marry, and, by his own showing, was desolate and lonely. Louisa was a very dear, good girl, and one that any man might be proud of, especially when she entered a room (a weak point of Ferdinand's). Her affections had been insensibly but deeply engaged, which was no wonder, considering Ferdinand's knowledge of the sex, and various attractions. (Waring smiled miserably.) That there could have been any mistake, was so improbable that Malmsey could only suppose Mr. Waring was trying a joke, and he admitted it was a good one; but they must talk seriously, as the poor girl had done nothing but cry for two

days. (Ferdinand never asked why, but that was his guilty conscience.) He would finally put it to the heart rather than to the head of Waring—(selfish people like to be told they are good-hearted)—whether Louisa's happiness should be for ever wrecked, and one of the best girls in the world made miserable; besides the exposure, ridicule, and ruinous damages, which an action would entail; or whether Ferdinand would not secure himself an excellent wife who would make his *eight* or *nine* hundred a year (that is about the mark? asked Malmsey, cunningly), go as far as fifteen hundred.

What could Ferdinand do? The two things he most hated were threatened, if he did not marry—ridicule and the loss of money. And then Louisa was very pretty, even in her cobweb cap, and by the side of the Walkingtons. If properly dressed, she would be the star of almost any ball-room. He looked piteously at Malmsey, but the solicitor was imperturbable.

"Were I you, my dear friend," said Malmsey, "there should be no nonsense or chatter about it. We are all attached to you, or you should not have had such chances with little Loo. Come and dine with us at six; I have some splendid Severn salmon, which I know you like."

He went—and it was hard to say which was most exquisitely dressed—the salmon, or Louisa. Ferdinand asked for a third slice, and that the wedding-day might be fixed. He was indulged on both points, and, by a curious coincidence, the same county newspaper which announced the marriage of Ferdinand Waring, Esq. with Miss Louisa, informed the Malmseys that Holloway's ointment had cured Mr. Mountnorris's gout and Mrs. Mountnorris's cough, and that the doctor's boy was to be tried at the quarter sessions for stealing the ugly thick boots of the innocent Mr. Gymp.

SAIB AND NOURMAHALL.

A PERSIAN TALE.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

AUTHOR OF "GIDEON GILES," &c. &c.

A mighty pain to love it is,
And 'tis a pain that pain to miss;
But of all pains the greatest pain
Was Saib's, on whom blows did rain.

COWLEY.

'Tis moonlight! and on Zulai's towers
The streaming beams of silver play,
Flooding each roof with light, where flowers
Are spread like an eternal May.
The stars are out, with eyes of gold,
Peeping through Heaven's deep-vaulted blue,
Like beauties bending to behold
Some object heaving into view.
A silence sleeps upon the air,
And all around is calm and still;
The voice is mute that call'd to praye
There's scarce a whisper on the hill;
All are hushed in the arms of sleep;
Gone is the sun that long since set

In curtained-gold beneath the deep,
 Gilding each far-off minaret.
 On every mosque bright crescents gleam,
 Flashing so brightly on the eye,
 That in the distance one might deem
 They were new moons dropped from the sky.
 How lovely looks that city sleeping!
 What a deep silence reigns around,
 Save where some gushing fountain's leaping
 And murmuring o'er its marble ground,
 As if unto the midnight singing
 Such a lone, low lingering air,
 That the breeze is moments bringing
 All the sweet sounds it gathers there :
 There's scarce a stir amongst the leaves,
 The blossoms of the mango-tree
 Move voiceless, as the breast that heaves,
 Scented with musk of Tartary.

But who is he, at this lone hour,
 Standing beneath yon pillar'd shade ?
 There is a bird within that bower
 A merry, mischief-loving maid.
 Half silken Persia is her dower :
 And Saib, he must come array'd
 In woman's guise, and at this season,
 And only for "a woman's reason."

He doffs his scarlet cloak and male attire
 And dons a woman's robe and silken veil ;
 And now doth with a waiting slave retire.
 His heart beats quick—o'er marble pavements pale
 He trembling treads—now cold, now like a fire,
 He hears a whisper, bidding him not quail;
 And then two massy, high-arch'd doors unfold,
 And from the high dome flash an hundred lamps of gold.

And now he stands within a spacious hall,
 The roof up-borne by pillars tall and white,
 Round which ten thousand flower-wreaths twine and fall;
 The dome is blue, dotted with silver bright,
 And somewhere, far-off, laughing voices call;
 He looks all round, they're hidden from his sight,
 Then rises music's sweet voluptuous swell—
 He thinks the dark-eyed Houris in those halls must dwell.

The walls were with rich arras hung around,
 That swept their golden fringe along the floor.
 Of richest crimson was the underground,
 While broider'd silver-work stood out before
 The astonish'd eye. Prophet, and sage profound,
 And dancing-girls, beside a wave-washed shore,
 Some with their arch'd scarfs in air up-blown,
 Others 'mid piles of flowers, sleeping, or sitting down.

On one hand stood, a wing'd Peri fair,
 Holding on high a palm-tree branch of gold;
 Choicest carbuncles glittered in her hair,
 A band of rubies did her breast enfold,
 Her high-loop'd tunic half her side left bare,
 Revealing limbs of purest classic mould,
 A youth before her stood with folded arms,
 Who, mute as marble seem'd, struck by her matchless charms.

And here and there were thrown up emerald bowers,
 'Mid urns, and birds with many a varied plume,
 And groups of Houris ankle-deep in flowers,
 And golden censers fill'd with rich perfume,
 And fountains shaking loose their silvery showers,
 And shimmering lamps that did but half illumine
 Dim sleepy spots, with ottomans ranged round,
 And pearly-tinted curtains falling on the ground.

In silence Saib stood, and trembling gazed
 On these rich scenes; the unseen music swelling,
 Broke on his ears, awhile he stood amazed,
 Amid the grandeur of that regal dwelling.
 When from the floor his dazzled eyes he raised,
 Souse over head and ears in love he fell in,
 Oh, such a form, such eyes, and such a bloom,
 And those eyes fix'd upon him, from the centre of the room.

And she approached him with the sweetest smile,
 Then pointed to a wicked-looking seat
 Gazed on the floor,—thoughtful she stood awhile,
 Then with impatience did her small foot beat,
 Then sat her down upon the cushioned pile,
 While he knew not, whether on head or feet
 He stood. He was completely flabbergasted
 For several minutes, while the awkward silence lasted.

Her face was Grecian, her eyes large and dark,
 With piercing glances, that shot through and through,
 Making the beating heart her target-mark—
 Like a poor Snip he knew not what to do;
 She spread her arms towards him, and—but, hark!
 Here comes another, and much lovelier too,
 At whom he gazed, half idiot-like, and dolted.
 The first one took the sign, rose from her seat, and bolted.

The last was tall, and robed in spotless white,
 Her large blue eyes upon him seem'd to languish;
 She stood before him like a thing of light,
 While he, poor fellow, between love and anguish,
 Half wish'd himself away from such a sight.
 All he could do was to hum, and haw, and pish!
 And bow, and grin, and strain his eyes, and pore on
 A face none can describe—a Houri from the Koran.

She stood like Hebe with her lips apart—
 Lips, with the weight of their own kisses bending.
 And ever from her little panting heart,
 A pilot sigh each moment she kept sending.
 And oh! her eyes, although they hurl'd no dart,
 Yet deeper in the soul they kept descending,
 Like cold delicious punch, which none discover
 The strength of, until they are more than half seas over.

The drops upon his brow stood damp and chilly,
 And then the dolt his hands together press'd,
 He saw her neck—'twas whiter than the lily,
 For to say sooth she was but loosely drest.
 No living mortal ever look'd more silly,
 He placed his hand so gently on her vest,
 And said, "This dress is really very pretty,
 The skirt I see is soil'd, and surely that's a pity."

She laugh'd—a silvery laugh—that went on sounding
 So sweet, one never wish'd that it might cease ;
 Then held her dress with arm so white and rounding,
 And archly said, " Pray what will take out grease?"
 He said " that turpentine did most abound in
 That cleansing power, and if it would her please,
 Next time he came he'd bring some ;" she agreed,
 Inquired if it smelt nice, he said, " Yes, very nice indeed."
 She said, " Refreshment is already spread,
 Pray follow me, my mistress is the lady
 Who to your shop the other day was led,
 She waits your presence with her friend the Cadi."
 He grinn'd again, bobb'd low, and duck'd his head,
 And many another strange grimace too, made he ;
 The door flew open and he did espy,
 A sight that made him cry out loudly, " Oh, my eye."
 There stood a lady circled by her slaves,
 Like the bright moon amid her vassal stars
 That shines in splendour on the gazing waves ;
 She stood like Venus when love-gazing Mars
 Enraptured views her, trembling ere he laves
 His lips in honey'd kisses, her lip unbars
 Its ruby portal, and displays within
 Teeth only rivall'd by her white and dimpled chin.

'Twas Nourmahall, the Persian maid,
 Who Saib saw one day while shopping.
 Saib silk-tailor was by trade,
 And love to her too oft kept popping.
 Oft kiss'd his hand, oft roll'd his eye,
 Oft ask'd to be allow'd to call,
 And told her he for her could die.
 She laugh'd, this wicked Nourmahall,
 Said she'd send for him by and by,
 And then his love would surely try.
 She clapp'd her hands did Nourmahall,
 Poor Saib 'gan to smell a rat.
 Out came six slaves, both black and tall,
 You'd swear they never wash'd at all.
 They seized poor Saib, laid him flat,
 His slippers pull'd off in a minute.
 " Allah!" cried he, " the devil's in it."
 " Wilt die for me?" said Nourmahall,
 Saib cried out, " Oh, not at all.
 I crave thy pardon, mighty lady."
 " It is too late now," said the cadi,
 " So let him have the bastinado,
 'Twill teach him how to mind his trade-o:"
 He had it to his heart's content,
 Cursed the tall blacks, and home he went.

MORAL.

Now all ye young men who in shops
 On gents and ladies do attend,
 Whether ye sell silks or slops
 An ear unto my Moral lend,
 And never be by ladies lured :
 Just think how he of love was cured,
 And what a " whacking" he endured ;
 That had he stuck unto his trade-o
 He had not felt the bastinado.

TOM WALKER'S STORY.

SHOWING HOW PRIVATE HARDING ROSE FROM THE RANKS.

BY JACKSON LEE.

I HAPPENED, one evening not very long since, to find my way into the commercial-room of the Clarence Hotel, at Brighton, where a large party of travellers, men of different ages, characters, and complexions, representing every variety of business, were, after the toils of the day, passing an hour or two in cheerful fellowship. It has been too much the fashion to detract from the respectability of these men as a body, and to burlesque them as individuals; but when it is remembered that they number several *thousands*, and that every individual has been selected for the possession of some quality eminently adapting him for his occupation—superior intelligence, knowledge of the world, address, perseverance, and integrity,—it will be readily admitted that they possess amongst them elements of better qualities than the shrewdness, coarse ignorance, and conceited vulgarity, that is made to pass current as the personifications of the discourteously-termed bag-man.

My friend, Tom Walker, is indeed by birth and education, as well as feeling, a gentleman, and what is of more general importance with his compeers, a partner in the firm he represents, with something like a thousand a year as his share of the proceeds—an accident that, in the estimation of most men, will establish the fact of his respectability.

The commercial-room at the Clarence, large, well-lit, and not unhandsomely furnished, presented by no means an inanimate *coup-d'œil*. Groups of men, some old and gray-headed, others in their prime of life, and not a few lads, were seated at the different tables, discussing every variety of topic—politics, plays, railway schemes, Capel-court, staggings, and specs of all sorts.

Tom Walker formed the centre of a little knot who were cosily talking over old acquaintances and past scenes. Bottled stout, cigars, and brandy-and-water, were more or less in request with all; for, some way or other, Father Mathew and total abstinence are not popular with the gentlemen of the bag.

Having come, moreover, expressly to see Tom Walker, I took my seat beside him, and, in the course of the evening, in answer to some inquiries respecting an individual of my acquaintance, heard from him the following story:—

I had driven, quoth Tom Walker, from Deal to Dover one very snowy morning in December, and arrived at the Shakspeare just in time for dinner, shortly after which, and while we were taking our wine, a servant entered, and inquired if either of the gentlemen was Mr. Walker?

“That’s my name,” I said.

“Oh! if you please sir,” rejoined the man, “a little drummer-boy wishes to see you.”

“A drummer-boy!” I repeated, “this must be some mistake.”

However, I desired the waiter to show him in, and sure enough a little fellow made his appearance, and, touching his cap, handed me a note.

"Private Harding, sir," says he, "desired me to give you this."

I opened it, and having run my eye over its contents, desired the drummer-boy to go into the kitchen, and get something to eat. Then, turning to the party at the table, I read the note aloud. It was nearly as follows :—

"Dear Sir,

"Nothing but the deepest distress could induce me to make this appeal to you. The regiment to which I belong is ordered to march to-morrow morning, preparatory to embarking for India, and the thought of subjecting my wife, ill in health, and badly prepared for this severe weather, to the inconvenience and exposure of a baggage-waggon, has driven me to make the present application. Any thing you may do for me I have no hope of repaying; but you will ever possess the heartfelt gratitude of one whom you have known under other circumstances, and who remains, dear sir, respectfully yours,

"G. HARDING."

I looked round as I read it, and saw sympathy in almost every face.

"Nearly all of you," I said, "have heard of this young man, and many of you knew him. We shall none of us miss the mite that may possibly save him from deeper suffering and humiliation than his present position inflicts."

I drew from my purse the pittance I intended to bestow upon him, a movement that, with one exception, was followed by the others. You remember Old King Cole, as we used to call him, a dark, heavy-looking man, who afterwards, in a fit of despondency, produced by pecuniary difficulties, destroyed himself in a field near Dartford? Well, his heart was ever "open as day to melting charity;" in an instant his hand was in his pocket, and he placed a sovereign on the table towards the fund, which amounted to something over four pounds, every one having contributed except an individual at the bottom of the table, to whom a sovereign would have been a matter of no moment, but who refused to come down with the stumpy.

At this instant, the waiter, with an awkward, shuffling air, and hesitating manner, approached me, and after two or three attempts to disburden his heart and tongue, stammered out,

"I beg your pardon, sir—I hope you won't be offended—but I heard you read that note, sir, and talk to the gentlemen, and I could not help repeating it to Mr. Norris, who begs you'll allow him to send five shillings; and if you please, sir, I'll add a half-crown of my own; I knew poor Mr. Harding very well, and have had many a one from him."

There was so much genuine feeling in the man's tone, that I accepted his offering, hoping his generosity might shame the close-fisted fellow, who still refused to assist a brother in distress.

After this, Dilworth, of Drake, Widgeon, and Teals, was deputed with me, to carry the result of our subscription to Harding, at the barracks; and, accordingly, we set off at a brisk pace for the Castle, where we had little difficulty in finding him.

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gay, light-hearted Harding—he seemed to feel bitterly his meeting with me, and when I gave him my hand, had some difficulty in replying to my greetings; however, after a while, he told me that he had been a soldier for some years.

“You knew my failing, sir,” he said, “was drink. This led me into difficulty with my employers, I lost my situation, and I need not tell you there is little hope for a man without a character. I struggled on for a time, sustained by the promises of persons who had no idea of ever fulfilling them, and at length despair drove me to enlist—I am fortunate in the good-will of my officers, but it is a sad reverse—I could bear it all without regret if it were not for my wife’s sake, but the thought of the misery to which I have reduced her is a constant thorn in my side. As I told you, we march in the morning, and in her present situation, to be obliged to brave the rigours of the season, poorly clad, on the top of a baggage-waggon, would in all probability destroy her. The idea of it almost drove me to despair, when, as it happened, while on duty this morning at one of the outlets of the garrison, I saw you drive by, and knowing the inn at which you would put up, as a last resource I determined to address you.”

“And very glad I am,” I said, “that you have done so, for on mentioning the circumstance to some others of your friends at the Shakespeare, their generosity has enabled me to remove all your anxiety on your wife’s account,” and I handed over to him the amount collected.

The joy of the poor man at the un hoped for sum may be imagined. For a moment he could find no voice to express himself, and then with broken accents he overwhelmed me with thanks. I was glad to break away from him, and with many wishes for his better fortune, bade him good by, and returned to Dilworth, who had stood aloof during the interview.

We had scarcely quitted the barrack-yard, when we encountered on the heights a tall sunburnt officer returning to the garrison—he stared at me as he passed, and I looked hard at him in return. I thought I knew him, but at the instant could not recall his name. This idea made me turn round to look after him, when I perceived that he, too, had turned, and the next moment, “What, Jack Pigot is that you?”—“Tom Walker, how are you?” burst from us simultaneously. After exchanging a hearty greeting—answering a host of other questions, Pigot inquired if we had been visiting the Castle, and how we had been amused? Upon which I told him what our business had been, and did not forget to put in a kind word for poor Harding.

But I should have told you, that my friend’s father and my own, had been old brother officers—and that Jack and myself had joined the same regiment almost together, our commissions being dated within a month of each other; but shortly afterwards, and just as I was about to embark for Ostend, news was brought of the battle of Waterloo, which so altered my prospects in the army, that I changed my resolution, sold out, and turned my attention to business. Jack, who was as delighted to meet me as I was to meet him, was very pressing for us to return and dine with him at the mess—but I told him I had already dined some hours ago, upon which he smiled, and begged me to return with my friend in the evening, and take wine with him. To this we

agreed, and coming in accordance with the appointment, I was introduced by Jack, as an old brother officer, and welcomed accordingly.

Jack had previously informed the major (I forget his name—but it is no matter), of our meeting, and of the circumstances attending it—and I had the satisfaction of finding that Harding's story interested him, and that he had already taken notice of him, as a smart soldier and an intelligent man. The major even went so far as to tell me that he would do all he could to serve him, and at the earliest opportunity. In the course of an hour, the claret (they had a famous batch had that mess) had circulated pretty freely—and as a consequence hearts were warmed and open—and thinking it a favourable juncture to make the request, I made free to tell the major, that he could serve Harding very effectually, if he pleased. He asked me how? and I replied, by making him a corporal. The major, who did not appear to like me any thing the less for my earnestness, at once assured me it was done—and regretted that there was nothing else in which he could as easily oblige me.

My heart was fairly set upon the business, knowing I should not otherwise have the satisfaction of seeing poor Harding receive his first step towards promotion—I told the major that he could considerably add to the pleasure his promise gave me, if he would confer his new rank on him in my presence.

Instantly a servant was despatched, and Harding who had lodgings out of barracks, was sent for. In a short time the poor fellow appeared, looking disconcerted and almost alarmed at the sudden and unusual summons. When, however, the major informed him of the purpose for which he was required, observing that my solicitations had hastened his intentions with regard to him, in bestowing that advancement which his good conduct merited, and without which, of course, he could not have entertained the idea. Poor Harding raised his eyes to me filled with tears, and murmured out his thanks to the major, who told him that from that night he ranked as corporal.

Quick as thought Harding, touching his cap, inquired if he might at once put on the stripes.

"Why as to that," replied the major "the regimental tailor must be in bed, and there will be no time to-morrow."

"Oh, sir, if you will give me leave," said Harding, "I will have them on before we march in the morning."

This was readily granted, and the poor fellow backed out of the room looking as happy and grateful as a man could well look.

"He shall be a sergeant before we reach India," said the good-natured major, looking after him.

Soon after this, with abundant thanks, we took leave of our kind entertainer, and were proceeding across the barrack-yard towards the town, when at the barrier-gate, Jack Pigot, who had accompanied us thus far to take us past the sentinels, took leave of us, and we walked hurriedly on. The moonlight silvered the old battlements, lighted up the sea, and sparkled on the crisp snow that everywhere lay thick around us. But I shan't trespass on the province of Mr. James, the romance-writer. Suffice it was a splendid scene. When we had got a short distance from the Castle we were overtaken by Harding, who, in faltering tones, begged to speak a few words with me.

"Oh, sir," he said, "from how much pain have you saved me. This

morning I had no means of preventing my wife from being subjected to the worst humiliations of the condition I have reduced her to. Instead of the wretched baggage-waggon, I can now put her inside the coach, and instead of marching as a private myself, I have obtained through you a step I trust will carry me quickly forward. How can I thank you? How can I prove my gratitude?"

"By saying no more about it," I replied.

"I must, I must," he exclaimed. "To talk of repaying you is out of the question, but while I live I shall never forget your goodness."

"Well, Harding," I said, thinking to cut short the matter, "there is one thing you can do to oblige me, you used to sing a good song, let us hear you this still night."

He paused for a moment, and then in those rich clear tones, that in many an inn-parlour had gained him the popularity that had indirectly led to his ruin, broke forth into Incedon's old song, "A Soldier's Gratitude."

"Gentlemen," said Tom Walker, speaking hurriedly and with glistening eyes, "the effect of that song is not to be described. When it was over I wrung his hand and hurried away, followed by Dilworth."

"Well?" I asked, for I like to hear the end of a story, and don't approve of the dramatic way in which our modern novelists conclude their works, "Well," I asked, "and did the major keep his word—is Harding a sergeant?"

"He has risen from the ranks," replied Tom Walker, with a glowing smile,—“he is now Captain Harding. The poor major perished at Cabool, Jack Pigot now holds his place, and my lucky friend is now Captain Harding."

"We'll drink his health," cried the commercial gents, unanimously.

"We'll do that presently," I said, filling my glass; "but *my* first toast shall be the health of Tom Walker."

"And *ours*, too," was the general reply.

Whereupon it was drunk in bumpers, and after the shouting was over, we had bumpers round to Captain Harding.

SHELLEY.

BY EDWARD KENEALY.

A voice like flowers and music sweetly blended,
A fragile form, but beauteous as Apollo's,
A soul of light by the three Graces tended,
Eyes like young Dian's when the deer she follows
Over the emerald lawns and sylvan hollows.
Such wert thou, SHELLEY, minstrel heaven-descended.
O, incarnation of ethereal Truth!
O, sun of beauty darkened in thy youth
By the foul mists of slander-loving men;
By the base exhalations from that fen
Of venom call'd man's heart. We lost thy light,
Spheres far removed enjoy thy beauty bright;
So do we ever with our things of price,
We help the devil to kill the flowers of paradise.

THE DIAMOND LANCE AND THE GOLDEN BASIN.

A BRETON LEGEND.

BY W. HUGHES, ESQ.

PART II.

You have no doubt accidentally met on the roads of Brittany some of those poor innocents whom the priests have baptised with the oil of hares,* and who only know how to stop before the doors to beg their bread. One would say that they resembled calves which have lost their way to the cow-house ; they look around with great goggling eyes, and open-mouthed, as if they looked for something ; but that which they seek is not sufficiently common in the land to be found upon the highways—it is the mind.

Peronnik was one of those poor idiots† who have for their father and mother the charity of Christians. He walked on without knowing where ; when he was thirsty he drank at the wells, when hungry he begged of the women whom he saw standing upon their thresholds the discarded crusts of bread ; when he was sleepy, he sought out a stack of straw, and pushed himself into it like a lizard into its hole.

Nevertheless, Peronnik was not badly dressed for his station ; he had *tragou bras* of linen, which only wanted the seat ; a waistcoat adorned with one sleeve, and a part of a cap which had once been new. When Peronnik had eaten he thanked God morning and evening for having given him such gifts without being obliged so to do. As to knowing a trade, Peronnik never learnt any, but he was clever in many things : he made as many meals as they chose ; he slept longer than any one, and he imitated with his tongue the song of the lark. There are now more than one in the country who could not do as much.

At the period of which I speak, that is to say, a thousand years ago, and more, the white corn country was not altogether as you see it at the present day. Since those times many gentlemen have spent their inheritances, and changed their woods into sabots : then, the forest of Painnpont extended over more than twenty parishes—there are some who say that it passed across the river, and went to meet that of Elven.

Be that as it may, Peronnik arrived one day at a farm built upon the border of the wood, and as the bell of the *benedicite* had already, and for a long while, rung in his stomach, he approached it, and asked for something to eat.

The farmer's wife was just then on her knees upon the sill of the door, preparing to scrape the iron pot with a gun-flint ;‡ but when she heard

* *Ba lezet gad eol gad*—an expression used in Brittany when speaking of a weak-minded person.

† The idiot of popular tales is the personification of *Feeble Cunning* prevailing over *Strength* ; it is always more or less of the family of the shepherd of the soft wheedling advocate. Idiotism plays in the popular traditions of the Christian people—the same character which the deformed played in those of the people of antiquity—the latter took the hunchback *Æsop* to accomplish extraordinary feats. The others take the idiot or a simple-minded boy, in order that the contrast between the hero and the action should be more striking, and the result more unexpected.

‡ Upon the coast they remove the burnt crust attached to the sides of the

the voice of the idiot, who begged for something to eat in the name of the true God, she stopped and offered him the kettle.

"Here," said she, "my poor *Jann ar lue*, eat the scraping and say a *pater* for our pigs, which will not fatten."

Peronnik sat upon the ground, took the kettle between his legs, and proceeded to scrape it with his nails; but he succeeded in finding very little indeed, for every spoon in the house had already passed over it. Nevertheless, he licked his fingers, giving intimations by sundry grunts of satisfaction, that he had never eaten any thing better.

"It is the flour of millet," said he, in a low tone; "the flour of millet boiled in the milk of a black cow,* by the best cook in all the country."

The farmer's wife, who was going away, returned flattered.

"Poor innocent," said she; "he is satisfied with very little, but I will add a morsel of meslin† bread."

She brought to the youth the first cut of a loaf which had just arrived from the oven. Peronnik bit into it as a wolf would into a leg of lamb, and exclaimed that it must have been kneaded by the baker of the Bishop of Vannes. The peasant, delighted with the compliment, answered that it was indeed another thing when it was eaten with butter newly churned; and to prove it she fetched him some in a little covered bowl. After having tasted it, the idiot declared that it was living butter,‡ which that of the white week did not equal;§ and in order the better to keep up his praise, he spread upon the crust all that was to be found in the wooden cup. But the satisfaction of the farmer's wife hindered her from observing it, and she added still to that which she had already given, a bit of fat which remained of the Sunday's soup.

Peronnik always extolled each morsel the more, and swallowed the whole as if it had been the water of a spring, for he had not made for a long while such a delicious meal. The woman went and came, all the time observing him eating, and adding now and then some scrap which he received whilst making the sign of the cross.

When he was thus engaged in adding to his strength, an armed horseman appeared at the door of the house, and addressed himself to the woman, demanding the way to the castle of Kerglas.

"My God! Mr. Gentleman, is it there you are going?" exclaimed the farmer's wife.

"Yes," answered the warrior; "and I am come for that purpose from a country so distant, that it has been necessary to travel three months night and day to reach this place."

"And what do you seek at Kerglas?" resumed the female.

"I came to seek the golden basin and the diamond lance."

"Are those two things, then, of great value, Mestr?" demanded Peronnik.

"Of much greater value than all the crowns of the earth," answered

kettles with a muscle-shell—in the interior a sharp flint-stone, or more commonly a gun-flint.

* The milk of a black cow is considered in Brittany to be the most wholesome and most delicate of any.

† *Mistilhon*—a mixture of rye and wheat.

‡ *Aman fresk beo*.

§ The Britons attribute to the butter of Rogation, or the white week, a peculiar delicacy, and at the same time a medicinal property, because of the excellence of the herbage at that period.

the stranger; "for the golden basin not only produces in an instant the food and riches which one desires, but it is only necessary to drink out of it to cure every disease, and the dead themselves will return to life by touching their lips with it. As to the diamond lance it kills and shatters every thing it touches."

"And to whom belongs this diamond lance and golden basin?" resumed Peronnik, astonished.

"To a magician, whom they call Rogear, and who inhabits the castle of Kerglas," answered the farmer's wife; "one sees him every day passing the skirts of the forest mounted upon a black mare, which is followed by a colt of thirteen months, but no one dares attack him because he carries in his hand the lance without mercy."

"Yes!" replied the stranger, "but the command of God forbids him to use it at the château of Kerglas; as soon as he arrives there the lance and the basin are deposited at the bottom of a dark donjon, which no key will open, it is there that I wish to go and attack the magician."

"Alas! you cannot succeed, my master," replied the peasant; "more than a hundred other gentlemen have attempted the adventure before you without any of them again reappearing."

"I know it, good woman," replied the horseman, "but they had not received, like me, the instructions of the hermit of Blavet."

"And what did the hermit say?" demanded Peronnik.

"He has warned me of every thing which I shall have to do," replied the stranger. "At first it is necessary to pass through the Wood of Deceit, where all sorts of enchantments will be employed to frighten me and make me lose my way. The majority of those who have preceded me have strayed out of their path and perished there from cold, fatigue, and hunger."

"And if you pass it?" said the idiot.

"If I pass it," continued the knight, "I shall encounter a Korigan armed with a sword of fire, which will reduce to ashes every thing that it touches. The Korigan keeps watch near a tree, from which it is necessary that I should pluck an apple."

"And then?" added Peronnik.

"Then I shall find the flower which laughs, guarded by a lion, whose hair is formed of vipers, and it is necessary to gather the flower. After that I have to pass the lake of the dragons, to fight the black man armed with a ball of iron, which always strikes the object and returns at the same moment to its master. I shall then enter into the valley of pleasures, where I shall encounter every thing that can tempt a Christian and detain him, and I shall arrive at a river which has only a single ford. There will be found a lady clothed in black, whom I shall take behind me on the crupper, and who will tell me what I must do."

The farmer's wife tried to prove to the stranger that he could never support all these trials; but he answered that it was not an affair to be judged of by women; and after he had been directed how to enter the forest, he put his horse into a canter and disappeared among the trees.

The female sighed deeply, declaring that it was another death which heaven would have to judge; she gave some crusts to Peronnik, and persuaded him to continue his journey.

The latter was going to follow her advice, when the husband and

master of the farm arrived from the fields. He had just then been discharging the boy who guarded the cows at the entrance of the wood, and he was thinking how he could replace him.

The sight of the idiot was a stroke of light to him; he said that he had found what he wanted; and after some questions, asked Peronnik bluntly if he would remain at the farm to look after the cattle. Peronnik would have preferred taking care of himself alone, for no person had greater courage than he had to do nothing; but he felt still upon his lips the taste of the fat, the fresh butter, the meslin bread, and scrapings of millet; thus he allowed himself to be tempted, and accepted the proposition of the farmer. The latter conducted him directly to the edge of the forest; he counted over the cows (without forgetting the heifers) in a loud and distinct voice, cut a wand of hazel for him to drive them with, and warned him to bring them back at sunset.

Now Peronnik, you see, became the curate of cattle; preventing them from doing mischief, and running from the black to the red, from the red to the black, to keep them in where it was necessary.

Now, whilst he ran from one side to the other, he heard all of a sudden the steps of horses, and perceived in one of the avenues of the wood, the giant Rogear, seated upon his mare, followed by the colt of thirteen mouths. He carried at his neck the golden bowl, and in his hand the diamond lance, which glittered like a flame. Peronnik, frightened, hid himself behind a clump of thorns. The giant passed near him, then continued his journey. When he had disappeared the idiot came out of his hiding-place, and cautiously examined the way by which he departed, but without being able to ascertain the road he had followed.

In the meantime, armed horsemen arrived without ceasing, to discover the castle of Kerglas, and not one of them returned. The giant, on the contrary, took his accustomed exercise every day. The idiot, who had ended by becoming emboldened, did not hide himself any longer whilst he passed; he looked at him from a distance with envious eyes, for the desire to possess the golden bowl and the diamond lance increased each day in his heart. But as with the good woman, it was a thing easier to wish for than to obtain.

One evening, when Peronnik was alone in the pasture, as was his custom, a man with a white beard stopped upon the borders of the forest. The idiot believed that he was also some stranger who came to attempt the adventure, and he asked him if he was not seeking the road to Kerglas?

"I seek it not, for I know it," answered the unknown.

"What! you have been there, and the magician has not killed you!" exclaimed the idiot.

"Because he has nothing to fear from me," replied the old man with the white beard; "they call me the sorcerer Bryak, and I am the eldest brother of Rogear: when I wish to visit him I come here; and as, in spite of my power, I cannot pass through the enchanted wood without losing my way, I call the black colt to conduct me."

At these words, he traced three circles upon the dust with his finger, repeating very low the words which the evil spirit teaches to sorcerers, then he exclaimed,

Colt free of foot and of easy gait,
Come here—come quickly, for I wait.*

The little animal appeared immediately. Bryak put a halter on his head, and a fetter upon his leg; mounted upon his back, and left him to re-enter the forest.

Peronnik said nothing to any person of this circumstance; but he now understood that the first thing to do, to get to Kerglas, was to mount the colt which knew the road—unfortunately, he could not trace the three circles, nor pronounce the magic words necessary to make the call heard—though he recollected the call itself:—

Colt free of foot and of easy gait,
Come here—come quickly, for I wait.

It was necessary, then, to discover another mode of becoming its master; this once secured, then the means of plucking the apple, of seizing the flower which laughs, of escaping the ball of the black man, and of crossing the valley of pleasures.

Peronnik considered it a long while, and it seemed to him at last that he could succeed. Those who are strong seek danger with their strength, and they most frequently perish by it; but the weak take another course. The idiot could not expect to cope with the giant in battle, he, therefore, resolved to have recourse to cunning. As to the difficulties, he was not frightened by them; he knew that medlars were as hard as flints when they were gathered, and with a little straw and a good deal of patience, they ended always by becoming soft.†

He then made all his preparations for the hour when the giant would again appear at the entrance of the forest. He got ready a halter and a fetter of black hemp—a snare to catch woodcocks, the hair of which he steeped in holy water—a linen bag which he filled with bird-lime and larks' feathers, a string of beads, a whistle of elder-tree, and a bit of crust rubbed over with rancid fat. This done, he crumbled the allowance of bread given him for breakfast along the road which Rogear was accustomed to take with his mare and the colt of thirteen months.

They all made their appearance at the usual hour, and crossed the pasture as they did every day; but the colt, which trotted along with its head down, smelt the crumbs or pieces of bread, and stopped so often to pick them up, that he was left behind alone, and out of sight of the giant. Peronnik then approached him gently, threw the halter over his head, fastened the fetter upon his legs, jumped upon his back, and left him to go according to his fancy; for he was sure that the colt, which knew the road, would carry him to the castle of Kerglas.

The young horse, indeed, took, without hesitation, one of the wildest roads, and travelled as quick as the fetter would permit.

Peronnik trembled like a leaf, for all the enchantments of the forest were united to frighten him. Sometimes it seemed to him that an unfathomable abyss opened before his horse's feet. Sometimes the trees appeared to catch fire, and he found himself in the midst of a conflagration: frequently, at the moment of passing a brook it became a

* Hebel dishual, digabest
Deuit buan me a so prest.

† A Breton proverb—

Gad colo hac amser,
E veüra ar mesper.

terrific torrent, and threatened to carry him away. At another time, when he followed a path at the foot of a hill, immense rocks had the appearance of detaching themselves, and of rolling down to crush him. The idiot had said to himself that they were the tricks of the magician; but he felt his marrow becoming cold from fear. At last he determined to pull his cap over his eyes, that he might see nothing, and allow the colt to take him where he would.

Both arrived, in this manner, at a plain where the enchantments terminated.

Then Peronnik raised his cap and looked about him.

It was a barren place, and gloomier than a burial ground. Further and further as he travelled, he only beheld the skeletons of knights who had come to seek the castle of Kerglas. They were there stretched by the side of their horses, and the gray wolves had finished gnawing their bones.

At length the idiot reached a meadow, altogether shaded by a single apple-tree of immense size, and so loaded with fruit that the branches hung down to the ground. Before the tree was a Korigan, holding in his hand a sword of fire which reduced to ashes every thing it touched.

At the sight of Peronnik he screamed like a sea-crow, and elevated his sword; but without appearing astonished, the youth took off his cap with politeness.

"Do not disturb yourself, my little prince," said he; "I wish only to pass by on my way to Kerglas, where the lord Rogear has to give me a meeting."

"To thee!" answered the dwarf, "and who art thou, then?"

"I am your master's new servant," replied the idiot; "you know well whom he expects."

"I know nothing," replied the dwarf; "and thou hast, in my opinion, all the appearance of a cheat."

"Pray excuse me," interrupted Peronnik, "it is not my trade; I am only a taker and dresser of birds. But, in God's name, do not delay me; for the Magician reckons upon my arrival, and even has lent me his colt, as you see, that I may arrive earlier at the château."

The Korigan then, indeed, remarked that Peronnik was upon the Enchanter's young horse, and he began to think he told him the truth. The idiot had, besides, the appearance of being so innocent that one could not believe him capable of inventing a story; nevertheless, the Korigan appeared still to doubt, and he demanded of him what occasion the Magician had for a bird-catcher.

"A great occasion, as it appears," replied Peronnik; "for, according to his account, all that comes to seed, all that ripens in the gardens of Kerglas, is immediately destroyed by the birds."

"And what canst thou do to prevent them?" demanded the Korigan.

Peronnik showed the little snare which he had made, and said that no bird could escape it.

"It is what I wish to be assured of," replied the Korigan. "My apple-tree is also laid waste by the blackbirds and thrushes: set up thy snare, and if thou canst catch them, I will let thee pass."

Peronnik consented to it, he tied his colt to a post and approached the trunk of the tree; he then fixed one end of the snare in the ground,

and told the Korigan to hold the other, whilst he prepared the skewers. The latter did as the idiot requested; then Peronnik suddenly pulled the running knot, and the dwarfish imp found himself taken like a bird.

He raised a terrible uproar, and tried to disengage himself; but the snare, which had been steeped in holy water, resisted all his efforts. The idiot had time to run to the tree, pluck an apple from it, and mount his horse, which continued its road. They thus left the plain, and found themselves before a grove composed of beautiful plants. There were roses of all colours, Spanish broom, red honeysuckles, and, above all, there arose a marvellous flower which laughed; but a lion, with the hair of living vipers, ran round the bush, rolling his eyes and grinding his teeth like two millstones newly pricked.

Peronnik stopped and saluted the stranger; for he knew that, before the great, a cap is less useful upon the head than in the hand. He wished the lion and his family every sort of prosperity, and asked him if he was on the right road which led to Kerglas.

"And what art thou going to do at Kerglas?" demanded the ferocious beast with a terrible look.

"Save your presence," answered the idiot, timidly, "I am sent by a lady who is the friend of the Lord Rogear, with a present of some nice young larks to make a pie."

"Larks!" repeated the lion, who passed his tongue over his moustaches, "it is indeed an age since I have eaten any. Carriest thou many?"

"All that the bag would hold, my lord," answered Peronnik, showing, at the same time the linen wallet which he had filled with feathers and birdlime.

And to make him believe what he had stated, he began to imitate the warbling of a lark.

The song sharpened the appetite of the lion.

"Well, my friend," said he, approaching the youth, "show me thy birds, I wish to know if they are large enough to be served up before our master."

"I ask for nothing better," answered the idiot; "but if I open the bag I fear the birds will fly away."

"Just open it so that I may peep in," replied the ferocious beast.

This was precisely what Peronnik desired. He presented the linen bag to the lion, who thrust his head greedily into it to seize the larks, and he found himself caught by the feathers and the birdlime. The idiot quickly tightened the string of the bag around his neck, made the sign of the cross upon the knot to render it indestructible, then ran to the flower which laughs, plucked it, and went back with all speed to the colt.

But he delayed not to adventure the lake of the dragons, which it was necessary to swim across, and scarcely had he entered the water, when the beasts ran from all directions to devour him.

This time Peronnik did not amuse himself by taking off his cap to them, but he began to throw at them the beads of his chaplet, as one throws buckwheat to the ducks, and as each grain was swallowed, one of the dragons turned himself upon his back and died. So well did this plan succeed, that the idiot was able to gain the other side without any accident.

terrific torrent, and threatened to carry him away. At another time, when he followed a path at the foot of a hill, immense rocks had the appearance of detaching themselves, and of rolling down to crush him. The idiot had said to himself that they were the tricks of the magician; but he felt his marrow becoming cold from fear. At last he determined to pull his cap over his eyes, that he might see nothing, and allow the colt to take him where he would.

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"Larks!" repeated the lion, who passed his tongue over his moustaches, "it is indeed an age since I have eaten any. Carriest thou many?"

"All that the bag would hold, my lord," answered Peronnik, showing, at the same time the linen wallet which he had filled with feathers and birdlime.

And to make him believe what he had stated, he began to imitate the warbling of a lark.

The song sharpened the appetite of the lion.

"Well, my friend," said he, approaching the youth, "show me thy birds, I wish to know if they are large enough to be served up before our master."

"I ask for nothing better," answered the idiot; "but if I open the bag I fear the birds will fly away."

"Just open it so that I may peep in," replied the ferocious beast.

This was precisely what Peronnik desired. He presented the linen bag to the lion, who thrust his head greedily into it to seize the larks, and he found himself caught by the feathers and the birdlime. The idiot quickly tightened the string of the bag around his neck, made the sign of the cross upon the knot to render it indestructible, then ran to the flower which laughs, plucked it, and went back with all speed to the colt.

But he delayed not to adventure the lake of the dragons, which it was necessary to swim across, and scarcely had he entered the water, when the beasts ran from all directions to devour him.

This time Peronnik did not amuse himself by taking off his cap to them, but he began to throw at them the beads of his chaplet, as one throws buckwheat to the ducks, and as each grain was swallowed, one of the dragons turned himself upon his back and died. So well did this plan succeed, that the idiot was able to gain the other side without any accident.

There still remained the valley guarded by the black man to cross. Peronnik soon perceived him at the entrance, chained by the foot to a rock, and holding in his hand a ball of iron, which, after striking the object returned to him of its own accord. He had around his head six eyes, which watched continually, the one after the other; but at that moment he kept the whole six wide open.

Peronnik, knowing that if he were perceived the iron bullet would reach him before he could speak, took the precaution of gliding along the underwood, and arrived in this manner within a few paces of the negro, and hid himself among the bushes.

The latter sat down, and two of his eyes were very soon closed in sleep. Peronnik fancying that he was sleepy, began to sing in a low tone the commencement of the grand mass. The black man raised his head, and appeared at first astonished, then, as the music had influence upon him he closed a third eye; Peronnik then struck up the *Kyrie Eleison*, after the manner of the priests who are possessed by the somniferous devil.* The black man shut his fourth eye and the half of the fifth. Peronnik began the vespers; but before he arrived at the *Magnificat* the black man was fast asleep.

Then the youth took the colt by the bridle, and led him gently over the places covered with moss, and passing near the guardian, he entered the valley of pleasures.

This was the most difficult and perilous spot, for it was no longer necessary to avoid danger but to flee from temptation. Peronnik called all the saints of Brittany to his assistance.

The valley which he crossed was like a garden filled with fruits, flowers, and fountains—but the latter were wine and delicious liquors—the flowers sang with voices sweet as the cherubims of Paradise, and the fruit came and offered itself to be eaten. Then at each turn of the avenue or path, Peronnik saw great tables covered as for kings, he smelt the delightful odour of savoury dishes and pastry, which were drawn from the ovens—he saw waiters who appeared to him to be in attendance to serve the guests. Whilst at a great distance beautiful damsels danced upon the grass, and invited him to conduct them to the ball.

The idiot bravely made the sign of the cross; he slackened insensibly the pace of the colt; he raised his nose to the wind, the better to smell the grateful odour of the dishes and to see the damsels; he was going to stop, and that would have been his end: but the recollection of the golden basin and the diamond lance all of a sudden crossed his mind: he immediately began to blow his elder-tree whistle, in order to drown the sweet sounds; to eat his bread, covered with rancid grease, to drive away the fumes of the rich dishes; and steadfastly to look at the ears of his horse, in order to avoid the sight of the dancers.

In this manner he arrived at the end of the garden without mishap, and he perceived at last the castle of Kerglas. But he was still separated by the river of which I have spoken, and which had only one ford. Happily the colt knew it, and entered the water at the proper place.

Peronnik then looked around him for the lady who would conduct him to the castle, and he perceived her sitting upon a rock. She was

* The Bretons believe in a particular devil, which makes people sleep in the churches, and which they call *chouskezik*, from the verb *cousha*, to sleep.

clothed in black satin, and her complexion was as yellow as that of a Moor.

The idiot removed his cap, and demanded if she would not cross the river.

"I wait for that purpose," answered the lady; "approach, that I may seat myself behind thee."

Peronnik drew near, took her behind him, and began to cross the river. He was nearly in the middle of the passage, when the lady said to him,

"Knowest thou who I am, poor innocent?"

"Excuse me," answered Peronnik, "but from your dress I observe that you are a noble person and a powerful."

"Noble I ought to be," replied the lady, "for my origin dates from the first sin; and as to powerful, I am so, for all nations yield before me."

"And what is, then, your name, if you please, madam?" demanded Peronnik.

"They call me 'The Pest,'" replied the tawny woman.

The idiot started upon his horse, and would have thrown himself headlong into the river, but the Pest said to him,

"Remain quiet, poor innocent. Thou hast nothing to fear from me; on the contrary, I can serve thee."

"Is it, indeed, possible you will have that kindness, Mrs. Pest?" said Peronnik, taking off his cap this time with the intention of not replacing it. "In fact, I now recollect it is you who are to teach me how I can get rid of the magician Rogear."

"It is necessary that the magician should die," said the tawny lady.

"I wish for nothing better," replied Peronnik; "but he is immortal."

"Listen, and endeavour to understand," resumed the Pest. "The fruit of the apple-tree, guarded by the Korigan, renders immortals susceptible of death. Try, then, to induce the magician to taste the apple, and I shall then have only to touch him and he will cease to live."

"I will try," said Peronnik; "but if I succeed, how shall I obtain possession of the golden bowl and the diamond lance, since they are secreted in a dark vault which no forged key can open?"

"The flower which laughs opens all the doors," answered the Pest, "and it shines during the night."

As she finished these words, they arrived at the other side, and the idiot advanced towards the castle.

There was before the entrance a great portico, similar to the canopy under which the Lord Bishop of Vannes walks in the procession of *Corpus Christi*. The giant was sitting under it, shaded from the sun, his legs crossed one over the other, like a farmer who has housed his corn, and smoking a pipe of tobacco made of virgin gold. Perceiving the colt, upon which Peronnik and the tawny lady clad in black satin were seated, he raised his head and said, in a voice that resounded like thunder,

"By Beelzebub, our master! it is my colt of thirteen months which carries that idiot."

"Itself, oh! most noble magician," answered Peronnik.

"And how didst thou manage to get hold of it?" demanded Rogear.

"I repeated that which I had learnt from your brother Bryak," replied the idiot, "on arriving at the border of the forest,

"Colt free of foot and of easy gait,
Come here—come quickly, for I wait.

and the little horse came immediately."

"Thou knowest then my brother?" resumed the giant.

"As a servant knows his master."

"And why has he sent thee here?"

"To carry you a present of two great rarities which he has just received from Morocco—the apple of joy which is here, and the woman of submission whom you behold. If you eat of the first you shall always have a heart as contented as a poor man who has found a purse of a hundred crowns in his sabot, and if you take the second into your service, you shall not wish for any thing more in the world."

"Then give me the apple, and let the Moorish girl alight," answered Rogear.

The idiot obeyed; but when the giant had bitten into the apple the tawny lady touched him and he fell to the ground, like an ox under the butcher's mallet.

Peronnik entered immediately into the palace holding the flower which laughs in his hand, he crossed successively more than fifty halls, and arrived at last before the dungeon with a silver door. This flew open before the flower that lighted the idiot and brought him to the golden bowl, and even to the diamond lance.

But scarcely had he seized them than the earth trembled under his feet; a terrible noise was heard—the palace disappeared, and Peronnik found himself in the middle of the forest furnished with two talismans, with which he set off towards the coast of the King of Brittany. His only care in passing through Vannes was to purchase the richest costume which he could find, and the most beautiful horse that was to be sold in the bishopric of Gwened.

But when he arrived at Nantes that city was besieged by the French, who had ravaged the country around so much that there remained in it no more trees than a goat could browse. Moreover, famine was in the city, and the soldiers who did not die of their wounds perished for want of bread. Thus the same day upon which Peronnik arrived a trumpeter published in all the streets and cross-roads that the King of Brittany promised to adopt as his heir him who could deliver the city and chase the French from the country.

After listening to the promise the idiot said to the trumpeter, "Do not announce that proclamation any more. Take me to the king, for I am capable of performing what he asks."

"Go along, beautiful goldfinch,"* said the trumpeter, "the king has not time to catch small birds in straw roofs."†

As an answer, Peronnik touched the insolent soldier with his lance, and in the same moment he fell dead, to the great fright of the crowd who

* *Kounta pabaour*—a mocking expression of the Bretons.

† A Breton proverb—one has no time to lose.

looked on, and would have fled, but the idiot exclaimed, "You see what I am able to perform against my enemies, now behold what I can do for my friends."

And having touched the lips of the corpse with the magic basin, it returned immediately to life.

The king, who was informed of this miracle, gave Peronnik the command of the soldiers who remained to him, and as with his diamond lance the idiot killed the bravest of the French, whilst with the golden bowl he brought to life all the Bretons who had been slain, he himself got rid of the army of the enemy in a few days, and made himself master of every thing in their camp.

He then proposed to make a conquest of the adjoining countries, such as Anjou, Pictou, and Normandy, and their subjection cost him very little trouble. At last when he had subdued all for the king, he declared that he would depart for the purpose of delivering the Holy Land, and he embarked at Nantes in a great fleet with the first noblemen of the country.

Arrived in Palestine, he destroyed all the armies that were sent against him, compelled the Emperor of the Saracens to receive baptism, and married his daughter, by whom he had several children, to each of whom he gave a kingdom. There are some who even say that he and his children live yet, thanks to the golden bowl, and that they reign in their countries, but others assure us that the brother of Rogear, the magician Bryak, has succeeded in getting back the two talismans, and that those who desire them have only to seek them.

THE SEA-BREEZE.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

I.

SHOUT for the sea-breeze and echo his roar,
Weigh the huge anchor—adieu to the shore;
See how he scatters the mist from the mast,
We shall be far when the daylight is past!
Hark! how he whistles his song to the sea,
Up, boys, we sure can be busy as he;
Dash through the billows, they flash as we fly;
Now, nothing's round us but ocean and sky.

II.

Shout for the sea-breeze—the blue sky above
That shines over us—smiles on those that we love;
Let the sails firm in the teeth of the wind,
Our home is before us—the stranger behind.
Steady and sure like an eagle in flight,
We shall be home at the dawning of light:
Stronger, ye breezes, let's race o'er the main,—
They freshen—huzza! Land! there's land, boys again!

DREAMS.

BY J. L. FORREST.

WHAT are ye, Dreams?

Memorials of the dim and distant Past?
 Or visions of the Future, faintly cast
 Upon Hope's frail and faithless mirror? Clouds,
 Shadowy clouds, whose misty drapery shrouds
 All things within it? Gentle whisperings
 Of angel-tongues to which the spirit clings?
 Such are ye, Dreams?

When come ye, Dreams?

At night's deep noon, when all is hush'd and still—
 When Fancy's phantom's Memory's chambers fill,
 And wearied Nature rests, the spirit soars.
 High on the wings of thought to brighter shores,
 And climes of summer hue, realms of light,
 Where bloom in beauty all things fair and bright!
 Then come ye, Dreams?

Why come ye, Dreams?

The aching heart and streaming eye to bliss?
 To circle Woe with transient happiness?
 Hope's rainbow hues to shed round wintry age,
 And gild the path of Life's dull pilgrimage?
 Past scenes of joy, visions of faded bliss
 Again to conjure forth? Come ye for this?
 For this, sweet Dreams?

How come ye, Dreams?

Like shadows vague. As sunbeams o'er the seas,
 Ye sweep dim prophets of our destinies!
 Unbidden do ye come. The felon sleeps,
 While o'er his couch a mother bends and weeps:
 A child again, in childhood's sunny hours
 He wanders on, mid butterflies and flowers,
 In joyous Dreams!

Thus come ye, Dreams!

Strange visitants, a wild and changeful host,
 Mad Fancy's recreations, sportive most
 When roams she, truant, through the spirit-land.
 Thus come ye forth, ye fair and smiling band;
 Ye witching phantasies, whose presence flings
 A light and joy on our imaginings!
 Bright, bless'd Dreams!

THE GUERILLA'S DAUGHTER.

A STORY OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

IN the province of Cuenca, and within a few leagues of the town of that name, there exists an extensive valley, stretching westward from the banks of the river Zucar. Closed to the north by a serried line of hills, covered for the most part with groves of holm oak, cork, and acacia trees, of which the rich green masses are broken here and there by a projection of naked gray rock, a mountain torrent, or precipitous ravine, the southern boundary of the valley is of a less important nature, consisting of hills and slopes, from the foot of which the ground shelves down to the opposite mountain barrier. The valley itself is undulating and varied in its character, sprinkled with wooded knolls, and watered by sundry streamlets that come dashing down from the mountains, and meander through the plain on their way to the neighbouring river. A few hamlets of humble aspect are scattered through the valley, and here and there a *cortijo*, or farm-house, is to be met with. Near these are patches of corn and olives, but, with those exceptions, the general character of the district is wild and neglected, and luxuriant growths of brushwood, of broom, furze, and the various kinds of cistus, attest the fertility of the soil to the exclusion of more useful products.

It was early on a September morning of the year 181—. In the valley above described, all was wrapped in darkness, although a faint light was beginning to show itself between and above the eastern hills. It was that moment of profound calm and stillness which precedes the general awakening of Nature, when the chill night-breeze begins to yield to the fresh but more genial breath of morning. The dew lay heavy upon the scarce rustling leaves and upon the closed cups of the wild flowers, of which the faint but delicious fragrance perfumed the air around; the birds sat motionless upon the boughs, the goats were sleeping in the coppice, or huddled together under the shelter of some fence or stone wall; only here and there a matutinal hare or prowling fox was visible, hastening, the former to its morning meal in some peasant's garden, the latter to its earth after a more or less successful foray amongst the hen-roosts. Presently, however, this still life began to change its aspect and become more animated. Broad, roseate streaks appeared in the east, the stars faded away, the deep transparent purple which had caused the firmament to resemble a huge inverted goblet of Bohemian crystal, studded with innumerable brilliants, was exchanged for brighter tints of green and azure, here and there intercepted and clouded by billows of fleecy vapour. The watch-dogs that guarded the scattered farm-houses, awoke and shook themselves, cows were heard lowing from the *corrals*, in the dew-sprinkled meadows the quail ran along the ground, uttering its shrill and peculiar call, and above, the lark, soaring gleefully upwards, poured forth its gush of melody, anxious and rejoiced, as it seemed, to obtain the earliest view of the glorious luminary of which it welcomed the advent. The yawning peasant rubbed his heavy eyes as he removed the bar from his cottage-door, and yoking the scarce less drowsy oxen to cart or plough, proceeded to his labours in the field, leaving wife and

daughter busied in the confection of the *tortilla*, which some hours later was to compose his morning meal.

But few of the men, however, who on the day in question thus betook themselves to their accustomed task, were of the age and appearance best suited to the rude labours in which they engaged. Slim boys of fifteen, gray-headed men, bent with the weight of years, nay, in some instances, even women, were seen guiding the plough, or goading the lazy cattle to their work. For the Frenchman's foot was on Spanish soil, his triple-hued flag was waving over Spanish battlements, his legions, both barbarian and infidel, Pole and Mameluke, German and Italian, were overrunning the orange-tinted valleys of Spain, oppression and outrage for their watchwords; and Spaniards had risen, as one man, to free themselves from the invader. Hatred of the French, the *gavachos*, as they were contemptuously styled, was in every heart, imprecations against them were upon every tongue, and every man who was able, not only to pull a trigger and handle a knife—that women could do upon occasion—but to sustain the fatigues of a guerilla's life, its endless marches, constant exertion, and severe exposure, had shouldered musket or rifle, and betaken him to the mountain. While British discipline, skill, and courage were arrayed in the open field against Napoleon's armies, a warfare equally destructive and sure in its effects, was being carried on from end to end of the Peninsula, by its untiring and vindictive peasantry. No forest or sierra, or wild *despoblado*, in all Spain, but afforded shelter to guerilla bands, ever watching opportunities to emerge from their lurking places, and fall upon such parties of the enemy as they thought themselves able to cope with. Long suffering and patient, and supported through countless hardships by a strong thirst of vengeance on the foreigners who had so wantonly invaded the land of his love, the peasant left his cottage and field to the care of women and children, and devoted himself to his country's cause, decided never to lay down his arms so long as life was in him, or till Spain was freed from the oppressor. Thousands fell in the unequal strife; but though often defeated he was still unsubdued, and the bones of legions of Frenchmen, whitening in every mountain pass from Biscay to Cadiz, testify to the patriotism and perseverance of the Spanish guerilla.

On the banks of one of the rivulets which water the valley above described, there stands at the present day a stone building, charming for its neatness and simplicity of appearance, and to which we shall hereafter have occasion to refer. In the year 181—, its place was occupied by one of those cottages frequently to be met with in Spain, and which exhibit such a singular mixture of the solid and the fragile, the durable and the decayed. Its walls, which were of considerable thickness, were constructed of blocks of stone and flint, infinitely various in shape and size, and the interstices of which were filled with a cement that time and exposure to the air had rendered nearly as hard as the stones it bound together. In strange contrast with the solidity of the walls, the roof was an uneven thatch of straw and rushes, stained a greenish brown by damp and age, and decorated with a variety of flowering weeds which had taken root and flourished in the rankness of the decaying straw. A clumsy chimney of half-baked earth protruded itself above the thatch on one side of the roof; two small windows of the first story were glazed with coarse greenish glass, but those upon the ground-floor were merely

closed with clumsy wooden shutters, which, as well as the heavy ill-constructed door, were painted a dark red colour. At a short distance off stood a large tottering wooden building, of greater extent than the house itself, and apparently sustained from falling more by the tenacious embrace of a gigantic vine than by any strength remaining in its own decayed timbers. This contained the stable, barn, and granary. A worm-eaten bench was propped against the wall of the house in the strip of shadow thrown by the eaves, which projected fully three feet, and hard by, a nook of garden gave nourishment to a couple of fig-trees, and a few melon and pimento plants.

Whilst from the various other houses scattered through the valley, hard-handed, sun-burnt peasants were issuing and departing to their labours, a person of very different aspect emerged from the cottage we have described. This was a young girl, apparently about sixteen years of age, whose attire was little superior to the holiday garb of the peasant women of the province, but who, nevertheless, and had her costume been even plainer, could never have been taken for one of the rustics amongst whom she was now residing. A dress of coarse dark stuff shrouded, but could not conceal, the graceful contour of her slender and elegant form; the rusty hue of her black silk mantilla made the clustering locks which it partially covered, appear more sable and glossy. The ardent Castilian sun had darkened her cheek without impairing its delicacy, the brilliancy of her eyes was tempered by the long silken fringe that overshadowed them; she had the hands of a child, and the feet of a fairy.

Juliana Paloz, such was the name of the maiden, was the youngest child of a country gentleman, who, at the commencement of the war, had been living on his estate in the neighbourhood of Cuenca. Although viewing with indignation the invasion of his country, various considerations prevented him from personally taking up arms to repel it, and he continued to live upon his estates quiet and unmolested, until the close of the year 1809. It chanced, about that period, that a marauding party of a dozen French soldiers, stragglers from the rear-guard of a division, found its way one morning to the house of Don Miguel Paloz. Their approach had been perceived by its inmates, who, encouraged by the small numbers of the enemy, and rendered desperate, perhaps, by the exaggerated accounts then current of the atrocities and blood-thirstiness of the French soldiery, barricaded doors and windows, and made so smart a defence that the assailants were about to retire, bearing away their wounded, when they received a strong and unexpected reinforcement. In spite of a gallant resistance, the house was now carried by storm, and the cruelty of the conquerors, enraged as they were by the loss of several of their comrades, realised the worst apprehensions of the conquered. Paloz himself, who had been rendered insensible by loss of blood, was left for dead; his wife and three of his sons were barbarously massacred, his house burnt, his grounds ravaged, his horses and cattle driven away. Only his youngest son, a youth of eighteen, who was absent from home, and his daughter Juliana, then just emerging from childhood, escaped the slaughter, the latter having been saved by the self-devotion of her mother, and the prudence and firmness of a female servant.

Upon recovering from the violent fever into which grief, at least as

much as the irritation of his wounds had thrown him, Miguel Paloz proceeded to put in execution a plan which he had doubtless matured during his long convalescence. In the garb of a peasant, with a rifle in his hand, a knapsack at his back, and accompanied by his sole surviving son, similarly armed and accoutred, he departed to join a guerilla band, in which many of his friends and neighbours had already enrolled themselves. Previously to doing so, however, he had thought much on the best means of providing for the safety of his daughter, and had at last decided that neither a town nor a convent residence would offer her the same security, from dangers of all kinds, that she would find under the humble roof which had sheltered himself during his illness. It was that of a man who had lived with him for many years as farm-servant, and in whose attachment and fidelity he had every confidence. This man, whose name was Gutierrez, had married late in life, and had left the service of Don Miguel to go and reside with his wife on a plot of land he had acquired at some leagues distance from his master's estate. On hearing of the attack on the house of the Paloz family, he had hastened thither and conveyed Juliana and her wounded father to his cottage, where both had met with the tenderest care from his wife Dorotéa.

Here, then, on departing to embrace the perilous life of a guerilla, Don Miguel resolved to leave his daughter, who had already received the moderate share of education usually bestowed upon Spanish women of her class; and here she had accordingly remained. The seclusion of the valley, its generally uncultivated soil, the absence of towns, and scantiness of its population, protected it from the inroads of troops, and during nearly three years that Juliana had resided there, she had been undisturbed in her retreat. From time to time, but generally at long intervals, her father or brother had contrived to pay her a hasty visit, in order to supply her wants or ascertain her safety. Her little apartment was fitted up by their care, and by that of old Gutierrez and his wife, as commodiously as circumstances would allow. A scanty store of books, a guitar, a pet goat, and her needle, had furnished all that she had had of occupation and amusement during the period of her seclusion. She was contented, and would have been happy, had it not been for frequent anxieties concerning her father and brother, whose lives she knew to be daily exposed, and of whose safety she could but rarely receive intelligence.

On the morning now referred to, Gutierrez had started before daybreak to fetch straw from the nearest hamlet, which was nearly two leagues off, and while his wife was busy about her household concerns, Juliana strolled out to enjoy the beauty of the morning. Her favourite goat, which had been already released from the corral, came bounding to meet her, and paced gravely by her side as she tripped along a grass-grown path, of which the herbage and flowers scarce seemed to bend beneath her light and elastic tread.

She had left the house but a few minutes, when the peaceful calm that reigned in the valley was broken by a low rumbling noise, which, by ears practised in warlike sounds, would have been immediately recognised as proceeding from a distant fire of musketry. It came from the south, and gradually drew near and more near, until above the crest of a long hill which bounded the view in that direction at the distance of a mile or more, puffs of smoke were seen arising, and the next instant a close line of skirmishers

appeared, retreating rapidly but steadily, and keeping up a well-sustained fire on their pursuers. Availing themselves of some bushes and stunted trees that grew along the ridge, they maintained that position for a brief space, as if it had been necessary to draw breath after the ascent they had just accomplished. During this time a small party of cavalry in dark blue uniforms, and wearing the peculiar schapska of the Polish lancers, appeared upon a road considerably to the left of the infantry, having been probably compelled to separate from the latter by the nature of the ground, and formed line with their front to the enemy. The infantry now gave a last volley, and began descending the hill at a rapid pace. They had not gone above two hundred yards downwards, when the summit was crowned by their pursuers, Spanish guerillas, whose irregular costume and arms, wild shouts and bandit-like appearance, were in strong contrast with the uniform movements and garb of the retreating Frenchmen. Some few had made attempts at military dress and equipment, but the majority wore peasants' jackets and breeches, having their muscular legs bare from the knee downwards, their feet protected by sandals, and their heads by broad-leaved hats or coloured handkerchiefs. Powerful, well-limbed fellows they were, with frames of iron and sinews like whip-cord, of strength and activity unparalleled; and, although more picturesque than military looking, their aim was at least as true, and their arm often far stronger than that of the better drilled French soldier. Lightly clad, and unencumbered by aught save their cartridges and a linen havresack containing the crust of bread and clove of garlic which was all the sustenance required by these hardy mountaineers for a twenty-hours' march, they threw their guns on their shoulders, and rushed down the hill after their retreating foe. The French bore themselves manfully, firing coolly, and retreating in order, skirmishing as they went. The handful of cavalry now wheeled to the right, and cantered along the ridge, apparently with the intention of cutting off from their main body the Spaniards who had already passed it. But before they had reached the spot, upon arriving at which their object would have been attained, the French infantry, who were anxiously watching the result of this manoeuvre, and its effect upon those who were now closely pressing them, suddenly saw the Poles form line upon the move, bring their lances to the guard, and, while their solitary trumpet blared out a shrill note of defiance, gallop to the encounter of a body of Spanish cavalry, three times as numerous as themselves, which at that moment appeared upon the hill top. But the dashing charge of the Poles was of little avail. Both physically and numerically superior, the Spanish dragoons swept their opponents before them, slew many, and drove the others down the hill in utter confusion. The French infantry, discouraged by the defeat of their comrades, began to accelerate their own movements, and a general *saute qui peut* was the result. Fagged and foot-sore, many of them wounded and bleeding, but gaining strength from love of life, they straggled across the valley, scarcely attempting to resist, but aiming only at an escape, which now appeared impossible. Here and there a few old soldiers were seen, either ashamed to fly or hopeless of saving themselves, standing back to back, and making a desperate resistance to the superior numbers that pressed them on all sides. In one place a wounded man made a last effort to load his musket, anxious to fire a shot for revenge before receiving the knife or bayonet stab which would terminate his

sufferings; in another a single-handed and desperate contest was going on; on all sides were heard the groans and shrieks of the wounded and dying, the savage clamour and fierce oaths of the victors.

Standing motionless, and sheltered amidst a group of forest trees, about a quarter of a mile from the cottage, Juliana stood watching the fight. There was little novelty to her in this sanguinary episode of one of the most sanguinary wars of modern times; nothing new, scarcely any thing alarming in the bright flashes and sharp crackling of the musketry, the whistle of the bullets, the clatter of charging cavalry and clashing steel. Melancholy, not fear, was the emotion which these realities of war awakened in her breast. They recalled to her mind the day when, yet a child, she stood beside her trembling mother in a darkened room, whilst her father and brothers were defending their home against the attack of the French, whose furious oaths and shouts were plainly audible from without, and whose bullets would every now and then strike the shutters, or enter the room through some unprotected aperture. They brought back to her recollection her sensation of horror when the house-door gave way beneath the blows of the assailants; and when she beheld her mother, who had lifted her out of a window into the arms of her nurse, and was herself preparing to follow, seized and dragged back with frightful imprecations by a grim-visaged French dragoon. At this sight, filial affection had prompted Juliana to return and share her mother's fate, but the servant, who was aware of the inutility and peril of such a course, had carried her off by force into an adjacent copse, where they had remained concealed till the departure of the French.

From these harrowing reminiscences Juliana was at length aroused by a consideration of present danger. The skirmish, which, when first visible to her, had been tolerably distant, had been brought nearer by the rapid retreat of the French, and the direction taken by the fugitives. Many of the latter, especially the cavalry, had avoided the broken ground, and fled down a narrow road which passed within less than half a mile of the cottage. Closely pursued by the Spaniards, some of the Poles leaped their horses through gaps in the hedge, and endeavoured to save themselves by striking across country. One of these, mounted on a fiery black charger, was galloping over some open ground between the road and the cottage, when he was intercepted by a Spanish dragoon, who attacked him, sabre in hand. Wheeling about, the Pole parried, with a vigorous sweep of his lance, the blow that was aimed at him, drove his weapon nearly through the body of his assailant, and again turning bridle, continued his flight. This interruption to his progress, however, caused him to deviate a little from the line he had previously been taking, and his new course led him between the cottage and the clump of trees amongst which Juliana was standing. Before the now terrified girl could decide whether to remain in her present place of shelter, or attempt a retreat to the house, the fugitive was within fifty yards of her, and she was able to distinguish his appearance, and even his features. He was a young man of five and twenty, of erect and soldierly bearing and handsome countenance. His hair, worn short behind, had been allowed to grow long at the sides, and was plaited over the temples in the old hussar fashion. Its almost flaxen lightness, his blue eyes, and whole cast of feature, indicated his northern origin. His dark and well-fitting uniform showed off a good person to the best advantage, his face was

flushed with heat and excitement, and as he pushed his steed along at a steady but rapid gallop, his lance poised in his hand, and an expression of stern defiance in his eye, he looked rather as if he had been pursuing, after a successful encounter, than flying from a disastrous one.

Although no favourer of the foes from whom her family and her country had suffered such deep wrong, Juliana could not repress an involuntary hope, as she beheld this soldier, full of life, and strength, and beauty, careering so proudly past her, that he, at least, might escape the avengers who, with swift foot and unsparing hand, were hard upon his track. Even as she formed the wish, three of the mounted guerillas appeared in the distance, spurring their horses after the fugitive. Juliana's heart beat quick at the sight. The young Pole was passing within a few paces of her, when suddenly he threw up his arms, reeled in the saddle, and fell heavily from his horse, which galloped on, unmindful of its rider's fate. A shot from one of the infantry had struck him on the head, and the horsemen who were pursuing him, on perceiving his fall, uttered a shout of exultation, and at once changing their course, galloped after some other victim. Pursued and pursuers swept rapidly across the valley, their shouts and cries becoming each moment more faint and distant.

The time occupied by these incidents was far less than has been required to narrate them. All the movements of the contending parties had been rapid, and but a few minutes had elapsed between their first appearance on the brow of the southern hills, and their final disappearance among the mountain roads and ravines on the north side of the valley. As the sounds of the pursuit died away in the distance, Juliana emerged from her shelter and approached the wounded lancer, at the very same moment that old Dorotéa, who, in spite of a certain difficulty of hearing, had been at last alarmed by the noise of the firing, arrived upon the spot, in grievous anxiety concerning her charge.

"*Santa Dorotéa, santa Elena, santissima Maria!*" screamed the old woman, crossing herself vigorously at every invocation, "*a casa, a casa, señorita! Home with you, we shall all be murdered! Vienen los Franceses, vamos a ser todos degollados!*" But who is this, in God's name?" cried she, now first perceiving the Pole, who had fallen amongst some long grass and bushes which concealed him from view except on a near approach.

Without replying to these vociferations, Juliana kneeled down beside the wounded soldier, who was still insensible. His schapska had fallen off, his face was deadly pale, and the blood was oozing through his light gold-coloured hair from a wound in the side of the head.

"Quick, mother!" cried Juliana, who was accustomed to give that name to her faithful old attendant and protectress, "quick, some water from the brook, it will perhaps revive him."

"*Dios mio! un gavacho, a heretic!*" muttered old Dorotéa in great consternation, but at the same time obeying the orders of her darling child, and hastening to an adjacent brook. Before, however, she had returned with some water in the hollow of her hands, to sprinkle on his face, the stranger began to show signs of consciousness, and opening his eyes, stared around him with the air of a man awakening from a dream. Juliana, who had been gazing compassionately upon his pallid countenance, drew timidly aside.

"Where am I?" stammered the young man in French, raising his hand to his head. He drew it back stained with blood.

"Ha!" said he, "I remember—defeated, wounded—those infernal guerrilleros! And my horse, where is he?"

He made an effort to rise, but it was unsuccessful, and he sank back into his former position. Glancing in evident astonishment at the women, he addressed them in Spanish, and inquired where he was and what was to be his fate. He received no immediate reply, for an earnest discussion was going on between Juliana and old Dorotéa. The latter was for leaving the wounded man where he was and returning to the house, but Juliana insisted strenuously on the adoption of a more humane course. "If left there," she said, "he would either die of his wound or be stabbed by some passing peasant."

"Good enough for him too," retorted old Dorotéa, with a spiteful glance at the defeated soldier. "What did he come here for?"

And she looked as if she could have heard, without much grief, of his having met the fate which Juliana predicted for him. The latter, however, was resolute in her determination not to abandon the wounded man, and, as usual, finished by carrying her point. Supported between the two women, the young Pole was enabled to reach the cottage, which was but at a short distance. Once arrived there, Dorotéa, who had some experience in broken heads and hurts of various kinds, was easily prevailed upon to examine and dress his wound, which proved to be but a trifling one, the bullet having grazed the side of the head without entering. The patience and mildness of the sufferer, his youth, and the gratitude he showed for the care bestowed upon him, touched the heart of Dorotéa, who soon became as interested in him as Juliana herself was. When her surgical occupation was at an end, she drew the young girl aside, and with a face expressive of much uneasiness, began to discuss with her the best means of securing the safety of their patient.

"The guerillas may return," said she, "after hunting down the French; or at any rate, if it gets known he is here, we shall have half the peasants of the valley coming down to murder him. Gutierrez, too, detests the very name of Frenchman, and though he might not himself take the life of this one, he would be sure to deliver him up to those who would."

"We must manage then to conceal him," replied Juliana, firmly, "till he is well and able to depart."

There was little time to be lost in deliberation, for Gutierrez would have heard the firing, and might be expected to hasten his return. At length a plan was devised. Above the rickety old barn and stable adjoining the house were two lofts, of which the inner one was used to store fruits and vegetables for the winter, and was rarely visited save by Dorotéa herself. It was narrow, low, and dark, but yet no ineligible lodging for a man with whom concealment was the chief object. In this loft, which at that early period of the autumn was nearly empty, a rude couch, composed of bundles of straw and some blankets, was got ready for the wounded man, who, with some difficulty, was assisted up the stairs and installed in his hiding-place. After supplying him with a jug of lemonade, and providing, as well as circumstances would permit, for his comfort, the women left him, carefully locking the door, and promising to return so soon as they could do so with safety.

These arrangements had been completed but a short time, and neither Dorotéa nor Juliana were fully recovered from the perturbation and flurry into which such unusual and agitating circumstances had thrown them, when Gutierrez arrived at the cottage. News of the skirmish had reached him at the hamlet he had been visiting, and, greatly alarmed for the fate of his wife and his master's daughter, he left cart and oxen in charge of a peasant, and hurried homewards. On his way he met persons who told him of the defeat of the French, and of their having fled across the valley, followed by the guerillas, without any injury being done, or violence offered to the country people. Most of the inhabitants of the district who were capable of bearing arms, had taken their muskets or fowling-pieces and hurried out to join in the pursuit, and, if possible, to get a shot at a Frenchman. Following their example, Gutierrez, so soon as he had assured himself that his wife and Juliana were safe, took down a long barrelled *escopeta* from a nail upon the wall, carefully loaded it, and set off at a pace that would have done credit to younger legs; more, however, with a view to collecting further accounts of what had occurred, than with any hope of overtaking the fugitives, the survivors of whom, if any, were by this time far beyond his reach.

The departure of Dorotéa's husband afforded the two women an opportunity of attending to the welfare of their prisoner, for such he might be called, although the gentle captivity he endured was only inflicted with a view to spare him a far more rigorous one. They found him asleep, and on his awakening a few hours afterwards he appeared considerably refreshed. Being now fully convinced of the kind intentions entertained towards him he relaxed the reserve he had at first maintained. His name, he told them, was Lowinski, and his rank that of lieutenant. His troop, and four companies of infantry, forming the escort of a small convoy of ammunition, had left Tarazona two days previously to proceed to Cuenca. During their second day's march their guides, either from treachery or ignorance, had led them by unfrequented and difficult roads, and towards evening they had been much annoyed by various guerilla parties, but had succeeded in repelling their attacks till nightfall, when not finding themselves near any town or village, they established their bivouac on a rising ground some distance to the south of the valley. They remained under arms the whole night, the cavalry standing by their horses, ready to mount at a moment's notice. During the darkness they were not attacked, but it appeared that the guerillas availed themselves of it to unite their scattered parties, and an hour before daybreak they fiercely assaulted the position of the French. The latter were fully prepared to receive their assailants, but the numbers brought against them were so superior, that they were finally compelled to give way, abandoning the convoy. They made head against the Spaniards till they reached the hill top upon which the fight had first been visible to Juliana. There the defeat of the lancers and the exhaustion of the infantry, who had been marching all the previous day and standing to their arms all night on a constant *qui vive*, brought on a total rout.

Juliana was the first to perceive that the excitement caused by the narration of these incidents was too much for the wounded man, who showed a tendency to fever, a tendency which rather increased than diminished, in spite of some cooling drinks administered by Dorotéa. Nevertheless they were compelled, by the return of Gutierrez, to leave him unattended

during that evening and night, and in the morning, when Dorotéa was again enabled by her husband's absence to visit the patient, she found him in a high fever. Doubting the power of her limited medical knowledge to subdue this new and unfavourable symptom, she consulted with Juliana as to the best course to pursue. In that tranquil valley, where the mode of life was so pure and healthful, sickness was of rare occurrence, and the nearest doctor resided at a distance of several leagues. This, however, would have been a small difficulty, could they have made up their minds as to the prudence of revealing the young Pole's hiding-place to a third person, but that they could not do, and after weighing every thing, they decided that it would be better to attempt his cure with their own imperfect means, than to risk making a confidant. With unremitting care and tenderness did they consult every caprice of their patient, and use every means that circumstances would permit of mitigating his sufferings during ten days severe illness. Fortunately delirium did not ensue, or it would have become scarcely possible to keep the secret from Gutierrez and a labourer who assisted him, both of whom were frequently in the barn beneath where the prisoner lay. Equally fortunate was it that their occupations at that particular period of the year kept them nearly all day absent from the house, thus enabling the women to attend to Lowinski; and even at night, during the two or three days that he was at the worst, Juliana would find means to slip out unperceived, and pay a last and momentary visit to her patient previously to retiring to rest.

It was the hour of sunset on the fifteenth day after that of the skirmish. Gutierrez had returned earlier than usual from the fields, and was busying himself in his little garden, whilst Dorotéa and Juliana sat on the bench in front of the cottage, the former spinning, the latter with a book in her hand, upon which her eyes were fixed, although her thoughts were elsewhere. For five days past Lowinski had been free from fever, and although his wound was not yet healed, and he was still very weak, his nurses had allowed him to break the silence which they had previously rigorously enjoined. Every day since the improvement had taken place Juliana had sat with him, at intervals, for a considerable time, and the conversation they had held had given her much to reflect upon. During her long seclusion in this valley she had, with the exception of the rare and short visits of her father and brother, seen none but peasants, and although a natural refinement and the care bestowed upon her in early youth by her mother, had prevented her from acquiring coarseness either of mind or manners, she had nevertheless forgotten, or rather had been unable to form an idea of the pleasure of communion with persons whose conversation could instruct and improve her. The society of Lowinski, although as yet enjoyed but for so short a time, had made her acquainted with this pleasure. Uniting the frankness of a soldier with the education of a gentleman, struck by the elegance and beauty of the young girl whom he found thus hidden, a rose amongst thistles, in a wild country, and amidst rude and uncultivated peasants; grateful to her also as his preserver, Lowinski had early felt a strong interest in Juliana, and as soon as the improving state of his health permitted, he sought to discover whether the charms of her mind corresponded in any degree with those of her person. If he was struck with her graceful *naïveté* and natural quickness, the young girl on the other

hand was fascinated by the agreeable manners of Lowinski, his acquaintance with subjects to her entirely unknown, and his knowledge of a world of which she had as yet scarcely obtained a glimpse.

The reverie in which Juliana was indulging was broken by the approach of three men, who appeared suddenly from behind some trees a short distance off, and approached the cottage with rapid strides. They were dressed as peasants, carried muskets on their shoulders, and wore leathern belts containing cartridges around their waists. One of them was a tall man, upwards of fifty years old, of a remarkably stern and inflexible expression of countenance, with features wrinkled and strongly marked, and having his upper lip covered with a wiry moustache of an iron gray colour. His companions were a stout active man of middle age, and a youth of one or two-and-twenty. The hands and faces of all three were tanned a deep brown colour by exposure to sun and wind; all three were dusty and travel-stained, their clothes torn and disordered, as if they had been forcing their way through thickets or brambles, the muzzles and locks of their muskets black from being recently discharged. The elder of the party was Don Miguel Paloz. He was accompanied by his son Jorge, and his friend the well-known guerilla Sebastian Sanchez, a cousin of the celebrated Julian Sanchez, who commanded a strong body of horse during nearly the whole period of the war of independence.

The pleasure experienced by Juliana at the arrival of her father and brother, whom she had not seen for some months, was damped by a thought of the peril in which the young Pole would be placed should they by chance discover him. Before she had time, however, to devise any plan for averting all risk of such discovery, or to do more than exhort Dorotéa to extreme caution, she found herself clasped in her father's embrace. The iron features of Don Miguel, furrowed by grief and hardship more than by years, relaxed into a well-pleased smile as he gazed upon the blooming countenance of his daughter, and parting the sable tresses from her forehead, imprinted a kiss upon her brow.

"Welcome, dearest father," said Juliana, returning her parent's embrace. "It is long since you have visited us, and I have been often anxious when I heard of the constant fighting that was going on, and doubted not that you and Jorge were taking share in it. Each night and morning have I prayed to the blessed Virgin for your safety."

"Heaven bless thee, my child," replied Don Miguel, "thy prayers have stood us in good stead, for we have been unhurt, both Jorge and myself, since we were last here. Nevertheless, we have had some sharp brushes with the accursed Frenchmen, and, I may say, some tolerably successful ones. But how is this, Gutierrez," continued Paloz, turning to his former servant, "I fear the valley is becoming an unsafe residence. Is it true that there was fighting here within the last few days?"

"About a fortnight back, señor," returned Gutierrez, "but no harm was done to any here. If all the fighting in the valley is to have the same result, I, for one, shall not mind how often it occurs. Our people drove the infernal *gavachos* before them like sheep. Very few can have escaped, and I am told there was a convoy of some sort captured. I heard that it was a detachment of Mina's guerillas who did it, but they did not come back this way, so I cannot say for certain."

"You heard aright," answered Don Miguel, "they were some of

Mina's people. But successful though the affair was, it was an unfortunate one so far as we are personally concerned. Some half dozen of the French got away, and, on reaching a garrison, reported this district to be a nest of guerillas. To palliate their own defeat, they said that as they marched along, all the peasants took up arms, until at last the detachment, worn out and harassed, was annihilated by immensely superior numbers. So exaggerated was the report they made, that numerous detachments of French troops, both infantry and cavalry, have been sent to patrol the province, to exterminate the guerillas, and arrest all suspicious persons. This very afternoon, whilst on our way hither, we fell in with one of these parties. There were about six score of us, and they were nearly three hundred, but in the mountains Frenchmen are no match for Spaniards, and after shooting a few we dispersed and easily got away. They followed us for some distance, but I suspect soon found they had lost the scent, and gave up the chase. We three came on here, where, for to-night, we are probably as safe as anywhere else, but by daylight we must be afoot again. There is a rendezvous appointed in the pine-woods of La Gracia, about four leagues hence. We shall muster strong, and if I find on inquiry that there is danger for you to remain here, Juliana, I will return to-morrow night with a good escort to take you away."

Her father's concluding words jarred upon the ear of Juliana, and her thoughts immediately reverted to Lowinski, whose safety, almost without her being aware of it, had become to her a consideration of paramount importance. Unwilling, however, to show a clouded brow to her father, and trusting that he would not find it necessary to remove her from the cottage, she did not allow herself to dwell on the apprehension of being separated from the stranger, who, unknown to herself, was daily acquiring a stronger interest in her affectionate and guileless heart. She addressed numerous questions to her father and brother concerning their adventures since she had last seen them, and, above all, she implored them to tell her if there was any chance of the war being brought to a close. But they declared themselves neither willing nor able to reply to her interrogatories till they had taken some refreshment after their day's march, and the party entered the house, where Dorotéa was already busying herself with preparations for supper. Seated round a table spread with the finest fruits, with ham, chorizos, and bread, and having a pig-skin of Manchegan wine within their reach, the guerillas were soon enabled to appease the cravings of their hunger and thirst.

"I can tell you, my little Julianita," said her brother, as after a hearty meal he leaned back in his chair, puffing at the indispensable cigar; "I can tell you that the life we lead teaches us to eat before we talk. We never know how little leisure we may have granted us to do both in, and therefore put the most important first. With guerillas, a good meal eaten off a plate and a table, is almost as rare as a nap on a feather-bed. By the way, Gutierrez, where are you going to litter us down to-night?"

Gutierrez wished to give up his bed to his guests, but they would not hear of his so doing, declaring that they should not venture to undress, and that some clean straw in the barn would form a far better couch than they had enjoyed for several nights past. Finding them inflexible on this point, Gutierrez, after a short time, was leaving the cottage to

prepare their sleeping-place, when Dorotéa, warned by a glance from Juliana, prevented him, and lighting a glimmering horn-lantern, betook herself to the barn.

About ten minutes had elapsed since the departure of the old woman. Overcome with the fatigues of the day, Sanchez and Jorge Paloz had fallen asleep in their chairs, while Juliana and Gutierrez were listening to Don Miguel's account of some of his recent adventures, when the latch of the house-door was suddenly raised, and a step was heard in the passage leading from it to the room in which the party were assembled.

"Is that you, Dorotéa?" said Gutierrez, carelessly, not for an instant suspecting that it could be any body else.

No answer was returned to his question.

"Dorotéa," repeated Gutierrez.

A sort of inarticulate murmur, and a jingling noise, like the sound of spurs, were the only reply. In some alarm, Gutierrez sprang from his seat, and as he did so, a loud scream was heard outside the cottage. Before the guerillas could seize their muskets, which were leaning against the wall behind the half open door of the room, they were cut off from them by the rapid entrance of half a dozen dismounted dragoons, each with a naked sabre in his right hand, and a cocked pistol in his left.

The first and simultaneous impulse of the three Spaniards, on finding themselves thus entrapped, was to seize their knives, which lay upon the table, and closing with their enemies, to sell their lives as dearly as possible. But the thought that by submitting patiently to their fate, there might be a better chance of saving Juliana from insult than by provoking a struggle, caused Don Miguel and his son to abandon so desperate an expedient. Sanchez made a suspicious movement, but the points of three sabres were instantly at his throat. He saw that resistance was hopeless, and crossing his arms upon his breast, he drew himself proudly up, and calmly awaited the death which he deemed inevitable. The neighing of horses, and a sound of voices and clatter of accoutrements from without, made the prisoners aware that the cottage was surrounded by a party of cavalry.

An officer wearing the uniform of the Polish lancers, now entered the room, and was followed by two soldiers, dragging in old Dorotéa between them. The muskets and pouch-belts of the guerillas were already in the hands of one of the party, who held them out to the officer as evidence against the prisoners. Independently of these arms, however, the whole appearance of the latter proclaimed what they were.

"Your name?" demanded the officer, throwing himself into a chair, and pointing to Sanchez with his sheathed sabre.

The guerilla's sole reply was a stern glance at his interrogator.

"Little doubt about him," said the officer; "or about the others either," he added, looking at Don Miguel and his son. "Yonder old clown does not seem one of them. Who's the girl, I wonder? *Jolie fille, ma foi!* Any fancy to change your service, my pretty one?" said he to Juliana. "But, pshaw! she does not understand."

Don Miguel, a flush of anger and anxiety on his face, made a step forwards and addressed the officer in French.

"It is my daughter," he said, "and whatever *our* fate may be, I implore that she may find good treatment and be protected from insult."

"Some of the men have carbines, I believe," said the officer, without condescending to answer Don Miguel, addressing himself to an old sergeant, who stood by, apparently waiting orders.

"They have, *mon lieutenant*," was the reply.

"Dismount three or four file, and draw them up in front of the house. Take out these fellows. You know the instructions. Men found in arms and without uniform, or not belonging to any regular corps, three minutes' prayer and an ounce of lead."

Half a dozen of the soldiers threw themselves upon the guerillas, and binding their wrists together till the blood seemed about to start from under their finger-nails, led them out of the house. Gutierrez was also taken out a prisoner, and Juliana and Dorotéa were following, but by order of the officer, the soldiers prevented them, and repulsing them roughly, locked them into the room. Juliana, almost crazed with grief, threw herself on her knees before an image of the Virgin which stood in a niche of the apartment, while old Dorotéa walked up and down, wringing her shrivelled hands, and mingling curses upon the heads of the French with prayers for deliverance addressed to all the saints in the calendar.

Meanwhile, the scene outside the house was highly picturesque and striking. A score of lancers were drawn up in line on the edge of a field about thirty yards from the cottage, each man holding a comrade's horse by the bridle. The dismounted men were grouped in front of the door, eight of them having carbines, and who were to act as a firing party, standing opposite to the prisoners, who were kneeling down, with a couple of the dragoons at a short distance to their right and left. The officer stood a little on one side, and the old sergeant, who was stationed on the right of the firing party, kept his eyes fixed upon him, waiting a signal to order the carbineers to do their sanguinary duty. Four or five men held large pine torches, which smoked and flared, and cast a lurid uncertain glare around, imparting strange, unnatural colours to the trees and other adjacent objects, and causing the darkness which still reigned at the distance of a few paces to appear yet darker.

The guerillas had been about two minutes on their knees, when the officer nodded to his subordinate.

"*Garde à vous !*" cried the latter to his men. "Ready!—Present!—"

In another second the word "Fire!" would have followed, when its utterance was checked, and officer, sergeant, and soldiers greatly astonished, almost alarmed, by an apparition that suddenly glided in between the victims and their executioners. It was that of a young man, pale and emaciated, his head bound up with cloths, from under which his long fair hair hung down over his sunken cheeks. He was dressed in the uniform of the lancers, but had apparently not had time to complete his toilet, for he was bare-headed, and his jacket was dangling from his left shoulder.

"*Le Lieutenant Lowinski !*" exclaimed the old sergeant, who was the first to recover from his surprise at the sudden appearance of a man who was supposed by all his comrades to have been killed a fortnight previously.

"Lowinski!" repeated the officer. "Can it be he?"

"It is, my dear Walter," said Lowinski, extending his hand to his comrade, who joyfully clasped it. "You are surprised to find me here, and alive, but all shall be explained. First, however, let me intercede

with you in favour of these men, who, if I am not mistaken, are near relatives of the persons to whom I owe my safety. But did you find no women here? Where are they?"

One of the soldiers entered the cottage, and the next instant Juliana darted out, and threw herself on her father's neck, weeping bitterly. The stern guerilla, who had viewed with calm indifference the approach of death, was melted by his daughter's grief. His glistening eyes, and a convulsive twitching of his bronzed cheek, betrayed the emotion he strove to conceal.

"This must not be," said Lowinski. "Juliana, fear nothing. The man whose daughter saved my life, shall not perish by the hands of my comrades. Walter, these three men must be set at liberty."

"That may hardly be, Lowinski," replied the commander of the detachment. "They were taken in arms, and the orders, as regards this province, are peremptory in such cases."

"I will take the responsibility on myself," returned his comrade. "As your senior in rank, although not actually on duty, that will go some way to exonerate you in case of blame. Even should it not do so, I am sure you will not mind risking a reprimand when I tell you the circumstances of the affair. I am scarcely strong enough to sit a horse, but if a mule can be procured, I will accompany you, and explain matters to the commanding officer."

There was still some hesitation on the part of Lieutenant Walter, as to the propriety of complying with his friend's request, but the urgency of the latter at last prevailed. The guerillas were unbound and set at liberty, their arms and ammunition remaining in possession of their captors. A few minutes later the detachment was mounted, and only waiting for Lowinski to prosecute its march. Lowinski was taking leave of Juliana.

"I am leaving you, Juliana," said he, "and may probably soon leave Spain, for my comrades tell me that the regiment is to move northwards. This I can hardly regret, for it would pain me to draw my sword against your countrymen. But if steel and bullet spare me, we shall meet again ere long. Till then, think sometimes of him whose life you saved. And now, farewell!"

He kissed her cheek, and they parted.

It was some five-and-twenty years subsequently to the events above narrated, that a traveller, rambling through some of the most picturesque districts of New Castile, was indebted for two days' cordial hospitality to Colonel Stanislaus Lowinski, then the husband of Juliana Paloz. The colonel and his wife were residing, with several sons and daughters, in a commodious and pleasant dwelling, built on the site of the cottage, in and around which, a quarter of a century previously, scenes of such agitating interest to both of them had passed. On the departure of Napoleon for Elba, Lowinski had resigned his commission, and returning to Spain, had found little difficulty in obtaining Don Miguel's consent to his marriage with Juliana. He was soon afterwards induced to enter the Spanish service, in which he rose to the rank of colonel. It was from his own lips, and those of his still handsome wife, that the present narrator heard the recital of the troubles and dangers that had environed the youthful days of the Guerilla's Daughter.

ARTIST-SONG—KUNSTLER-LIED.

SILENT, still, and striving,
 Must the spirit be,
 Soul of art reviving,
 From antiquity.
 Simple, pure, yet fair its forms,
 Breathing Heav'n's repose,
 Never touch'd by earthly storms,
 Mortal pain or woes—
 Visions of a fairer clime,
 Deities of olden time.
 Holding high communion
 With that shadow-land,
 Where in fadeless union
 Grace and beauty stand.
 Fashioning within his soul
 Some bright dream which art
 Working with her calm control
 Strengthens in his heart,
 Till it throbs with fever'd pain
 The immortal prize to gain.
 Ah! how oft dejected
 Must he turn aside,
 Ere his work perfected,
 Crown the artist's pride;
 But the far-off sound of fame
 Nerves his spirit still,
 Quenchless power, with failing frame,
 And unconquer'd will;
 Years, perchance, of weary toil,
 Want without, within turmoil.
 But 'tis done—the silent striving
 Wins its aim at last,
 From his art his strength deriving,
 Heeds he not the past.
 Lo! the finish'd statue smiles
 On the father's face;
 And his heavy heart beguiles
 With a lovely grace;
 Tho' its meed the world delays,
 Art her worshipper repays.
 What, tho' dim and hollow
 Gleam the kindling eye?
 What tho' weakness follow,
 And the body die?
 Ah! the fingers worn and thin,
 Have their task achieved,
 Calmer throbs the soul within,
 From its thought relieved.
 Fainter grows the mortal sense,
 And the weary hasteth hence.
 Pale and weak he lieth
 In his humble place:
 One kind watcher drieth
 Death-damps from his face.
 Hark! a murmur in the street,
 Of a coming crowd!
 Hark! the tramp of many feet,
 Plaudits long and loud!
 Hark! they pause, what bear they now,
Garlands for the dead man's brow!

THE COUNT OF MONTE CHRISTO.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF ALEXANDER DUMAS.

XII.—THE TELEGRAPHIC DESPATCH.

THE same day that the family of the De Villeforts were assembled in the old man's room, to hear his last will and testament, and which, witnesses having been obtained, was finally approved of and closed in their presence; the Count of Monte Christo had left Paris by the road to Orleans. He passed the telegraph of the village of Linas, which was, at that moment, waving its long fleshless arms up and down, and travelled onwards to that which preceded it, at the tower of Montlhery.

The count left his horse at the foot of the hill, and ascending by a circular path, soon reached the top where the tower was situated. Arrived there, he entered a garden about twenty feet long by twelve in width, in which was an honest simple-looking personage, about fifty years of age, busy gathering strawberries, which he placed on so many vine-leaves. There were twelve vine-leaves and almost as many strawberries.

"You are getting in your harvest, sir," said Monte Christo, smiling.

"Excuse me, sir," answered the good man, touching his hat at the same time; "I am not up there, it is true, but I have only just this moment come down."

"Don't be afraid, friend," said the count, with a kindly smile; "I am not a superior come to inspect you, but a mere traveller led here by curiosity. Do not let me inconvenience you. Gather your strawberries, that is to say, if any remain to be gathered."

"I have ten more," answered the telegrapher, "for here are eleven, and I had one-and-twenty, five more than last year."

Monte Christo saw enough. Every man has a passion which preys upon the bottom of his heart, as every fruit has its worm; that of the man of the telegraph was horticulture. He hastened accordingly to gather ten more vine-leaves and by so doing at once captivated the good man's heart.

"So you came to see the telegraph?" observed the latter, after a short silence, as he was depositing the strawberries on their appropriate leaves.

"Yes; if it is not forbidden by the rules?"

"Oh, not in the least, sir," said the telegrapher, "there can be no danger in it, as no one knows, or can know, what we say."

"Yes, I have been told," said Monte Christo, "that you repeat signals that you do not understand yourselves."

"Exactly so, sir; but the ten minutes I had of rest are going by," he said, looking at a sun-dial on the tower; "will you like to ascend with me?"

"I follow you."

The tower was divided into three stages: the lower one contained, for all furniture, a rake, a spade, a watering-pot, and some broken gardeners'

tools. The second was the ordinary, or rather nocturnal, habitation of the telegrapher. It contained a bed, a table, two chairs, a few culinary utensils, and some dried herbs; but every thing indicated poverty.

"How much, may I ask, do you receive for your devotion?"

"A thousand francs, sir."

"It is not too much."

They ascended to the third stage, it was the room of the telegraph. Monte Cristo looked at the two iron handles, by means of which the telegrapher made the machine move.

"It is very interesting," he said, "but must be very tiresome by repetition."

"It is so, indeed."

"And how long have you been here?"

"Fifteen years."

"And how many years are necessary to be pensioned?"

"Oh, sir, twenty-five years."

"How much is the pension?"

"Three hundred francs."

"Poor humanity!" muttered Monte Cristo. "But," he said aloud, "your correspondent is in motion."

"Ah! true; thank you, sir."

"And what does he say; is it any thing that you know?"

"Yes, it is a private signal; he asks me 'if I am ready?' and by the same signal I answer him, while I intimate to my correspondent to the left, to be ready in his turn. He will speak again in five minutes."

"I have five minutes, then?" said Monte Cristo; "it is more than is necessary. And so, my good friend, you love gardening?"

"Passionately."

"And you would be happy if, instead of having a terrace of twenty feet, you had an enclosure of two acres?"

"Sir, I should make a terrestrial paradise of it."

"Now, suppose you had the misfortune not to see the movements of your correspondent to the right?"

"I could not repeat his signals."

"And what then?"

"I should be fined a hundred francs."

"And if by accident you transmitted another signal?"

"Then I should lose my place and my pension too, sir; so you may easily imagine I would do no such a thing."

"Not even for fifteen years' income?"

"Fifteen thousand francs?"

"Yes."

"Sir, you wish to tempt me?"

"Precisely so. Look at this."

"Sir, my correspondent to the right is signalizing."

"Let him signalize. Look at these papers?"

"Bank notes!"

"There are fifteen, of one thousand francs each."

"Sir, my correspondent is getting impatient. He is making his signals over again."

"Let him do so—take this."

The count placed the parcel in the telegrapher's hand.

"But," he said, "that is not all; you cannot live upon fifteen thousand francs."

"But I shall not lose my place?"

"Yes, you will; for you are going to make a different signal to that of your correspondent."

"Oh! sir, you terrify me!"

"Here," said Monte Christo, "are ten more bank-notes; with the fifteen that are in your pocket, that will be twenty-five thousand francs; with five thousand francs you can purchase a pretty little house and two acres of land; with the other twenty thousand, you will have a thousand francs' income."

"A garden of two acres!"

"And a thousand francs' income."

"What must I do?"

"Repeat these signals."

Monte Christo drew from his pocket a paper upon which three signals were ready traced.

"It will not be long, you see."

Perspiring from every pore, and trembling like an aspen leaf, the good man made, one after the other, the signals given by the count, which the correspondent to the left conscientiously repeated.

"Now you are rich," said Monte Christo, giving him the other ten notes.

"Yes," said the telegrapher, "but at the sacrifice of my honour."

"Friend," said Monte Christo, "I do not wish you to suffer from the stings of conscience; believe me, for I swear it, that you have done harm to no one."

The gardener looked at the bank-notes, and hastened to his room to drink a glass of water, but the temptation had been too great, and he sank fainting on a heap of dry haricots.

Five minutes after the telegraphic news arrived at the ministry, Debray had his horse put to his cab, and hastened to the banker Danglars.

"Your husband," he said to the baroness, "has an interest in the Spanish loan?"

"I think so, indeed! He is interested to the tune of six millions."

"Let him sell out, at any price."

"Why so?"

"Because Don Carlos has escaped from Bourges, and has entered into Spain."

The baroness did not wait to hear the news repeated, but hastened to her husband, who, in his turn hurried to his stock-broker, and gave him orders to sell out at any price.

When it was found that Danglars was selling out, the Spanish funds fell immediately. Danglars lost five hundred thousand francs, but he got rid of all his scrip.

The same evening it was announced in the *Messenger*:

"TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCH.

"The King Don Carlos has escaped from Bourges, and has entered

into Spain by the frontier of Cataloni. Barcelona has risen in his favour."

The conversation turned the whole of the evening upon the foresight of Danglars, who had sold out, and only lost five hundred thousand francs, upon such an event. As to those who bought in, they looked upon themselves as lost, and passed a very bad night.

The next morning it was announced in the *Moniteur*:

"It was without any foundation that the *Messenger* announced yesterday the flight of Don Carlos and the revolt of Barcelona.

"The King Don Carlos has not quitted Bourges; and the Peninsula enjoys the most profound tranquillity.

"A telegraphic signal wrongly interpreted, on account of the fog, was the cause of the error."

The Spanish funds rose up to a figure the double of that to which they had fallen.

Which caused in loss, and in want of means to regain it, a difference of a million, to the banker Danglars.

XIII.—THE APPARITIONS.

BERTUCCIO had been set to work to prepare the house at Auteil for the contemplated dinner-party. Under his careful superintendence, the old mansion, which had not been tenanted for twenty years, was entirely renovated. The sickly odour of time gave place to the perfume of flowers. Pictures, arms, and books were installed in their proper places; the furniture was at once chaste and yet costly. The count had insisted upon one thing only; it was that the little bedroom which gave upon the garden should not be touched or interfered with, and that the garden itself should be similarly respected and left in its pristine condition.

On the afternoon of the eventful day, Monte Christo arrived, accompanied by Ali, at five o'clock precisely. He walked through the house, without giving utterance to any expressions either of satisfaction or of displeasure. He also visited the bedroom and garden. At six o'clock precisely a horse was heard at the gateway; it was Maximilian on his Arab barb, Madayah. It was a present from the count.

"Well," said the young captain, coming in with a joyous countenance; "I knew I should be here first. Debray, who is mounted upon one of the Arabian horses belonging to the ministry, and Chateau-Renaud, the greatest connoisseur in France, are coming behind, but I was determined to be first. Julia and Emmanuel send you a thousand kind expressions, but, *peste*, here are the other horsemen, and the equipage of the Danglars following them. Really those horses of the baron's can go at the rate of six leagues an hour."

And as the captain finished his remark, the outer yard was nearly filled with equipages, horsemen, and mounted servants. Debray dismounted to help the baroness out of her carriage. She cast a rapid and searching look around her, an investigation which was followed by a visible emotion, as she entered the house. The baron himself looked as pale as if he was walking out of a tomb, instead of out of his carriage.

The reception over, Monte Cristo was exhibiting to the baroness a porcelain vase of unusual magnitude, covered with marine vegetations, which he asserted to have grown there at the bottom of the Chinese seas, and the baron, by way of distraction, was pricking his fingers in endeavouring to gather a flowering cactus, when Baptistin called out—

“The Major Bartolomeo Cavalcanti—the Count Andrea Cavalcanti!”

In a black satin stock fresh from the counter, and in a military coat decorated with five crosses, and with a bold confident eye, the tender father made his entrance. The respectful son followed him in habiliments shining in their newness, and with a smile upon his lips.

“Cavalcanti!” said Debray.

“A fine name!” exclaimed Maximilian.

“Yes,” said Chateau-Renaud; “these Italians have good names, but dress badly. Really that young gentleman appears as if he was dressed to-day for the first time.”

While the three young men were making their remarks among themselves, the Baron Danglars had also found time to ask Monte Cristo who these gentlemen were.

“You have heard,” was the answer, “Cavalcantis.”

“That gives me their name, that is all.”

“Ah, true, you are not intimate with the Italian nobility. There, he who says Cavalcanti, says race of princes.”

“Handsome fortune?” inquired the banker.

“Fabulous.”

“What do they do?”

“They endeavour to spend their fortune, but without being able to do so. They told me the other day that they had letters of credit on your house, and I asked them here on purpose to meet you.”

The introduction effected, the baron remarked shortly afterwards to Monte Cristo, that he thought that they spoke French very well.

“The son,” answered the count, “was brought up in a college in the south, somewhere near Marseilles, I believe. You will find him enthusiastic.”

“Enthusiastic in what?” interrupted the baroness.

“In his admiration for French ladies, madame. He is determined to take a wife at Paris.”

“Oh, indeed!” said Danglars.

“Mr. and Madame de Villefort!” cried out Baptistin.

The two persons named entered at the same time. M. de Villefort, notwithstanding his practised self-control, was visibly affected.

“Well,” said Monte Cristo to himself, “there are none like women for dissimulation,” as he watched the baroness step forward to shake hands with the king’s solicitor, and embrace his wife. His reflections were interrupted, however, at that moment by Bertuccio, who came to inquire the number of covers. Monte Cristo walked with him into the adjoining room and looked at the dinner-table. The door remained half open.

“Is every body arrived, excellency?” inquired the Corsican.

“Yes.”

Bertuccio began to count the guests; Monte Cristo watched him.

“Oh, heavens!” he exclaimed.

“What is the matter?” said the count.

"That woman! that woman in the white dress, with so many diamonds! that is the woman who walked in the garden, while she awaited for him."

"For whom?"

Bertuccio, without answering, pointed with his finger to M. Villefort, in somewhat the same manner as Macbeth may have been supposed to have pointed out Banquo.

"Oh! oh!" he murmured at last, "do you see him?"

"Whom, the king's solicitor, M. Villefort? Undoubtedly, I see him."

"Did I not kill him then?"

"No! you see very well you did not. Instead of striking, as others of your more dexterous countrymen would have done, between the sixth and seventh rib of the right side, you struck too high or too low, and you see he lives yet. But count, M. and Madame Villefort two; M. and Madame Danglars, four; M. Chateau-Renaud, M. Debray, M. Morrel, seven; the Major Bartolomeo Cavalcanti, eight."

"Eight," ejaculated Bertuccio.

"Stop, you are in a hurry; a little to the left there is a young gentleman, M. Andrea Cavalcanti, just turning his face this way."

This time Bertuccio began an exclamation that would have infallibly alarmed the whole company, had not a look of Monte Cristo's caused it to die away upon his lips.

"Benedetto!" he murmured to himself, "fatality!"

"It is striking half-past six, M. Bertuccio said the count, in a severe tone, "you know I do not like to wait for my dinner."

And Monte Cristo passed into the room where his guests were assembled, whilst Bertuccio was making the best of his way out of the dining-room, by supporting himself against the walls. Five minutes afterwards, the folding-doors were thrown open and Bertuccio appeared. Making a last and heroic effort, he announced that dinner was upon the table.

Monte Cristo gave his arm to Madame de Villefort. "M. de Villefort pray be kind enough to take charge of Madame de Danglars.

The king's solicitor obeyed, and the company passed into the dining-room.

XIV.—THE DINNER.

THE repast was magnificent. It was an oriental feast, but oriental in the manner that might have been the festivals of Arabian fairies. There were sturgeons from the Volga and lampreys from Lake Fusaro, wines of the Archipelago, Asia Minor, and Shiraz, and fruits from the four quarters of the globe. The guests expatiated eloquently upon the taste and riches displayed by their magnificent yet eccentric host. The two Cavalcantis opened enormous eyes, but they had the wit to hold their tongues.

"Indeed, it is truly admirable," said Chateau-Renaud, "but what I admire most, I must acknowledge, is the alacrity with which every thing has been accomplished. Why, count, it is but five or six days since you became possessor of this house, is it not so?"

"Quite right, five or six at the utmost," replied Monte Cristo.

"And in so brief a time to have made a new house out of an old one,

is quite miraculous," continued Chateau-Renaud. "For truly the house was very old and very gloomy. To see it with its blinds down, its doors closed and grass grown courts, one would have fancied, if it had not belonged to the father-in-law of a king's solicitor, that it was one of those fatal houses in which some great crime had been committed."

Villefort, who up to this moment had neglected three or four glasses of extraordinary wines that were full before him, seized upon the nearest to him and swallowed it at a draught.

"Yes," he remarked, upon gaining breath, "the house has a lugubrious aspect. M. de St. Meran was, indeed, only induced to sell it, as it formed part of his grand-daughter's dowry, for the reason that if it had remained a few years more uninhabited, it would have fallen into ruin."

"It is strange," said Monte Cristo, "that the same thing struck myself, and the first time I entered the house it appeared to me to be so gloomy, that I should never have made the purchase, if my steward had not already completed it. There was especially one room, furnished with red damask, which appeared to me most dramatic."

"Why so?" inquired Debray, "why dramatic?"

"I can scarcely say wherefore myself," replied the count, "one cannot explain instinctive feelings. There are places to which the breath of gloom and sorrow appears natural, and that room suggested to my mind what might have been the one inhabited by Desdemona, or by the Marchioness of Gange. But since we have finished our dinner, if your please, I will show it to you, and then we will take coffee in the garden."

Madame Villefort rose, Monte Cristo did the same. Every one followed their example save M. Villefort and Madame Danglars, who remained for a moment as if nailed to their places; they looked at one another with staring glassy eyes.

"Did you hear?" said Madame Danglars.

"I suppose we must go," answered Villefort, rising and offering his arm.

Monte Cristo waited for the laggards; and when they had passed in their turn, he closed the door with a smile which, if they could have understood it, would have terrified his guests far more than that chamber into which they had just entered. The day was about to close, and the room was not lighted. This, with the time-worn furniture, gave to this solitary and detached apartment an additional tone of solemnity.

"Ho!" sighed forth Madame Villefort, "it is really fearful."

Madame Danglars attempted to utter a few words, but nobody could make out what she meant. All agreed that this chamber with the red damask furniture had a sinister aspect.

"Is it not so?" said Monte Cristo. "What sombre and sanguinary hangings to that bed, and those two portraits dimmed by the moisture of years—do they not appear, with their livid lips and wild eyes, to say, 'I have seen?'"

Villefort became white as a ghost, and Madame Danglars fell upon a chair.

"Oh!" exclaimed Madame Villefort, "how can you sit down upon that chair, where, perhaps, the crime was committed."

Madame Danglars rose again in a moment.

"And," said Monte Cristo, "this is not all."

"What is there more?" inquired Debray, whose curiosity was aroused by the extraordinary emotion manifested by Madame Danglars.

"You have not seen this little staircase?" said Monte Cristo, opening a door concealed by the red hangings, "look at it, and tell me what you think of it."

"What a dark, crooked, sinister-looking staircase!" exclaimed Chateau-Renaud, laughing.

"Imagine," said Monte Cristo, "an Othello or an Abbé de Ganges descending, step by step, in a dark stormy night, this staircase, with a lugubrious burden, which he hastens to conceal from the eyes of man, if not from those of God—"

Madame Danglars half fainted away in the arms of M. Villefort, who was himself obliged to seek support by leaning against the wall. Recovering himself, however, he expostulated with Monte Cristo.

"Sir," he said, "you frighten the ladies with your ghastly suppositions."

"Oh!" said Monte Cristo, smiling, "it is mere fancy. Let us represent to ourselves this chamber as the good and honest abode of the mother of a family, and this mysterious staircase as a passage through which, not to disturb the repose of the invalid, the doctor or the nurse might pass, or even the father himself, carrying the sleeping infant."

Madame Danglars, instead of gaining strength by this more pleasing picture, moaned out aloud.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed Debray to Madame Danglars; "will you come down into the garden?" and he offered his arm as he advanced into the sinuous staircase, down which she followed mechanically.

"I hope, madame," said Monte Cristo, when they had gained the open air, "that I have not really frightened you."

"Oh, no, sir! a supposition, a chimera, sometimes makes an impression almost as strong as reality, when the mind is in a certain state of susceptibility."

"It may," said Monte Cristo, in a serious tone, "not be so much of a chimera after all. You may believe me if you will, but I am convinced that a crime has been committed in this house."

"Take care," interrupted Madame Villefort; "we have the king's solicitor here."

"Well, then, since that is the case," said the count, "I shall take advantage of it to make my declaration."

"Your declaration?" said Villefort.

"This is very interesting," said Debray, "and if there really is a crime, the narrative will assist our digestion."

"Come this way, gentlemen," said Monte Cristo, and he took the arm of M. Villefort, while he placed under his own that of Madame Danglars, and thus he led them to where the shade was darkest. All the other guests followed.

"Here," said Monte Cristo, "at this very place," and he struck the ground with his foot, "to give vigour to these old trees, I had a hole dug to put in earth; well, the workmen, while digging, came upon a box in which was the skeleton of a new-born infant."

"A new-born infant!" exclaimed Debray, "this is becoming rather serious."

"Well," said Chateau-Renaud, "was I wrong when I said that houses had minds and faces like men. The house was gloomy because it had stings of conscience, and it had feelings of remorse because it hid a crime."

"What do they do to infanticides in this country?" asked Major Cavalcanti, naively.

"Oh, they just cut their heads off," answered Danglars.

"Do they cut their heads off?" continued the major, addressing himself to M. Villefort.

"Yes, sir," answered the latter, with a voice that had almost nothing of humanity remaining in it. "But Madame Danglars is fainting," he continued, turning round, "it would be better to have her conveyed to her carriage."

"Oh, dear me!" said Monte Cristo, "and I have forgotten to procure a smelling-bottle."

"I have one," said Madame Villefort, and she passed to Monte Cristo a phial full of red liquor, the origin of which the count knew full well. He dropped a single drop upon the lips of the baroness and she recovered her senses.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "what a horrid dream!"

Villefort pressed her wrist, as an intimation to her that she had not dreamed. Monte Cristo turned to restore the phial to its owner. Villefort took advantage of the moment to whisper,

"I must see you to-morrow."

"Where?"

"At my offices."

"But the coffee, gentlemen, we are forgetting coffee," exclaimed Monte Cristo, who saw that the two persons for whom he had planned this scene had undergone as much they could support, and he therefore wished to push it no further.

XV.—THE BEGGAR.

It was growing late. Upon the request made to him by his wife, M. Villefort gave the first signal for departure, a thing which Madame Danglars had not dared to do, notwithstanding the discomfort which she experienced. Monte Cristo had observed, on remitting the phial to Madame Villefort, that a few words had passed between the king's solicitor and Madame Danglars, and he knew how to appreciate their just value.

M. Danglars had on his part during the evening been establishing a close intimacy with the Cavalcantis. He had not failed to admire an enormous brilliant which glittered on the major's finger, for the major, like a prudent man, had hastened to convert his bank-notes into an object of tangible value. He had admired the silence which the major, true to his principle of *nil admirari*, had preserved during the magnificent repast laid before him, and he had concluded from thence that it was what he was accustomed to at Lucca daily. He had held long conversations with him upon railroads and other speculative investments of the day which had charmed him by attesting an intimacy with the less familiar proceedings of those engaged in such matters, such as is rarely known to the uninitiated, and he had finished by proposing to Cavalcanti (after the

promise of a call the ensuing day had been obtained) that, if it did not deprive him of the company of his son, he should be conveyed to the Hotel des Princes in his carriage.

Upon which Cavalcanti had answered, that his son had been habituated for some time to the life of a young man, and that he had his own horses and equipages. The major, accordingly, took a seat in the banker's carriage. M. and Madame Villefort took charge of Madame Danglars, on account of her indisposition. Morrel, Debray, and Chateau-Renaud left on horseback. Andrea Cavalcanti sought his tilbury, which was harnessed to an enormous iron-gray horse, and which a little tiger, equipped English fashion, stood upon the point of his boots to hold in.

The groom had taken the bit with the left hand, and held out the reins to his master, who had just taken them, and placed his polished boot upon the step, when he felt a hand lean heavily upon his shoulder. The young man turned round, thinking that Danglars or Monte Cristo had forgot something, and wished to speak to him before he started.

But instead of either the one or the other, he saw by his side a strange figure, with eyes glittering like carbuncles, a mouth smiling fiercely above teeth sharp and hungry as those of a wolf or a jackal, and a sun-burnt skin, the whole framed in a model beard.

A few gray hairs peeped from beneath a kerchief with red stripes that covered his head, and his body, thin and bony in the extreme, was enveloped in a greasy and tattered blouse. The hand that leaned upon his shoulder appeared to the young man to be of gigantic proportions. He shuddered and drew himself back.

"What do you want with me?" he inquired.

"Beg your pardon, citizen," answered the man, carrying his hand to his red kerchief; "I probably inconvenience you, but I wish to speak to you."

"Come! no begging at night," interrupted the groom, who wished to disembarass his master from this importunate personage.

"I am not begging, my pretty boy," said the stranger; "I wish to speak a few words to your master, who gave me a commission to do for him a fortnight back."

"Well!" said Andrea, endeavouring to hide his perplexity from his servant, "what do you want? be quick my friend."

"Well! I wish you to take me back to town in your new equipage."

Andrea turned pale, but made no answer.

"Do you not hear me, my little Benedetto?" said the stranger, in a half-threatening tone.

The young man trembled, and approaching the groom, told him to walk to the city gates on foot, and then to take a cab, not to be home too late.

The astonished servant walked away.

Andrea drove through the village without speaking a word to his companion, who, on his side, seemed solely occupied with the new and agreeable locomotive in which he was seated. But once away from all houses, the young man looked around, and seeing that no one was on the road, he drew up his horse, and crossing his arms before the man in the red kerchief.

"Why," he said, "do you come to trouble me in my tranquillity?"

"And why did you yourself, young man, why did you humbug me?"

"How so?"

"How so? you ask that, when quitting me at the bridge of Var, you told me that you were going to travel in Italy, and you came to Paris?"

"And what is that to you?"

"Much, my child. You know I always called you my child. I pitied you as if you had been my own son, when I fancied you begging your lonely way through Tuscany; but lo and behold, I suddenly perceived you passing the city gates with a groom, a tilbury, and a splendid suit of new clothes."

"And so you grew jealous, and resolved to humble me before my servant?" said Andrea, gloomily, as he pushed his horse on again at a slow pace.

"Why, you see my child, I was obliged to speak to you when I could catch you. You have a horse that is very quick, a tilbury that is very light, and you are yourself by nature as slippery as an eel."

"Well," said Andrea, "what do you want from me?"

"You do not speak in a friendly way;—Benedetto, my old companion, beware!"

"Caderousse!" replied the young man, addressing the stranger by his name, "I have been brought up in Corsica; you are old and obstinate, I am young and resolved. Between persons like us threats are bad. Is it my fault if chance favours me, and continues unfavourable to yourself?"

"No, but when you was hungry I gave you half of my soup; now, if you have two suits of clothes, give me one."

"If I give you a hundred francs a month?"

"I can live, but badly; with a hundred and fifty I shall be satisfied."

"Well, then," said Andrea, "here are two hundred;" and he placed in the beggar's hand ten louis. "Every month the porter shall have orders to give you as much."

"Come, I see you are still a good fellow. How did the chance happen?"

"I have found my father. The Major Cavalcanti."

"And is he satisfied with his son? Who enabled you to find that father?"

"The Count of Monte Cristo. But what is this to you;—what do you propose to do with yourself?"

"I shall live as a retired tradesman, dress myself, be shaved every day, read the newspapers, and go to the theatre."

"Well, then, now you have all you wish, and that we are coming near the city gates, jump down!"

"Not at all, my friend: I shall do nothing of the kind. I shall be examined at the gate. I have no papers. It will be discovered that I quitted Toulon, without the necessary formalities. I shall be reconducted from brigade to brigade, till I am once more simply No. 106, and good bye to my dreams of a retired tradesman's life."

The putative son of Major Cavalcanti was, as he himself acknowledged, somewhat resolute. Casting a glance around him, Caderousse observed him placing his hand quietly in his pocket, where it began to caress a small pistol. Caderousse was busy at the same moment opening a long

knife behind his back. The two friends deserved to understand one another, and they did so. Andrea withdrew his hand from his pocket.

"Good, Caderousse," he said, "you are going to be happy!"

"I shall do my best to be so," said the innkeeper, thrusting his knife into his sleeve.

"But how shall we pass this gate?"

"Don't be alarmed!" and he took the hat from Cavalcanti's head, placed it on his own, and wrapping himself in the servant's cloak, lay in the corner, like a groom who has got a catarrh.

"But what shall I do without a hat?"

"Oh, say the wind blew it away."

The city gate was passed without questioning. At the first cross street Andrea pulled up, and Caderousse jumped down.

"Well, but," said Andrea, "my hat and the servant's cloak?"

"Why," exclaimed Caderousse, "you would not have me catch cold," and he disappeared in the obscurity.

"Alas!" said Andrea, as he drove away, "one cannot be completely happy in this world!"

XVI.—THE CLOSET OF THE KING'S SOLICITOR.

AT half-past twelve o'clock the next day, Madame Danglars ordered her carriage, and drove to the Pont-Neuf. Arrived there, she got down and walked over the bridge. She was dressed very simply, as a lady of taste ought to be when she goes out in the morning. On the other side of the bridge she got into a hackney coach, and ordered the driver to proceed to the Court, called that of Harlay, in the Place Dauphine. The driver was paid on opening the door, and Madame Danglars had soon ascended the steps of the palace, crossed the saloon *des Pas-Perdus*, and gained the ante-chamber of the king's solicitor. She was admitted at once. The magistrate was writing, but he rose from his work.

"Thank you, madame, thank you," he said, "for your exactitude. It is a long time since I have had the pleasure of a private conversation with you." And as he spoke, he conducted the lady to an arm-chair, for her emotion and sufferings were painfully visible.

"I came, sir, at your request, although this conversation must be more painful to myself than to you. If I have committed a fault, you must acknowledge that last night I was severely punished for it."

"Poor woman!" said Villefort, pressing her hand, "too much so for your strength. But I must say to you, madame, that you are not yet at the end of your trials."

"Oh, Lord!" said Madame Danglars, affrighted, "what is there yet?"

"Madame!" said the king's solicitor, approaching Madame Danglars, and speaking in an under tone, M. Monte Cristo never found a child under that tree. You remember that dreadful night. I fell wounded, and thought myself killed. I shall never forget your wonderful courage, when having recovered my senses I dragged myself to the foot of the staircase, and you yourself, although dying, came down to my assistance. It was necessary to be silent upon the subject of this terrible catastrophe, and it was given out that I had received a wound in a duel. During three months I struggled against death; in six I was convalescent.

When I obtained my health again, I remembered that the Corsican who had struck me had also seen me dig the hole and bury the child there. If he should learn that I was not dead, he had the means of further revenge. I could not feel happy till I had satisfied myself whether or not he had examined the contents of the box. I arranged matters so, that one night I could carry on my researches to that effect unobserved, but I dug and dug on in vain."

"The box was not there!" murmured Madame Danglars.

"I could find no traces of it. I dug all round the shrubbery, searched every corner, prolonged my examination till daylight, but it was in vain. When I found that all was really gone, I said to myself, why did this man carry away a dead body?"

"To have proofs of our guilt," observed Madame Danglars.

"Oh, no! madame, one does not keep a dead body a year; it is shown to a magistrate, and the deposition is made. Now nothing of the kind took place."

"Well, then?" inquired Hermine, tremblingly.

"Why then there is something more fearful, more fatal to us. It is that the child was alive, and that the Corsican saved it."

Madame Danglars shrieked aloud, and seizing M. Villefort's hands, "My child was alive!" she exclaimed, "and you buried my child alive, sir! Ah, my child, my poor child!" and she sank back in her chair, burying her face in her handkerchief.

Villefort saw that, to turn aside the maternal storm, he must arouse her apprehensions again, so approaching her quietly,

"You understand, then, that if it is so, we are lost; that child lives, and somebody has our secret; and since Monte Cristo speaks before us of a child disinterred where that child no longer was, it is he who holds our secret."

"God is just! God revenges the child!" murmured Madame Danglars.

"I pretended a criminal inquiry, and set the most experienced police agents on the scent. They ascertained that on the night of the 20th of September a child had been left at the Foundling Hospital. It was wrapped in fine linen, which bore half a coronet and half the letter H."

"That is it! that is it! Thank God, my child was not dead!"

"Six months before that a woman had come with a piece of fine linen, with the other half of the coronet and of the letter H upon it, to claim the child."

"And could you not discover her residence?"

"No, madame. She was tracked as far as Chalons; and beyond that no traces could ever be found."

Madame Danglars had listened to this recital, with a sigh, a tear, and a shriek, for each circumstance.

"I am now about to recommence with more perseverance, more obstinacy than ever. I know what I have to do; before eight days are passed over I must know who this Monte Cristo is who speaks before us of children dug up in his garden. In the mean time, do you beware of him. It was to put you on your guard against that man that I chiefly wished to see you."

Saying this, he gave the baroness his hand, and conducted her respectfully to the door.

Madame Danglars took a different coach to that which had brought her,

and which took her back to the point from whence she started, and where she found her carriage, and the coachman sleeping peacefully on his seat, as he awaited her return.

XVII.—THE INQUIRY.

THE king's solicitor wrote the same day to M. de Boville, who was at the head of the detective force, requesting that he would obtain the necessary information, and M. Boville required two days for the preliminaries of the inquiry. The two days having expired, M. Villefort received the following note :—

"The person who is called M. the Count of Monte Cristo is particularly known to Lord Wilmore, a rich stranger, who is at this moment in Paris; he is also equally well known to the Abbé Busoni, a Sicilian priest, who enjoys a great reputation in the East, where he has done many good works."

M. Villefort ordered that the most prompt and detailed information should be immediately obtained in regard to the two strangers, and the evening of the next day he received the following particulars :—

"The Abbé Busoni lives behind the church of Saint Sulpice, in a little house, of which he is the sole tenant. The abbé lives principally in the drawing-room on the first story. It is in reality less a drawing-room than a library, being full of books of theology and old parchments, among which the abbé sometimes buries himself for months.

"The servant examines visitors through a kind of wicket, and, when they are unknown or unwelcome, he says the abbé is out. But whether the abbé is at home or abroad, his charities never cease, and the servant is always busy serving them through the wicket, in the name of his master.

"As to Lord Wilmore, he resides in Rue Fontaine Saint George. He is one of those English tourists who spend their time and fortune in travel. He hires furnished apartments, where, however, he seldom sleeps."

The day which followed that upon which these precious particulars reached the king's solicitor, a man, who had got out of a coach at the corner of the street, came and knocked at the door with the wicket, and asked for the Abbé Busoni.

"Can I say who wishes to see him?" inquired the valet.

"Yes, give him my card and this sealed paper."

In a few moments, the servant returned, and was prodigal of marks of respect, as he bowed the visitor into the library, where, he said, his master was at his work. On entering the room, the visitor effectively perceived the abbé in an ecclesiastical garb, his head covered by one of those enormous cowls under which the crania of the learned men of the middle ages were accustomed to bury themselves.

"I have the honour of addressing myself to the Abbé Busoni?" said the visitor.

"Yes, sir," answered the abbé, "and you are the person sent to me on the part of the head of the detective force?"

"Precisely so, sir."

"Yourself an agent of the police of the capital, I presume?"

The visiter appeared somewhat embarrassed, and blushed considerably.

"The mission, sir, with which I am charged, is one of trust on the part of he who fulfils it, and of confidence in the person to whom it is addressed."

The abbé bowed.

"Your integrity, M. Abbé, is so well known to the police, that it feels certain of obtaining from you any information which it is important for it to be in possession of."

"Certainly, sir; so long as it does not touch the scruples of my conscience. I am a priest, sir, and the secrets of confession, for example, must remain between myself and the justice of God."

"Your conscience, sir, shall not be impugned. The question concerns simply your knowledge of a person who calls himself the Count of Monte Cristo."

"You mean, I suppose, to speak of M. Zaccane?"

"Zaccane! Is not his name then Monte Cristo?"

"Monte Cristo is a territorial, or rather, in this case, a rocky name, and not a family one."

"Well, since M. Monte Cristo and M. Zaccane is the same person, who is he?"

"The son of a rich shipowner of Malta."

"Yes, that is exactly what is said; but you understand the police cannot content itself with simply what is said."

"Nevertheless," replied the abbé, "if what is generally said, is the truth, the police will be obliged to do like the rest of the world and be contented with that."

"You are certain, then, that such is the case?"

"I have known Zaccane, father and son."

"And this title of Count Monte Cristo?"

"You know that titles are to be bought in Italy as well as everywhere else."

"What character does the count bear?"

"That of being extremely charitable. The Pope conferred several orders of merit on him, for good done to the Christians in the East, and, although he does not wear them, he is proud of them, for he says that he loves better the recompenses granted to the benefactors of humanity than those granted to the destroyers of men."

"Why the man is a Quaker?"

"A Quaker, only wanting the hat and the sober garments."

"Has he any friends?"

"Yes, all who know him."

"Well, but he may still have an enemy."

"One only."

"What is his name?"

"Lord Wilmore."

"Where is he?"

"At Paris at this moment."

"M. l'Abbé, do you think that the Count of Monte Cristo ever came to Paris previous to his actual visit?"

"No, sir, he never was in Paris before."

"Well, sir, I have only one further question to ask you, and I summon you in the name of honour, humanity, and religion, to answer me without equivocation. Do you know for what object M. Monte Cristo bought a house at Auteuil?"

"Yes, he told me. It was to establish there a lunatic asylum after the plan of that founded by the Baron Pisani, at Palermo."

Having made this remark the abbé bowed to the stranger, as if to intimate that he wished to continue his work. The visiter rose, and the abbé conducted him to the door. His carriage conveyed him direct to the house of M. Villefort.

An hour afterwards the carriage issued forth again, and this time was driven to No. 5, Rue Fontaine St. George, where it drew up. It was the residence of Lord Wilmore.

Lord Wilmore was awaiting the arrival of the agent of police, having been written to, to request an interview. He was a man of rather above the middle height, with scanty red whiskers and gray hair. He wore a blue coat with gilt buttons, and a high collar, white waistcoat, and nankeen trousers, which were three inches too short.

"You know, sir," he said to the visiter, as he entered, "that I do not speak French."

"I know, at least, that you do not like to speak our language," replied the visiter.

The interrogations then commenced. They were nearly the same as those which the agent had addressed to the Abbé Busoni. But as Lord Wilmore was an enemy of the Count of Monte Cristo, he was more communicative, and he entered more fully into the details of the count's life, as far as they were known to him. He had, according to his statements, when only ten years of age, entered the service of one of those petty sovereigns in India, who make war against the English; it was there that he, Lord Wilmore, had first met with him, and that they had fought one against the other. Zaccane had been made prisoner and sent to England, from whence he had escaped. He took refuge in Greece, where he served in the revolutionary wars. While he was in the service of the Greeks, he discovered a silver mine in the mountains of Thessaly, and after the battle of Navarino, when the Greek government was consolidated, the privilege of working this mine was granted to him by King Otho. It is thus that he obtained his immense fortune.

"But," asked the visiter, "do you know why he came to Paris?"

"I believe he wishes to speculate in railways; and as he is a skilful chemist, and versed in natural philosophy, he has discovered a new telegraph, which he wishes to bring into practical application."

"Do you know why he purchased a house at Auteuil?"

"Yes; he is a man who will ruin himself in foolish schemes. He pretends that there is at Auteuil, in the neighbourhood of the house which he has purchased, a mineral spring, which is destined to rival the waters of Bagnères de Luchon and of Cauterets. He intends to make a *bad-haus*, as the Germans call it, of his acquisition. He has already had his garden dug up two or three times to find the spring; and as he has not discovered it, you will see that, in a short time, he will buy the adjacent houses and begin digging there. I am delighted at this want of success,

and anxiously watch for the moment when, between his railroads, his electric telegraph, and his baths, he shall be a ruined man."

"But why do you dislike the man so much?"

"Because I have three times fought with him unsuccessfully. The first time with pistols, the second with rapiers, the third with broad-swords."

"And what was the result of these duels?"

"The first time he broke my arm, the second time he ran the weapon through my lungs, and the third he nearly cut my head off." Saying which Lord Wilmore turned down a shirt collar, such as is still worn by some archæologists, and which rose half way up his ears, and showed an enormous cicatrice. "But," he continued, "I shall fight him again. I practise at the target every day, and every other day Grisier comes to me."

It was all that the visiter wished to know, or rather it appeared to be all that the Englishman had to communicate. So the agent rose, and, having made his obeisance to Lord Wilmore, he withdrew.

On his side Lord Wilmore, after hearing the street door closed, entered a closet, where in a few moments he disembarrassed himself of gray hairs, red whiskers, false jaw, and enormous cicatrice, to re-appear in the black hair and pale countenance of the Count of Monte Christo.

It is equally certain, on his own side, that it was the king's solicitor in his own proper person, and no emissary of the detective force, who repaired from that visit to the house of M. Villefort.

SWEDISH ANTHOLOGY.

BY EDWARD KENEALY.

AUTHOR OF "BRALLAGHAN," &c.

No. I.

THE present is, I believe, the first attempt that has been made to bring the English reader acquainted with the beauties of Swedish poetry. Of Scandinavian ballad literature we are for the most at present woefully ignorant. The minstrelsy of almost every other country in Europe and the East has been hymned for us in all its harmony, and we have participated in the emotions as expressed in song, of those who dwell on the banks of the Borysthenes, the Ganges, and the Loire, but we know scarcely any thing of the sweetness of the wild harp strains which have resounded along the shores of the Baltic and the Bothnia. With the exception of the admirable novels of Miss Bremer, and a few books of travels and biographies, I know of no other efforts that have been made by English authors to translate into our literature the many finely marked and spirited productions to which the Swedish mind has given birth. Germany has been ransacked so thoroughly of all its richest treasures of song, that the public has already grown tired of new importations.

French and Italian literature, though deeply imbued with romantic fancy and classical beauty has become a drug in the market, and the specimens of Danish and Russian poetry which have been translated, have met with so cold a reception, that but very few will have the courage to render any more into our golden English language; nor indeed do they seem worthy of so distinguished an honour. A Swedish and Spanish anthology alone seems wanting to make our own readers acquainted with the peculiar cast of thought of *all* the continental writers. When this last shall have been completed, we shall know thoroughly and well all the essential characteristics of foreign poetry; and the more we know of them, the more perfectly shall we be convinced of the pre-eminent excellence in all literature of our English writers, ancient and modern, above those of any other people since the sunset of Greek genius.

The works from which the ballads that form the flowers of this collection have been taken, are, first—*Svenska Folk-Visor fran Forntiden, Samlade och utgifne af* ER. GUST. GEIGER. *och* ARV. AUG. AFZELIUS. *Stockholm. 4 Del. (Musik.)* 1816. [The old Ballads of Sweden, collected and published by ER. GUST. GEIGER, and ARV. AUG. AFZELIUS. 4 volumes.] And second—*Svenska Fornsanger en Samling af Kämpvisor, Folk-Visor, Lekar, och Dansar, Damt Barn-och Vall-Sanger. Utgifne af* ADOLF IWAR ARDWISSON. *Stockholm. 2 Del.* 1837. [Ancient Swedish Ballads, a collection of Champion Ballads, Popular Songs, Sport and Dance Rhymes, Shepherd and Nursery Songs, collected by ADOLF IWAR ARDWISSON. 2 volumes.] These Reliques of Olden Minstrelsy comprise the most choice specimens of ballad literature, and hurry us at once into the bosom of antiquity, when knights and ladies faire were every-day personages, and stories of magical device, and glittering cavalcade and tourney, and many an enchanted feat on land and water, were ordinary occurrences in life, repeated by the gray-haired to the young, in household, epic, and working-day rhyme, and listened to with all the trusting fidelity which Childhood accords to the traditions of Old Age. In their simplicity consists their beauty—in their utter disregard of art or mystery is found their principal attraction. They carry the reader back to the angel-hours of Childhood—he is delighted with their melody and fascinated by their fable. He lives over again the sunny time when he himself firmly believed in the faëry superstitions which he now peruses with perhaps slight incredulity, and listened with fearful wonder and interest to the legendary rhymes as they fell from the lips of his nurse, or parent, or guardian.

The number of ballads contained in the two works whose names I have given is about three hundred, and they embrace almost every subject on which rhyme-romance can be written. We have therein Songs of Love and Woman, True and False Love, Champion Songs, Ghost Legends, Songs of Enchantment, Spells and Wonders, Heathen Ballads, Songs of the Mountain and Wave, Caricature Songs, &c. &c. It is my intention to supply my readers with specimens of each, and in the six following ballads, he will find some of the most graceful reliques of Scandinavian minstrelsy, on various subjects and in varied styles, so that readers of all tastes will find something that will perhaps suit them.

Wer Vieles bringt, wird manchem etwas bringen;
Und jeder geht zufrieden aus dem Haus.*

* Göthe.

The more you give, the greater sure your chance is
To please, by varying scenes, such various fancies.

As I go along I shall take care to select only those which will afford the greatest pleasure in the perusal, rejecting altogether such as may come recommended merely by their antiquarian garb or their singularity of style.

The first of my selections is entitled *De Twa Systrarne*; or, "The Two Sisters," one of the commonest and most wide spread of all Northern Ballads. It is also called "The Cruel Sister and the Wondrous Harp." Variations of this ballad have been found in England, Ireland, Scotland, and even in the Feroe Islands. There is a strange likeness between it and Mr. Thomas Moore's melody entitled, "The Origin of the Harp."

'Tis believed that this Harp which I wake now for thee,
Was a Syren of old who sung under the sea;
And who often at eve through the bright waters roved
To meet on the green shore a youth whom she loved.

But she loved him in vain for he left her to weep,
And in tears all the night her gold tresses to steep;
Till heav'n look'd with pity on true love so warm,
And changed to this soft Harp, the sea-maiden's form.

Still her bosom rose fair, still her cheeks smiled the same,
While her sea-beauties gracefully form'd the light frame,
And her hair as let loose o'er her white arm it fell
Was changed to bright chords utt'ring melody's spell.*

The second begins *Sven Svanevit rider sig den vägen fram*. This is a most popular song in Sweden. There is a similar one in Grimm's Danish *Heldenlieder* (Hero-Songs). Riddles of this kind are very common in ancient northern eddas and poems, and belong properly to a very rude state of society. Diogenes Laertius quotes only one in his entire history—the composition of Cleobolus, the Lindian—so far above the mere trifles of literature were those glorious Greeks. As it is really curious, and but little known, I give it here,

Εἷς ὁ πατήρ παῖδες δὲ δωδεκά· τῶν δὲ ἕκαστῳ
Παῖδες τριήκοντα διάνδικα εἶδος ἔχονσαι.
'Αἱ μὲν λευκαὶ εἶσιν ἰδεῖν· αἱ δὲ αὐτὲ μέλαιναι·
'Αθανάτοι δὲ τε ὄνσαι ἀποφθινύθουσιν ἀπασαι.

One Father hath twelve children, great and small,
They beget thirty daughters unlike all,
Half of them white, half black, immortal made,
And yet we see how every hour they fade.

The third is entitled *Harpan's Kraft*; or, "The Power of the Harp," a ballad of East Gothland, wherein Necken, the Water King, giveth back the Drowned One, for that her Lover playeth the Harp so sweetly. Mermen and Mermaids are prominent figures in the Ballads of the North. Few of them, however, realise the beautiful description of Leyden.

* Macclise's picture illustrative of this melody is one of the most wonderful triumphs which even that greatest of modern painters has achieved.

No form he saw of mortal mould,
 It shone like ocean's snowy foam,
 Her ringlets waved in living gold,
 Her mirror crystal, pearl her comb,
 Her pearly comb the syren took,
 And careless bound her tresses wild,
 Still o'er the mirror hung her look
 As on the wondering youth she smiled.

The lament of the lady for the hardness and roughness of the saddle will appear more natural when we recollect that in those chivalrous days, the fair sex sat *astride* upon their steeds with golden shoes. A Danish princess, who proposed to introduce a carriage into Sweden, was met with an universal outcry against so outrageous an innovation.

Vor jeg i min faders land
 Da fink jeg Karm och Köresvånd ;
 Dertill svarade de Svenske fruer :
 I forer hit oss inge judske seder.*
 Were I in my father's land,
 A car I'd have and driver grand—
 The Swedish ladies answer'd thus,
 "No Jutland manners bring to us."

The fourth is entitled *Ung Hillerström*—a ballad of Upland. The devotion of the lady to the slayer of her six brothers is curious and characteristic. We have no such damsels now-a-days. They flourished only in that Elysian era described by Ariosto in his twentieth canto, first stanza.

Le Donne antique hanno mirabil cose, &c.

The fifth is called *Tofva Lilla*; or, "Little Tofva." In Northern eddas, the word "little" is invariably used to express the most passionate fondness; whatever is most earnestly recommended to the reader is always called *little*.

Parvola, pumilio, χαριτων μιν, tota merum sal.*

This peculiarity frequently occurs in Italian and Irish poetry—as in the lines:—

Ἄ Χαίτην Villiers zo δ-τὺζαῖν δὸ ῥῆλιντε' ἀν ἔην,
 Ἄ βλαῖε ἡα ἡ-βρῆνῆζιολ, ὅ μὺλλὰς Ρορζαῖνε ἂ ἡῖορ ;
 Ἄταῖμ-ῖ ἂν ἡῖορ zo β-ῖαῖρεαδ δὸ βᾶν-ἔνιρ ῖνῖ,
 Ἄ ἡ-ἂῖρεαδ ἐλὺταῖν ἔῖζε ἡα Coille, μαρ ἂ ἡ-ὀλταρ ῖῖον.

Oh, little Kate Villiers, may'st thou bring thy health to the country,
 Thou bloom of fairest women from the summit of Rosgraine up,
 I am in distraction, till I see thy fair smooth complexion,
 In the warm habitation of Woodhouse where wine is drank.

The ease, rapidity, and ingenuousness with which Little Tofva falls in love with Majesty, confesses it, and yields, is characteristic, if not of the confidingness of the female sex in matters of this kind, at least of the proneness of the dear hearts to offer but slight resistance to the power of the invader Cupid. Calderon in his *El Magico Prodigioso* has well described it.

* Syv., ii., 21.

† Lucr., iv., 1155.

No hay sugeto en que no imprima
 El fuego de amor su llama ;
 Pues vive mas donde ama
 El hombre, que donde anima.
 Amor solamente estima
 Cuanto tener vida sabe,
 El tronco, la flor y el ave :
 Luengo es la gloria mayor
 De esta vida—Amor, Amor.

There is no form in which the fire
 Of love its traces has impress'd not,
 Man lies far more in love's desire
 Than by life's breath soon possess'd not.
 If all that lives must love or die,
 All shapes on earth, or sea, or sky,
 With one consent to Heaven cry
 That the glory far above
 All else in life is Love! O Love!

The sixth is named *Herr Carl, eller Klosterofvet*—"Sir Charles; or the Cloister Robbery." This ballad is from West Gothland, and very popular throughout Sweden. The subject is acted in plays by the little children with many variations. The sober German commentators unite in expressing hearty approbation of the concluding prayer of the Cloistered Nuns.

The Two Sisters.

THERE dwelt a king in England old,
Thus a little bird sang to me,
 Of his daughters two a tale is told,
Now blooms the forest with flow'r and tree.
 And the sister said to her sister fair,
Thus a little bird sang to me,
 "To the silver strand let us both repair,"
Now blooms the forest with flow'r and tree.
 The youngest was bright as the month of May,
Thus a little bird sang to me,
 The eldest was dark as a winter's day,
Now blooms the forest with flow'r and tree.
 First walk'd the youngest with waving hair,
Thus a little bird sang to me,
 The eldest follow'd—false heart she bare ;—
Now blooms the forest with flow'r and tree.
 And when on the silver strand they stood,
Thus a little bird sang to me,
 She thrust her sister into the flood,
Now blooms the forest with flow'r and tree.
 But the maiden stretch'd forth her snow-white hand,
Thus a little bird sang to me,
 "Oh! sister, dear sister, oh! help me to land,"
Now blooms the forest with flow'r and tree.
 "And sister! dear sister, oh! help me to land,"
Thus a little bird sang to me,
 "And I will give thee my red gold band,"
Now blooms the forest with flow'r and tree.
 "Oh; mine is the band of the red gold ore,"
Thus a little bird sang to me,
 "But God's green earth thou shalt tread no more,"
Now blooms the forest with flow'r and tree.

"Help me, dear sister! while still I breathe,"

Thus a little bird sang to me,

"And I will give thee my red gold wreath,"

Now blooms the forest with flow'r and tree.

"Oh! mine is thy wreath of the red gold ore,"

Thus a little bird sang to me,

"But God's green earth thou shalt tread no more,"

Now blooms the forest with flow'r and tree.

"Once again, help me! sister mine,"

Thus a little bird sang to me,

"And my bridegroom to thee will I straight resign,"

Now blooms the forest with flow'r and tree.

"I will not help thee to land," she cried,

Thus a little bird sang to me,

"And I'll be thy bridegroom's blooming bride."

Now blooms the forest with flow'r and tree.

The fishermen row'd in the dark midnight,

Thus a little bird sang to me,

To the watery grave of this maiden bright,

Now blooms the forest with flow'r and tree.

Her snowy corpse they drew to land,

Thus a little bird sang to me,

And they laid it gently on the strand,

Now blooms the forest with flow'r and tree.

A harper along the way who stray'd,

Thus a little bird sang to me,

Of the maiden's body a wild harp made,

Now blooms the forest with flow'r and tree.

And he took the maiden's breast so white,

Thus a little bird sang to me,

That the sound should fill all with strange delight,

Now blooms the forest with flow'r and tree.

Her fingers small that like lilies shine,

Thus a little bird sang to me.

The harper made into pegs so fine,

Now blooms the forest with flow'r and tree.

And her hair that was curl'd in star-bright rings,

Thus a little bird sang to me,

The harper bound in his harp for strings,

Now blooms the forest with flow'r and tree.

In his arms he lifted the instrument,

Thus a little bird sang to me,

And into the hall of the wedding he went,

Now blooms the forest with flow'r and tree.

The harp sent its music far and wide,

Thus a little bird sang to me,

And hear what the harp says, thou young bride,

Now blooms the forest with flow'r and tree.

At the first stroke of the minstrel's hand,

Thus a little bird sang to me,

"The bride she wears my red gold band,"

Now blooms the forest with flow'r and tree.

The next was a tone of death-like gloom,

Thus a little bird sang to me,

"The bridegroom is my dear bridegroom,"

Now blooms the forest with flow'r and tree.

At the third stroke the sad strings cried,
Thus a little bird sang to me,
 "My sister push'd me into the tide,"
Now blooms the forest with flow'r and tree.

On Sunday the gold-crown'd bride was gay,
Thus a little bird sang to me,
 She was roasted to death on the following day,
Now blooms the forest with flower and tree.

Svan Svanehvít.

SVEN SVANEHVIT journeys as far as he can,
 And see, there meets him a Wandering Man,
 "O Wanderer, wanderer, hear what I say,
 Unriddle the riddle I'll give thee to-day."

"For thee or thy riddle I care not a word,
 The monarch of Iceland I slew with this sword"—
 "If the monarch of Iceland you brought to death-pain,
 Then know 'twas my father thy right-hand hath slain."

Sven Svanehvít pluck'd his black sword from its sheath,
 One blow—and the Stranger fell lifeless beneath;
 Sven Svanehvít cut up his carcass as small
 As the leaves of the linden in autumn that fall.

Sven Svanehvít journeys as far as he can,
 And he meets another Wandering Man,
 "O Wanderer, wanderer, hear what I say,
 Unriddle the riddle I give thee to-day."

"Look well at this ring, and say *what* is more round,
 What beasts of more worth than all others are found?
 And tell me where lieth the house of the sun?
 And where lie the feet of the dead and gone?"

"Who builds the bridge most wide of the wide?
 And where swim fastest the fish in the tide?
 The name of the place with the broadest road?
 And where lives the man most abhorr'd of God?"

"And what is more black than the blackest coal?
 And what is more swift beneath the pole,
 Than the wing of a lark? Than the swan more white?
 And what 'tis out-tops the eagle's flight?"

"Yes—the Sun than thy ring is far more round;
 The Beasts in Heaven are worthiest found;
 In the West is the house of the glorious sun;
 To the East lie the feet of the dead and gone."

"The Ice builds the bridge most wide of the wide;
 Thereunder swim fastest the fish in the tide;
 And Hell is the place with the broadest road;
 And *there* lives the man most abhorr'd of God."

"And Sin is more black than the blackest coal;
 And more swift than the wing of the lark is the Soul;
 The Angels than swans are far more white;
 And the Thunder out-tops the eagle's flight."

Three days they drank of the Bacchic store,
 "Since thou know'st all this, thou know'st much more."
 Sven Svanehvít scarcely able to stand,
 Put his golden ring on the Wanderer's hand.

The Power of the Harp.

A BALLAD OF EAST GOTHLAND.

It was a young lover who skilfully play'd,
 In the window above sate the fair weeping maid.
 Oh! why dost thou weep, fair lady?
 Sweet-heart, why sorrowest thou?

Art sad for the saddle? art sad for the steed?
 Art sad that my love to thy fond ear I plead?
 Oh! why dost, &c.

I grieve not for saddle, I grieve not for steed,
 Nor grieve that your love to my fond ear you plead.
 Oh! why dost, &c.

Art sad for the saddle of rugged bull's hide?
 Art sad that the journey is distant and wide?
 Oh! why dost, &c.

I grieve not for hardness of rugged bull's-hide,
 Nor weep for the journey is distant and wide.
 Oh! why dost, &c.

Art sad for thy father, or mother so old?
 Or thy brother, or sister with locks of pale gold?
 Oh! why dost, &c.

I weep not for father, or mother so old,
 Or for brother, or sister with locks of pale gold.
 Oh! why dost, &c.

I am sad that those tresses of sunlight must flow,
 And be toss'd in the stream of the cold Varnamoe.
 Oh! why dost, &c.

When I was an infant, a prophetess said,
 That I should be drown'd on the day I should wed.
 Oh! why dost, &c.

I will build thee a bridge, mighty, massive, and great,
 Though it cost every mark of thy husband's estate.
 Oh! why dost, &c.

Twelve knights for thy vanguard before thee shall ride,
 Twelve knights in the rear, and twelve knights on each side.
 Oh! why dost, &c.

They mounted the bridge in their gallant array,
 But the golden-shod little steed fell on the way.
 Oh! why dost, &c.

The golden-shod little steed fell, and the bride
 Scream'd loud as she fell in the dark rushing tide.
 Oh! why dost, &c.

Then quick to his page spoke the bridegroom so bold,
 "Bring speedily hither my loved harp of gold."
 Oh! why dost, &c.

The harp it was brought, and the first note it gave,
 The Necken rose laughing on Varnamoe's wave.
 Oh! why dost, &c.

He struck it again, but so sad was its strain
 The Necken rose weeping and wailing in pain.
 Oh! why dost, &c.

"Oh! hearken, young bridegroom, oh! hearken to me,
I'll give thee thy bride for thy sad melody."

Oh! why dost, &c.

"Shalt have her again, blushing beauteously red,
Shalt have her again, for thy bride is not dead."

Oh! why dost, &c.

Young Hillerström.

Oh! come down quick from the saddle and steed,
No noise let your spurs of red gold make,
And over the bridge young Hillerström speed!
And let not the saddle-girth break.

In summer time.

And when to the Garden of Roses he came,
Where often and often had wander'd he,
The maiden's six brothers found Hillerström,
And he must their prisoner be.

In summer time.

"Good day, good day, young Hillerström,
And where so early hast thou been?"
"From the wild forest where I hunted the game,
I have come to this garden green."

In summer time.

"Where is thy falcon, and where is thy hound?
And where thy game as thou dost pretend?"—
"As sure as I stand on this green ground,
I have given them to a friend."

In summer time.

Hillerström draws out his gilded sword,
That shone in the morning sun so red,
And he smote the brothers down on the sward,
The six lay cold and dead.

In summer time.

Hillerström mounts his steed of gray,
And fleet and fleet as the archer's dart,
To his ladye's palace he rides away,
"How fares it with thee, sweet-heart?"

In summer time.

"Hear what I tell to thee, ladye bright,
Lament not thou, nor sadly weep,
Thy brothers six I have slain in fight,
They lie in their mortal sleep."

In summer time.

"My brothers six if thy hand hath slain,
And if they lie in their mortal sleep,
Sweet love, for *thy sake*, shall I never complain,
Lament nor sadly weep."

In summer time.

Little Tofva.

TOFVA in the king's court, she was a little maid,
Oh! little Tofva! were I half so fair,
A year and fifteen weeks little Tofva there had stay'd,
And Tofva was the King's love, and she was all his care.

Thus to his servants three spake the beautiful young king,

Oh ! little Tofva ! were I half so fair,

"Tell Tofva that I want her, and hither Tofva bring,"

For Tofva was the king's love, and she was all his care.

Little Tofva cast around her a mantle white as snow,

Oh ! little Tofva ! were I half so fair !

And to the handsome young king, made ready quick to go,

For Tofva was the king's love, and she was all his care.

And through the spacious halls little loving Tofva flies,

Oh ! little Tofva ! were I half so fair !

And the young king received her, and joy lit up his eyes,

For Tofva was the king's love, and she was all his care.

And he tapp'd her on the rosy cheek, and thus pray'd he,

Oh ! little Tofva ! were I half so fair,

"Christ grant, little Tofva, that my dearest love thou be,"

For Tofva was the king's love, and she was all his care.

"And, O my gracious king, oh, speak not to me so."

Oh ! little Tofva ! were I half so fair !

"For the queen watches privily, and threatens many a woe,"

For Tofva was the king's love, and she was all his care.

"Let her hear what she may hear from sycophant and slave,"

Oh ! little Tofva ! were I half so fair !

"Christ grant that she were dead and lying in her grave,"

For Tofva was the king's love, and she was all his care.

Thus spake the queen unto her servants three,

Oh ! little Tofva ! were I half so fair !

"Tell little wanton Tofva that she must come to me."

For Tofva was the king's love, and she was all his care.

Little Tofva cast around her a mantle white as snow,

Oh ! little Tofva ! were I half so fair !

And to the angry mad queen made ready quick to go,

For Tofva was the king's love, and she was all his care.

And through the women's chambers the little trembler hies,

Oh ! little Tofva ! were I half so fair !

And the queen frown'd upon her, and rage lit up her eyes,

For Tofva was the king's love, and she was all his care.

And she struck her on the rosy cheek that glitter'd like the May,

Oh ! little Tofva ! were I half so fair !

"Unto my dear king what hast thou had to say?"

For Tofva was the king's love, and she was all his care.

"One of the court pages would seek my love to win,"

Oh ! little Tofva ! were I half so fair !

"And to ask the king's orders, O, queen, I ventured in,"

For Tofva was the king's love, and she was all his care.

"Thou liest, little Tofva, thou hast spoken false through fear,"

Oh ! little Tofva ! were I half so fair !

"Thou wishest I were dead, and lying on my bier,"

For Tofva was the king's love, and she was all his care.

Thus spake the queen unto her servants three,

Oh ! little Tofva ! were I half so fair !

"A good pile of dry wood gather quick for me,"

For Tofva was the king's love, and she was all his care.

"But oak-tree or aspen-tree I would not have thee fell,"

Oh! little Tofva! were I half so fair!

"But willow-rods that kindle rapidly and well,"

For Tofva was the king's love, and she was all his care.

To the king runs a little boy with fear and horror scar'd,

Oh! little Tofva! were I half so fair!

"Oh! what a strong fire thy good queen has prepar'd,"

For Tofva was the king's love, and she was all his care.

"I have seen the queen's servants build up a mighty pyre,"

Oh! little Tofva! were I half so fair!

"She will burn little Tofva, so she swears, in the fire,"

For Tofva was the king's love, and she was all his care.

Then they lifted little Tofva all on a steed of pride,

Oh! little Tofva! were I half so fair!

And the valiant monarch rode exulting by her side,

For Tofva was the king's love, and she was all his care.

With sad heart to the south little Tofva rides along,

Oh! little Tofva! were I half so fair!

O gracious Heaven! guard me from such a bridal song!

For Tofva was the king's love, and she was all his care.

Little Tofva rides along to the broad sea's strand,

Oh! little Tofva! were I half so fair!

Where all the little ships sail swiftly to the land,

For Tofva was the king's love, and she was all his care.

And in the king's bosom doth little Tofva sleep,

Oh! little Tofva! were I half so fair!

Till they reach the third king's land, having passed the mighty deep,

For Tofva was the king's love, and she was all his care.

Sir Carl; or, the Cloister Robbery.

SIR CARL he goes to his mother in,

"Advise me, mother, I pray;

How shall I the fair young maiden win,

From the cloister with me away?"

For Sir Carl he sleeps alone.

"Oh! lay thee as sick; oh! lay thee as dead,

Oh! lay thee on the bier;

Thus shalt thou the fair young maiden wed

Withouten danger or fear.

For Sir Carl he sleeps alone.

The little boys came to the cloister old,

Cloth'd in their robes of blue;

"Sir Carl he lies in his coffin cold,

To his false fair mistress true."

For Sir Carl he sleeps alone.

The little boys came to the cloister old,

Cloth'd in their robes of red,

"From thy chamber, Nun, step forth and behold

Sir Carl lie stiff and dead."

For Sir Carl he sleeps alone.

The little boys came to the cloister old,
 Cloth'd in their robes of white,
 "From thy chamber, Nun, descend and behold
 The corpse of thine own true knight."

For Sir Carl he sleeps alone.

To the Ladye-abbess the nun went in,
 "Advise me, mother, I pray ;
 And oh ! he is dead—Sir Carl is dead,
 May I visit his death-cold clay ?"

For Sir Carl he sleeps alone.

"I will not say thee, yes, or no—
 But if in the hour of eve,
 To the chamber of the dead thou go,
 I fear thou'lt sorely grieve."

For Sir Carl he sleeps alone.

The maiden goes through the chamber-door,
 As the glorious sunshine bright ;
 Sir Carl he lay as dead on the floor,
 But his false heart laugh'd with delight.

For Sir Carl he sleeps alone.

And the maiden went to his head and sigh'd,
 Seeing his tresses gay ;
 "Ah me ! that my true love never had died,
 But were mine for ever and aye."

For Sir Carl he sleeps alone.

And the maiden went to his feet of snow,
 And lifted the sheet so fine ;
 "Oh ! would thou wert quick, and for evermore
 True love, fond love of mine."

For Sir Carl he sleeps alone.

And the maid went thence to the chamber-door
 "My sisters dear, good night ;"
 Sir Carl sprang up from the marble floor,
 And caught the maiden bright.

For Sir Carl he sleeps alone.

"Away—away with the death-like bier,
 Bring mead, and madder, and wine ;
 To-morrow I'll make thee my spouse so dear,
 To-morrow thou shalt be mine."

For Sir Carl he sleeps alone.

The fair young nuns of the cloister old,
 As they read in the holy book ;
 Believe 'twas an angel bright and bold,
 That forth their sister took.

For Sir Carl he sleeps alone.

And each young nun of the cloister old,
 Prays all the long night through ;
 "Oh ! would that some angel bright and bold,
 Would come and take me too."

For Sir Carl he sleeps alone.

MRS. FRY IN NEWGATE ;

OR,

FEMALE DELINQUENCY.

LET not our fair readers take alarm, or pet, at the title of this paper ; we would not for the attainment of the world's rule vainly or irreverently scan the frailties of that sex whose presence converts a hovel into a palace, —a sterile promontory into a paradise, and makes even bondage freedom. Yes, we have written the word frailties, and it must stand ; but, most gentle ones, it is not numerous as literary savages are said to be, among the things possible that we should intrude into those walks of life where the radiant halo of woman's presence imparts a touch of delicacy, and spreads a charm to all the movements of life.

It is our intention to speak only of those who may be denominated fallen angels—of those only who awaken us to the consciousness that the perfectability of woman is not yet quite accomplished, and it is with fear and timidity that we ventured to look into the defects of even those who have perhaps wisely been permitted to err, that man might not fall into the delusion of woman's divinity.

The aberrations we record are not intended to tarnish the lustre the female character sheds on society, for even in haunts of misery and vice, women display their peculiar characteristics, and are ever found more trustful and sincere, and not unfrequently more heroic under difficulties than men.

The French revolution first made the world sensible of these facts, because then it was that the instances of heroism and strength of affection were too numerous to pass unnoticed ; not that any age has been barren of examples of female greatness of soul, or of proofs of the sacrifices the sex is ever ready to make in their devotedness to those who are fortunate enough to obtain their affections.

Should it be said, viewing the female character in connexion with crime, that numbers of highwaymen and other offenders have been betrayed by them, we answer that in admitting such instances have occurred, we deny in all the cases the existence of any affection, or even friendship, on the part of the female. Deceived and betrayed in early life, and the freshness of their hearts desolated by man, it was but a just retribution that those who inflicted the wrong should suffer the consequences attendant on depravity of principle.

But the moral character of female delinquents has undergone a change within the last few years ; a change that might have been effected much earlier had our starched and formal female ancestry done their duty. It was well known in the age just passed away, that females were stripped to the waist, and their naked flesh exposed behind a cart to the public gaze for laceration, yet this barbarous and shockingly demoralising practice continued without the members of their own sex raising their all-powerful voice against it.

The influence of the female character on society could scarcely at that

period have been appreciated, or British ladies would not have tamely submitted to such a vile degradation of their sex.

The practice, too, in those days, of totally neglecting to educate the poorer class of females, or providing any means for reformation when one error had been committed, together with the custom of the sex to turn their backs on a fallen sister of the flesh, cannot but tarnish the memory of the past.

To speak to one fallen from the high estate of virtue, was to palliate or extenuate the offence, if not to share the odium of the sin. It was deemed disgraceful on the part of their own sex to interfere for the purpose of softening the severity of the treatment of an erring one, or to suggest the practicability of a reclamation to society. None of their own sex were found hardy enough to think of visiting a prison for the purpose of offering female offenders advice, till a quaker lady cast a pitying eye on scenes that would have disgraced savages in the lowest state of intellectuality.

To close and bar up every avenue of society against one of its erring members, is not only cruel and un-christianlike, but is the acmé of folly and impolicy. Conventional exclusion for peccadilloes levels all distinctions of error, sin, or crime, and does more to demoralise society than the commission of the offences themselves. The good that one lady has effected in the lowest scenes of depravity should encourage others to enter the same field of action. It needs but a little moral courage on the part of influential ladies, to redeem the world from the baneful effects of that uncharitable and anti-christian spirit, that now rends and tears our social system.

For fathers, the conduct of the Vicar of Wakefield is worthy of imitation, and for mothers we need only mention Mrs. Fry, a lady whose name will be handed down to posterity among the distinguished philanthropists of the age.

Mrs. Fry, possessing a high sense of Christian duty, and the honour of her sex, at the first sight she had of the manner in which female prisoners were treated in our metropolitan gaols, was penetrated with disgust, and at once resolved to attempt an amelioration of their condition. She undertook the work single-handed, having to encounter mighty prejudices and rooted repugnancy, and to overthrow errors in a system which had been the growth of centuries; errors which the ablest and most powerful of orators had employed the thunder of their eloquence ineffectually in the senate-house to remove.

But Mrs. Fry began her work in Christian meekness, backed by a judgment that assured her she was engaged in a just and a holy cause. Being told that a very protracted life would barely be sufficient to effect a trifling portion of the reform she contemplated, she replied, "Then the sooner I commence the better, that I may act the part of a pioneer to those who may follow in my steps."

On her first visit to Newgate she found upwards of one hundred women and girls confined together in one compartment of the prison. Old offenders, long used to vicious courses, associated with young girls of ten years of age and upwards, besides thirty children. Human language fails in any attempt to describe the scene of wretchedness and filth there presented to the eye. Old and young, tried and untried, the condemned to death,

and those for transportation, together with others sentenced to various punishments, many with children, all huddled into the same ward, to sleep on the ground. The scene was the same as if a hundred and forty insane persons (morally mad they were) had been shut up together for the experiment of ascertaining how much mischief such beings could inflict on each other. Or as if the prison authorities were experimentalising as to the low state of depravity to which they could sink the sex that watched over their helplessness in childhood, cheered their path through life, and are ever ready to soothe their passage out of it.

The state of Newgate may be imagined from the evidence of the Reverend Mr. Forde, the ordinary, who stated to a committee of the House of Commons, thirty years ago, that he had filled the office of chaplain to the prison sixteen years, and yet had never entered the male or female wards for the purpose of giving advice, or exercising any control over the conduct of prisoners.

All the gaols of England were then in a similar condition as to discipline, and yet the question was constantly asked, "What was the cause of the increase of crime?" Those who managed these affairs accumulated all the ills ever accompanying crime and vice, converted the prisons into Normal schools for educating teachers in the science of robbery, and the contamination of the mind, and then wondered at the increase of crime!

The knowledge of the state of our prisons formerly was in itself a sufficient announcement to the world, of the danger there was in giving countenance to any who had once undergone the process of their pollution. Parents deemed their sons and daughters morally defunct, when once enclosed between the walls of a metropolitan prison, and a person who might chance to be sent there falsely charged, and appealed to a friend for assistance, might as well have dated his letter from the dark regions below as from Newgate. All were proscribed and left hope behind that entered there, especially females.

Some of the first fruits of Mrs. Fry's labours were the appointment of a matron, and the establishment of rules for the orderly regulation of the conduct of those confined: an extension of prison comforts, that habits of cleanliness might be promoted; the introduction of needle-work, by which employment might be obtained, and the profits of industry be practically demonstrated; the establishment of plans for mutual instruction; and a school for the children that were admitted into the prison with their mothers. Having effected, through extraordinary perseverance, a total change in the external conduct of those for whom she interested herself, she turned her thoughts towards extending the range of her usefulness beyond the walls of a prison.

Formerly, female convicts having, as they indeed generally have now, many months to remain in prison before a ship is fitted out for their reception, were not only allowed, but had no alternative than to spend their time in idleness, and in discussing the habits of their former life. Their minds, instead of receiving any improvement after sentence, were positively injured; and in that state, without any regard to personal comforts, such as cannot, consistent with decency, be dispensed with, they were crowded into a ship, ultimately to be landed in another country in a moral condition that disgraced us as a nation.

Under the improved system, they are encouraged, and taught to spend their time, previously to taking the voyage, in earning personal comforts,

and in acquiring such new habits as may qualify them to fill comfortable domestic situations in life.

Such has been the improvement in these matters that now numbers go out with letters of recommendation from individuals who take an interest in furthering the plans that have been adopted, and the number of letters that have been addressed to Mrs. Fry and her auxiliaries, from individuals in the colony, in confirmation of the benefits derived from her exertions, is gratifying in the highest degree.

The little success with which the first efforts were attended shows what perseverance in a righteous cause will effect.

Female delinquents, heretofore, all lost their self-respect in prison; now, those who have lost it out of prison, are taught to recover it when they go in.

Mrs. Fry has established the truth of a great moral principle; namely, that human beings, however debased by immoral habits and associations, are all capable of moral as well as spiritual redemption. This truth might be most strikingly exemplified would our pages admit of describing former scenes in Newgate, to exhibit the low state of debasement in which female prisoners were found, and the change that subsequently took place. We cannot, however, describe scenes which partake wholly of debasement, but as many of the characters that have been found there were interesting in themselves, and others marked with strong features of virtue, more or less mixed up with guilt, a notice of a few may not be unacceptable to our readers.

A few previous remarks, however, must be granted us on the female character generally, in connexion with crime, as contra-distinguished from that of man. The former, it is known, is more susceptible in every stage of life of rapid improvement, and when brought from a low grade of society to a higher one generally fills the station with more ease than males under similar circumstances.

With females, new habits are easier acquired, and old ones easier parted with than in the opposite sex; the quickness of the one, and the slowness of the other, are traceable even in the commission of crimes. When women embark in a cause they generally throw their whole heart into it, and are not easily stayed by trifles—when they are among the bad it is said they are wholly bad; but here mere natural ardour, that displays itself when engaged in performing deeds of virtue, is mistaken for natural depravity.

Men as criminals are more wholly bad than females, and immeasurably less reclaimable: among the former, beings are found without one redeeming trait of virtue, or consideration through life for any one but self, which can scarcely ever be said of any female, whatever may have been her crimes—generally there are virtues of the heart always discoverable, or the exceptions to the rule are very rare.

With this view of the subject before us, we deem it proper to place even the conduct and characters of criminals before the world in a just light. It has hitherto been too much the practice, on the conviction of prisoners, generally to look at them as less than human beings, and incapable of ever possessing a sense of their own guiltiness, or ever again becoming morally sane persons. There is, however, no principle in nature of which we may be more sure than that as none are irreclaimable from sin, so none are irreclaimable from crime; the only question for

society to determine is, how far it may be safe to experimentalise on this truth.

Hitherto, nothing but the thunders of the law, and the denunciations of the rulers of the country have been hurled against offenders, and that, too, without any regard to the education of either males or females. We do not here use the word education in the sense it is usually employed, it is education of habit and environment of scenes to which we allude—the associations of the mind from infancy to adolescence, which prepare it for a good or an evil career of life, unless, like the sources of streams, some effort or extraordinary event turn them into another channel.

It may be a question whether we have any right to punish those who were born in the midst of crime, and never had an opportunity of emancipating themselves? This right becomes more doubtful when we find persons, so born and educated, availing themselves of the first chance offered them to escape from crime. The following is a striking instance, out of many others which might be adduced, that the ground for culture is not all barren.

A girl, not more than fifteen years of age, was committed to Newgate as an accomplice in the crime of picking a pocket in the street. She was of the very lowest appearance and order of beings, ragged and filthy in person, and so reckless and daring in manner, as even to call forth the reproaches of her fellow-prisoners. The commitment of this girl, happened about the period when the lady whose name we have mentioned above, and others, under the designation of the "Ladies' Association," first commenced their labours, but the apparent incorrigibility of the girl in question did not deter them from using their efforts to bring her to a sense of shame. To all remonstrances, her answers were not only daring and hardened, but grossly immodest, till at length, after several weeks had passed, she was listening one day with more calmness than she was wont, to the conversation of a lady, and suddenly began to shed tears. It was evident that a chord had been touched, and that a current of new feelings had set in upon the mind; she was now treated with the greatest kindness, and even tenderness, by her instructors, that is to say, in a manner which can only be effective, and is only to be appreciated by those who have had some experience, and have thrown the whole of their minds into the subject.

After she had first shed tears, one of her fellow-prisoners, addressing her, inquired "What was the matter?" to which she replied, "I am wretched, and wish to be left to myself, I want to think," at the same time making an effort to adjust her ragged garments. But the success of mild and kind treatment in reaching the human heart in this particular case, among numerous others, will be best conveyed to the reader by the girl's sketch of her own life, which was given three years subsequently before a local committee that had met to inquire into the condition of the lower classes of the parish.

It may be necessary to state, the girl in question was found guilty, that the judgment was respited, and that in consequence of her altered conduct and demeanour during her stay in Newgate, a period of twelve weeks, a benevolent lady was induced to receive her into her house as a servant, previously to which, she had made most rapid progress in learning to read and write.

"The condition of the people in the neighbourhood to which you refer," she said, addressing those in whose presence she was, "may be seen every day; but their sufferings, and the effects of that condition on the minds and habits of those who live in it, can only be known to one like myself that has been brought up in it. My first remembrance is of a cellar, which is yet to be seen; it is situated in a dirty court, the sky above which is scarcely ever visible for ragged linen hanging out to dry across it, from the first to the third story. The entrance to the cellar was from the court, by four or five wooden steps, down which, the water in wet weather, dripped on to the floor of the place, which was always so dark, that the further end of it could not be seen in the daytime. I had a mother and two brothers, both older than myself, and we generally had from one to three lodgers to sleep in the cellar; such houses as we lived in, having most frequently from fifty to sixty inhabitants in them. My father I never knew, or heard him spoken of; my mother washed for the lodgers, and sold herrings and other sort of things in the streets. The court and the immediate neighbourhood was crowded with children, boys and girls of all ages playing and fighting together every day from morning till night; all as I was, ragged, dirty, shoeless, and bareheaded. In the society of these I began my earliest recollections of life, spending every waking hour with them, except, when as I grew old enough, my mother or brothers wanted me to fetch and carry, any neglect in the performance of which was always followed with blows. To this I was so accustomed that I never cried, or if I did, the tears were of another kind from those I shed, when my heart was first made to feel that I was a human being.

"How we lived then it is impossible for me to explain; it was, however, as may be imagined, miserable enough. I remember, when very young, frequently sitting in the paved court, in cold and wet winter's nights, in company with my brothers and other boys, all crouched together for warmth, and that, for hours after dark, waiting for my mother to bring us food, and also, in the end, often going down to rest without any thing to eat, after fasting the whole day. Too frequently my mother came home intoxicated, but on those occasions she always brought us food; she worked hard, and there were excuses for her."

Yes! there are palliations for the poor and wretched, of a stronger nature than the world in general will admit. Behold a wretchedly-attired woman, early on a cold and rainy morning, leaving a miserable home with three children unprovided with a breakfast, yet she has no alternative but to sally forth and walk the streets all day, in the hope of saving them from starvation. Contemplate her mind, weighed down with disappointments during the day, and in the last state of despair at not having met with success in vending her ware, which cost her the last shilling, and to preserve which, she was compelled to deprive her children of food. See her with a chilled and wearied frame, fatigued to the last stage of weakness, and distress of mind, sinking under her burden, the blood all but stagnant, from the wet clothes that have clung to her body all day—a stimulant only can save her, and a cheap and ready one is at hand, her very love and duty to her children demand that she should take it to support herself and reach home. In a particular case it may be said the dram might be pardoned; the answer is, that in reference to the poor, the above case is that of thousands, recurring to the same indivi-

dual several times in one week, till that which was but a necessity is formed into a habit, like the use of tobacco or opium, not easily to be overcome. The girl continued:

"I have hitherto spoken of my earliest recollections. When about seven years of age, and my elder brother then about ten, I began to depend more on him than my mother for food, as he frequently brought home large pieces of meat, ham and bacon, together with pockets full of eggs and fruit. It was not many months before my youngest brother contributed to our improved mode of living. I had not, however, then, the slightest notion that dishonest means had been used to obtain it, nor was it likely that I should inquire about it; generally, the boys that lived in the court, when they brought any thing home, said they had found it.

"After a time, both my brothers were taken to prison, the talk of which slowly brought to my mind a knowledge of what was theft; but then I heard it extolled as being meritorious, and those who most practised it were spoken of in the highest terms. The spot in which I was brought up was situated in the midst of a dense neighbourhood, all poor people, and I had then never seen any other description of persons. Like them, I was ignorant, rude, vulgar, and ragged; I was in a stream, down which, even when I grew older, I had no choice but to be carried. When any of my companions were taken up, I heard an outcry against those who were the cause of it, and naturally warmed in their cause. If I could define feelings so long passed away, the impression on my mind, and all those about me was, that one class and those that were robbed, were like two countries in a state of warfare, what one could take from the other was lawful, unless the one was too strong for the other. I never saw or spoke to an individual who attempted to explain the meaning of right or wrong, till I got into prison, nor had I seen a book. At this moment, in London alone, there are thousands of children so being brought up, all of whom have no choice, as far as education or bringing up goes, but to become thieves. Their emancipation from the slavery of sin, is always little short of a miracle.

"As I advanced towards ten years of age, I began to feel a desire to see more of the world, and occasionally wandered out of my dirty warren to take a sly peep at the people who walked through the great thoroughfares of the metropolis, and this first brought me acquainted with Sunday. I soon noticed that the people's clothes were finer, and that they went into a large stone building, which, on inquiry, I was told was a church. For some time afterwards I thought it was some place of entertainment, and longed to go in and see the performance, and when undeceived by some of my associates I could not comprehend the object the people had in dressing themselves so fine to go there. To all my inquiries I was told 'that it was to hear the parson,' and beyond that, in the very heart of London, there was nobody about me that was competent to give me a better explanation, at least none to whom I could have access, or cared for me.

"At length my mother died, an event that gave a sudden turn to my course of life. I was then about twelve, and had latterly been much confined to the cellar, helping her to wash and iron, of which she took more to do, as I could assist her.

"As soon as the people from the workhouse took the body of my mother

away to bury her, my brothers, who happened to be out of gaol at the time, said, 'Come, Nancee, it's no use our staying here, come along, you must go to work now.' That same night, I went with them to a lodging-house.

"These recollections, and the thoughts that such scenes in this metropolis are still common, distresses me more than I can convey by words.

"The poor girls, like me, are plunged into vice before they know what is the meaning of virtue, or any of the pleasures of life to be derived from its exercise. To those who have been brought up in a different way this may appear impossible, but, nevertheless, it is so, and is most shocking to think of, in a place like London, where there are so many kind people.

"All the boys, and most of the girls, that slept at the lodging-house, lived by stealing, and their principal conversation was of the adventures of the previous day. My brothers having money, the following morning I was taken to Monmouth-street, and furnished with an old bonnet and some shoes, being told that I must go to work like them; meaning, that I must assist them in committing robberies. The same evening I was placed at a shop-window, to watch, and give alarm, if any one came from the back-parlour, while one of my brothers crept on his hands and knees round the counter and robbed the till, in which he succeeded.

"Before my God, and this committee, I now declare, that although I knew I was liable to be taken up and punished, and that I was breaking a law, yet I was not at that time conscious, in any moral sense, of doing wrong; such was my bringing up, and that of those with whom I associated. We all thought, that every thing we could lay our hands on was fairly our own, and, as we had no other way of living, regularly followed stealing as a trade; a dangerous one, it is true, but there was no escaping from it. In the end, both my brothers, after undergoing various kinds of punishment, were transported; I was frequently in prison before their career was cut short; and after their departure I found other associates with whom I continued the same course, until taken to Newgate the last time, and by the Ladies' Association was brought to a sense of shame, took a view of myself, as compared to others in society, and through their kindness was provided with a situation. That was the only chance I ever had in my life of becoming honest, and I have now to thank God that I took advantage of the opportunity, as well as for His continuing me in the right path.

"My only concern now is, for those unhappy beings who began, and those who are beginning, their lives, as I did mine—those who, if justice be carried out, must in no way be blamed for their conduct, any more than your sons and daughters are to be blamed for the manner in which you have brought them up. However severely the law may be visited on them, they are not in fault; they have seen no other life, and consequently know no other, and if by a miracle any should feel that they have been started on a wrong course, how are they to remove themselves from the scenes of their youth? What refuge have they to which they may fly? Who will receive them, unprepared as they are, to fill situations in the respectable walks of life?

"All who reflect on their condition will give them their pity and prayers; but more is wanted, and is demanded from the Christian. It is not for me to complain, much pains have been bestowed on me, and

perhaps I ought not to obtrude my opinion, especially as the work of education of the poor has begun ; but while the class of which I speak occupy one large district of the town, herd together, and burrow, as it were, under ground, living apart from the rest of society, the idle and the dissolute will always resort there, and breed up an entire and distinct class of persons whose calling will be of a dishonest character. If the neighbourhood in which I was born were broken up, and the children who are to be educated according to the new system had not such an extended field of evil example and corruption to range over, their instruction might be useful. As it is, what they learn at school of the decencies of life appear to them but a mockery while they are surrounded by scenes of wretchedness and filth. In a densely populated, poor neighbourhood, those who should only affect to regard common decency of manners would be laughed at, and scoffed by the most vulgar attacks of the mob that surrounded them. I have given but a slight sketch of my early course of life, more would not now become me, but if I were to return to the same scenes, which God forbid, nothing could preserve me from their pollution, therefore do have pity, and treat my fellow-creatures with some kind of forbearance when they are found breaking the law."

The hint thrown out by this poor girl is worth something, there should be no *terra incognita* to the majority of the inhabitants in a large city. The most effectual way to improve the morals and the health—and we are not sure, but to a very considerable extent that the former depends upon the latter—is to construct leading streets through such neighbourhoods as St. Giles's. Let the light be thrown in upon its inhabitants, and the great world of society be exposed to their children, and they to the world ; let them have a view of the *bienséances* of life, and be excited with a desire to enjoy them.

It is worthy of notice, that in surveying such localities, their margins nearest the main streets are the most free from a polluted appearance, gradually blackening off to the centre, where the people are hid from all the world but themselves. The sashes of the houses form a good index, as to whether the observer is emerging from or penetrating into these dark regions of infamy ; going into them, paper and rags, here and there, only are seen supplying the place of glass, but as he advances into the *penetralia* of vice and misery, glass vanishes as the meridian of darkness and filth meets the eye.

DO YOU REMEMBER THE TALE ?

OH! do you remember how bright was the day
 When far in the wild woods we wander'd away ;
 The sweet birds were singing on ev'ry tall tree,
 And thro' the dark olives fair glitter'd the sea.
 Ah, do you remember as on fled the hours,
 You cull'd me a garland of freshest wild flow'rs ;
 And as 'neath the soft shade we sat down to rest,
 Each dreaming of what each was loving the best,
 Each gazing on what each loved most to behold,
 Ah! do you remember the tale that you told ?

B E T R U S T F U L.

BY ANDREW WINTER.

It was the morning early,
 The sun shone on the grass,
 The dew drops pure and pearly
 Hung like fair beads of glass.
 A little child lay playing
 Upon the smooth-shaved lawn,
 Seem'd it the sun was saying—
 "Oh, youth, enjoy thy dawn."
 Then moved a shadow slowly,
 A shade new born with day,
 Until it wrapp'd him wholly,
 The while in thoughtless play.
 "'Tis thus," said I, repining,
 "Weak child and strongest man
 When at their gladdest shining
 Pass under sorrow's ban.
 "Within the heart of laughter,
 A secret fear is bred,
 And the darkness of hereafter,
 From present joy is shed."
 Amidst these musings gloomy,
 Despairing thus of life,
 Calm, hopeful thoughts came to me;
 Faith conquered in the strife.
 With countless frank-eyed daisies
 The shadow seem'd thick laid,
 Like little children's faces,
 The world's not made afraid.
 They had not much of beauty,
 But constant looks of praise,
 And a calm and fixed duty
 Shone through their steadfast gaze.
 So, God my heart to freshen
 And free me from my care,
 Had taught me a great lesson
 By little daisies fair.
 Again 'twas early morning,
 And sweet as sweet could be,
 The birds, the dull earth scorning,
 Sung from each branching tree.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF NIMROD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HANDLEY CROSS."

No. IV.

SOME people would have thought Boulogne a more likely place for Nimrod to take up his abode in than Calais, which certainly has as little to recommend it as possible. It is a dull, heavy, prison-like looking place, whereas Boulogne is surpassed by few towns for light, spritely, cheerful gaiety, and all sorts of watering-place attractions. Nimrod, however, did not seem to have much relish for the ordinary run of trivial amusements and watering-place society, and perhaps selected Calais on account of its seclusion.

He lived very quietly there, receiving such English friends as chance brought in his way, but not mixing much, we should say, with the residents or runaways of the place. In one of his papers he says, "If he could bring himself to believe that his life was given him to be frittered away in billiard rooms and cafés, he would fling it back to him who gave it, as a boon not worth the possession;" and elsewhere, when expatiating on the enjoyments of an active life, he says, "the greatest punishments the world could inflict on him, would be to give him what so many brave all winds and climes to obtain, namely, 'a genteel house in Burton Crescent, his pockets full of money, a black butler, and *nothing to do*.'" That, we believe, was his real feeling. He had no turn for idleness, and possessed one most invaluable quality for a periodical writer, great punctuality. If Nimrod promised a paper, he rarely failed in sending it.

The *Quarterly* article raised his name in the market, and numerous and various were the applications he received from editors and proprietors of other periodicals for contributions. Among the most amusing, as shewing the "science" of book-making, was one from the publisher of the *Saturday Magazine*, saying, "that an article from Nimrod on fox-hunting, or any other national pastime, *seasoned here and there with a dash of morality*, would answer the purpose, and be very well received by the readers of the work." Nimrod, relating this application afterwards in *Fraser's Magazine*, adds, "the offer of remuneration was quite below par." Nimrod had no notion of writing for nothing, and we question whether any man of such limited ability ever got such high prices as he did. The *Quarterly* mark was as good as the Lion stamp upon silver; Nimrod had nothing to do but say he was a *Quarterly* reviewer, and publishers, supremely ignorant of the subjects within his range, thought, of course, he could write equally well upon any thing else.

In a paper written by Nimrod, called "My Life and Times," and published after a protracted cushioning in *Fraser's Magazine*, he dilates upon all his literary exploits, telling us not only what he did, but how much he received, and by whom he had been applied to. Among other parties he mentions that both Messrs. Colburn and Bentley, then running fierce opposition, applied to him for contributions to their respective magazines, the *New Monthly* and the *Miscellany*, the former claiming precedence on the ground of having employed him on the *Court Journal*. This employment consisted in sending him to Goodwood races once, of which Nimrod furnished so meagre an account, that the editor thought he

could have written as good a one himself from the return lists. Nimrod was applied to by Blackwood, and, we believe, sent the article afterwards published in *Fraser's Magazine*, under the title of "Memorabilia Bacchanalia," or his "drinking article," as he used to call it. We do not think he ever contributed to *Blackwood*. Indeed we believe a good many editors were not a little surprised and disappointed at the articles forwarded for approval by the celebrated author of the "Chase."

The following letter from a high authority points out defects that many other parties will have observed :

"Dear Nimrod,

"I have hastily read your paper, and think it contains a great deal of good stuff, but you must really take no little pains in correcting it. You ramble from subject to subject—there are some needless repetitions—and there is an obvious defect of arrangement throughout. You had better put *heads in italics* to the several branches of improvement you wish to suggest, and then see that the chapter sticks close to its own text. Moreover, see that you express your meaning *clearly*. I sometimes am at a loss to follow you, and many of the readers of the ——— must be as little conversant in such matters as myself. The report ought, I suppose, to be the work named at the head of the article. Pray do revise it most laboriously, and with a sharp eye to verbal inaccuracies, and above all *logical sequence*.

"As to the horse—your letter just received appears to sketch at least three good papers ; one embracing one, two, three, four, five, six, seven of your topics ; a second on breeding and breaking, and a third on veterinary surgery, with the tricks of horse-dealers. This I think would do, but if you handle all your heads carefully and distinctly it will be easy to arrange them after. Meantime don't think of more than thirty-five pages at most for any one article. I most reluctantly *ever* allow that limit to be passed.

"Yours truly ever,

"———.

"Nov. 8, 1833."

His principal employer, however, at this time was the editor of the *New Sporting Magazine*, but a good many of Nimrod's papers were published anonymously. The proprietors of the *Old Sporting Magazine* having given the publisher of the *Quarterly Review* notice of their intention to apply to the Court of Chancery for an injunction to restrain the *Quarterly* from publishing any thing by Nimrod, the proprietors of the new magazine thought they might as well let the *Quarterly* have the honour of trying the question. To keep his name on the title-page, therefore, they let him commence a series of papers on the "Rise and Progress of Agriculture," which no ingenuity could twist into sporting, but being quite irrelevant to the work, they were soon discontinued. A new expedient was then hit upon. This was a sort of "Noctes," after the style of the celebrated one in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and these were called "Noctes Nimrodianæ ; or, Sporting Conversations with Nimrod." They were full of sporting anecdotes, observations, stories, &c., and being professed to be written by the editor, after conversations with Nimrod, the chancellor could hardly have said they came within the scope of the bond prohibiting Nimrod from *writing* on sporting for any other work than the old magazine. Like all copies, however, they

lacked the strength and vigour of the original, a quality they were never likely to attain, considering the reputed authorship of the real ones.

The success of the "Chase" article encouraged the editor of the *Quarterly Review* to try Nimrod again, and with admirable judgment he selected Nimrod's other crack subject—"The Road." Here, instead of as in the "Chase," dilating on the "antiquity" of the thing, as we may call it, Nimrod enters at once on his story, and resuscitating an old gentleman of the middle of the last century, sends him to Exeter by one of the flying coaches of the day. The journey in the old gentleman's time, 1742, used to take a fortnight—in the day in which Nimrod wrote—only ten years since—of miraculous seventeen hours—and now, in 1846, it is done in four!

The interest of this article is therefore rather increased than diminished by the wonderful improvements that have since taken place in what was then thought little short of the perfection of public travelling. If John Crossell, of the Charter House, was employed by the country gentlemen, in 1662, to write down stage-coaches (of which there were only six in existence), for fear their wives and daughters, getting easily and cheaply conveyed to London, might not settle so well afterwards to their domestic duties at the Hall or the Grange, what ought the present generation to do to the honourable member for Sunderland, for really accomplishing what the others only threatened? Yet, who would abolish railways? They are the great civilisers of our time.

At the period when Nimrod's old gentleman fell asleep (1742), there was only one coach between Edinburgh and London, which was from twelve to sixteen days on the road. Before another year elapses, the journey between the two capitals will be done in one day!

Of these two articles, "The Chase" and "The Road," the preference of course will be given to either that accords with the tastes and inclinations of the reader; hunting men preferring the one, and driving men the other; and it is perhaps the best criterion of merit, when a practical article adapts itself readily to the tastes and inclinations of its followers. Enough for us to say, that they are both excellent in their way.

The success of the two tempted Nimrod out of his depth—either their success, or the charms of "magnificent John's" purse (as Lord Byron called the late Mr. Murray). This gentleman would have an article on "The Turf," and Nimrod of course was to write it. Now Nimrod, of all people under the sun, was the least qualified for the task, for he had not the slightest taste or inclination for racing; added to which, his acquaintance were chiefly among hunting men, and he had nobody to go to for information. Nevertheless, the article was to be written; and a hundred guineas, and his expenses paid to Newmarket to get up matter, was the agreement. People who know any thing about Newmarket will smile at the idea of a stranger going there for information, it being notorious that all the information the residents get, except the state of their own stables, which they keep to themselves, comes from London.

To Newmarket, however, Nimrod went, *viâ* Cambridge, to polish up his coaching knowledge under the tutelage of Joe Walton, the leading "star" of those days, and perhaps Nimrod never spoke a truer word than he did in the "Noctes Nimrodianæ" of the *New Sporting Magazine*, when, in reply to the editor's question (vol. iv., p. 172),

"What he saw at Newmarket," he replied, "Why you are not, perhaps, aware that no man knows or cares less about racing than I do; and every year that passes over my head makes me care less. I had rather drive Joe Walton's coach a week than see a Newmarket meeting in all its glory. And as for your vicious, biting, kicking, pulling, devil of a race-horse, he retires into the shade before my eyes when in the presence of a slapping, well-bred hunter, able to carry John Musters to hounds, and a well-known master of his business. The owner of the latter is certain to derive pleasure from the possession of him, but there is nothing like certainty belonging to the race-horse. On the contrary, the fiends of hell often follow in his train; and, for one man whom he has enriched, remember the thousands he has ruined."

"The Turf" article appeared in the summer of 1833; and, as if to make up in quantity what it wanted in quality, it is more than double the length of "The Chase" and "The Road" articles put together. The best description of it, perhaps, will be to say that it was neither a hit nor a miss. It had the reverse qualities of its predecessors, it being a paper calculated to amuse non-racing people more than the regular turfite. Racing people attach immense importance to accuracy and trifles; and racing is the subject, of all others, the most dangerous for an ill-informed man to touch upon. He is sure to raise a hornet's nest about his ears. This was the case with Nimrod. An able writer and learned turfite, author of the papers called "Turfiana," that afterwards made such a noise in the *New Sporting Magazine*, exposed many inaccuracies and mis-statements in *Bell's Life in London*. This is the gentleman "magnificent John" should have employed to write the article, not Nimrod, who had all his knowledge to gain.

Nimrod was evidently inclined to be tart and severe in his paper, but he did not know who to strike or where to hit. The author of "Turfiana," on the contrary, when he came to handle the turf defaulters, touched them up in such style, that though there was no mistaking the men, there was none of the coarseness incident to naming them.

We do not think the turf article added much to our author's fame, and we will be bound to say that it gave him more trouble than both the other articles put together, and that he would have little or no pleasure in writing it. It concludes with a dissertation on betting, a thing he knew nothing about; for, to do him justice, Nimrod was no gambler. Doubtless he might get plenty of information at Calais or Boulogne on that point; but putting the name of a non-betting man to an article on betting would detract rather than add to the weight of the observations. Still the two gems will always sell the inferior article, and "The Turf, the Chase, and the Road," are destined for enduring popularity. A portrait of Nimrod, as most of our readers are aware, forms the frontispiece to the volume containing them, engraved by Finden from a painting by Maclise. This was done for Mr. Murray, who kept a gallery of literary characters with whom he had been connected. It is a good likeness, though we should say the eyes are better than Nimrod's were. There was a full-length portrait of him on stone published in the *New Sporting Magazine*, by poor Seymour, whose untimely end, while illustrating the *Pickwick Papers*, was so feelingly deplored by Mr. Dickens, that we think more like as a whole. Nimrod sat for it, thought it was

pretended to have been got by stealth. All the others were got that way, and some of them were extremely good. Lords Albemarle, Chesterfield, the late Duke of Grafton, General Grosvenor and others.

In July, 1833, Nimrod commenced a series of "Hunting Reminiscences," to which was shortly after added the second title of "The Crack Riders of England." This, we think, was the best thing he wrote in the *New Sporting Magazine*, and contained much of the old fire of the original Nimrod, though the greater part of the subject matter is undoubtedly drawn from the "Tours." The series has since been published in one volume under the title of "Hunting Reminiscences," and was the last work he collated and revised. We believe it has had a very extensive sale, and continues in great demand.

In 1834, he started a sort of off-shoot of the "Road," in the shape of a "Chronicle of Coach Accidents," about as heavy as the coaches themselves now appear.

Nimrod left the town of Calais in consequence of the arrival of the late celebrated but unfortunate Mr. Mytton, of Halston, in Shropshire, an old friend and companion of our author's. Those whose memories will carry them back through the doings of the last twenty years will remember this gentleman in the zenith of a kind-hearted eccentricity and squandering extravagance, the open-handed friend of all, and an enemy to no one but himself. Possessed of first-rate talents and an ample fortune, Mr. Mytton unfortunately lacked the restraining government of paternal care, and was hurried by a generous, but ardent and impetuous spirit, into every species of mischief, folly, and extravagance that awaits the youthful and unwary in the dawn of life.

We have stated that our author was no gambler, and we may add that he had no hand in the ruin and misery that ensued. Nimrod had lived much with Mr. Mytton; but we believe, as an old servant of that gentleman once said in our hearing, "If all the people who frequented Halston had been like Captain Apperley, Mr. Mytton would never have come to any harm."

However, harm had now overtaken him, and, after a short and most improvident career, he was obliged to fly his country, and seek refuge abroad. Nimrod thus describes his arrival at Calais:

"On the 5th of November, 1831," writes he, in his life of Mytton, "during my residence in the town of Calais, I was surprised by a violent knocking at my door, and so unlike what I had ever heard before in that quiet town, that, being at hand, I was induced to open the door myself, when, to my no little astonishment, there stood John Mytton! 'In God's name,' said I, 'what has brought you to France?' 'Why,' he replied, '*just what brought yourself to France* (parodying the old song); three couple of *bailiffs* were hard at my brush.'"

Nimrod's description of the appearance of the unfortunate gentleman is very graphic.

"But what," writes he, "did I see before me? The active, vigorous, well-shapen John Mytton, whom I had left some years back in Shropshire? Oh, no! compared with him, 'twas the 'reed shaken by the wind;' there stood before me a round-shouldered, decrepid, tottering *old young* man, if I may be allowed such a term, and so bloated by drink that I might have exclaimed with Ovid—

Accedant capiti cornua *Bacchus eris*.*

But there was a worse sight than this : there was a mind, as well as a body, in ruins ; the one had partaken of the injury done to the other, and it was at once apparent that all was a wreck. In fact, he was a melancholy spectacle of a fallen man—of one over whom all the storms of life seemed to be engendered in one dark cloud."

Mr. Mytton was then drinking to an excess that very shortly effected his brain ; and, after nearly killing himself by setting fire to his night-shirt, and of course also endangering the hotel in which he was living, it was deemed expedient to remove him into the country. Accordingly, Nimrod took the Château d'Ami, a quiet house, a mile or two out of Calais, on the Dunkirk road. Here, however, the unfortunate gentleman did not long remain : at the end of the second month he returned to England, leaving our author in possession of the château. It was an old-fashioned rambling sort of house, approached by the usual straight avenue of poplars, comfortable in summer, if not in winter, and well adapted to literary pursuits, which Nimrod now gave himself up to.

Mr. Mytton died in 1834 ; and, in pursuance of an intimation given in his lifetime, Nimrod proceeded to write his life. A little difficulty was experienced at the outset, relative to the publication of it. The editor of the *New Sporting Magazine* thought sixteen pages, devoted to the most extraordinary and eccentric of his exploits, would, perhaps, be as much as the world would relish, and accordingly proposed to devote that space to Nimrod's memoirs, suggesting that he should confine himself to facts, and say as little, either in praise or palliation, as possible. This did not meet Nimrod's views, who thereupon wrote the *Life*, as published, and offered it to Mr. Murray for the *Quarterly Review*.—Of course, it would not pass muster there, whereupon Nimrod fell back upon the magazine, to the editor of which he requested Mr. Murray to transfer the manuscript ; and funnily enough Mr. Murray accompanied it with Nimrod's letter to him, saying, that of course the editor of the magazine was very anxious for it, but that he (Nimrod) thought it would do him more good to have it published in the *Quarterly Review*. A consultation of the proprietors of the magazine was then held, when (with considerable misgivings as to the propriety of the step, and also as to the success of the work), they agreed to publish it. In this decision, we should add, they were considerably influenced by the assurance of Nimrod that it was undertaken with the sanction and approbation of members of Mr. Mytton's family.

Up to this time, we may observe, that Nimrod's accession to the magazine had not been productive of any perceptible change in its circulation, either for the better or the worse. It had sustained, it is true, a heavy loss in the death of Mr. Webb, whose admirable engravings, after paintings by Mr. Cooper and others, had, doubtless, procured it subscribers among others than regular sportsmen, and, it is possible, that Nimrod's name may have prevented a falling off, but certainly, up to the period of the publication of the life of Mr. Mytton, there had been no perceptible increase.

The life of Mr. Mytton was published in three parts, the first part making its appearance in October, 1834. It was the first thing of Nim-

* If you had but horns on your head you would be Bacchus.

rod's that told perceptibly in the magazine. An edition was also taken from the magazine types, as it passed through the work, which, being profusely illustrated by Mr. Alken, met a ready sale, and induced Mr. Ackerman to publish a second one, on large paper, in 1837, which still continues in great demand, particularly in the United States. Indeed, with the exception of the *Quarterly* articles, we question whether any production of Nimrod's has been so successful as the Life of Mr. Mytton. This may be partly attributed to the getting up and spirited illustrations by Mr. Alken, and partly to the novelty and eccentricity of the subject-matter of it.

The second edition contains many more plates than the first, of which one or two were cancelled, particularly the setting fire to the night-shirt to cure the hiccup scene, at which Nimrod was sorely distressed, Mr. Alken having exhibited his hero in a night-cap, "a thing," his biographer indignantly observed, "that Mytton had never worn since he was a child." A new plate was, therefore, substituted, in which the offensive appendage was removed, and a French bed placed in the stead of a "four-poster." In a long letter before us, from Nimrod to Mr. Ackerman, dated October 31, 1835, is the following passage:—

"In re Mytton—some of the plates are good, others bad, but good on the whole. The night-cap spoils all—such a thing never was on his head since he left the nursery. There certainly ought to be a prison scene and the funeral. Could they not be added to the next edition to make it complete? In my opinion the funeral scene is most important, for where else did you hear of 3000 people at a country gentleman's funeral?"

The second edition contains the following illustrations, which, with a few of Nimrod's letters, and a little explanation of the titles, will explain as well the character of the man as the nature of the work.

No. 1. "Well done, neck or nothing, you are not a bad one to breed from." The exclamation of Sir Bellingham Graham on seeing Mr. Mytton ride over some high park paling with his arm in a sling from an accident. This plate forms the frontispiece.

No. 2. "A nick, or the nearest way home."—Mr. Mytton swimming his horse through the lake at Halston.

No. 3. "Wild duck shooting."—Mr. Mytton on the ice at night in his shirt. No cap, of course.

No. 4. "What! never upset in a gig!"—Mr. Mytton overturning a friend who had been indiscreet enough to give him that piece of information.

No. 5. "I wonder whether he is a good timber jumper."—Mr. Mytton charging a toll-bar in a tandem. The leader gets well over, the wheeler's tail and hind legs appear above the top-bar, while the tandem (a Stanhope), and Mytton and Co. are left on the wrong side.

No. 6. "The meet with Lord Derby's hounds."—There is nothing in this, except that Lord Derby is more like what Mr. Mytton was, than the figure that is meant to represent him.

No. 7. "Stand and deliver."—A night-scene. Mr. Mytton on horseback, in a smock-frock, intercepts a parson and a doctor as they return home after dining with him.

No. 8. "Tally-ho! tally-ho! a new hunter; first, then, tally-ho."

tally-ho!"—Mr. Mytton, red-coated, booted, and spurred, rides into the dining-room on a bear.

No. 9. "The Oak Filly."—Mr. Mytton amuses himself by putting a horse's hind-leg into his pocket, as he lies under its belly.

No. 10. "Light come, light go."—Mr. Mytton, rolling along in a chaise and four from Doncaster races, with the wind whisking 5*l.* notes out of the carriage window.

No. 11. "On Baronet, clears nine Yards of Water."

No. 12. "D--n this hiccup!"—Mr. Mytton sets fire to himself to cure it.

No. 13. "A h—ll of a row in a hell. Mytton shows fight."

No. 14. "Swims the Severn at Uppington Ferry."

No. 15. "How to cross a Country comfortably after Dinner."—Driving over hedge and ditch in the dark.

No. 16. "Heron shooting: a cooler after a big drink."—Guns, dogs, water, and so on, but nothing to indicate mischief.

No. 17. "A Squire Trap, by Jove! A little more, and I should have done it."—Mr. Mytton falls at a leap.

No. 18. "Now for the honour of Shropshire."—The Sharrington day; a trial of rival packs, and consequently of rival horsemen.

The press were either puzzled with this production of Nimrod's, or thought it beneath notice; at all events, very little was said about it. The *Literary Gazette* denounced it, as appears by the following letter from Nimrod to Mr. Ackermann on the subject of the second edition. We should observe, however, that several other people seemed to think a faithful record of Mr. Mytton's freaks quite as important as Nimrod did; and some gentlemen gave themselves an infinity of trouble in getting up information and anecdotes. Nimrod got weary of sorting and answering their communications at last, and, with the exception of those supplied by gentlemen signing themselves A. Z., Junglicus, and another, most of the others were rejected.

Nimrod's letters will show his views and ideas on the subject better than any thing we can write. The following is to Mr. Ackermann:—

" Calais, December 4, 1835.

" Dear Sir,

" I will no longer wait for more additional matter to Mytton's Life, but will give you what I have got, and revise it, so that you may have it before the middle of next week. Indeed, I would have sent it to-morrow, but, as Mr. B—— tells me, some rather severe remarks were made upon it in the *Literary Gazette*, I should like to see them before I send off the revision. Please to get the number, and send it to me through the post-office, as soon as possible, after you receive this letter. You ought, by all means, to have given a plate of the funeral scene.

" Yours, very truly,

" C. APPERLEY."

Mr. Mytton's funeral was numerously attended by the gentry and yeomanry of Shropshire; but beyond that, there was nothing to distinguish it from similar ceremonials. Mr. Ackermann did not, therefore, accede to Nimrod's suggestion of having a picture of it.

Nimrod, now in his turn, objects to a suggestion of Mr. Ackerman's; namely, to expunge all that had appeared about the two Mrs. Myttons in the first edition of the work. This, indeed, was one of the points that puzzled the proprietors of the *New Sporting Magazine*, and made them wish to stick to anecdotes and eccentricities, avoiding every thing that might appear to trench on the sacredness of private life. Nimrod, however, was not to be gainsayed, as appears by the following letter:—

" April 19, 1839.

" Dear sir,

" I see no objection to the frontispiece unless it be that it does not imply that this is a *second edition*. Also the quotation from Shakespeare is not given properly. It must be written thus.

" Here, 'after life's fitful fever, he sleeps well.'—SHAKESPEARE.

" Observe, the quotation only commences at the word 'after,' and it is 'sleeps,' not 'sleepeth.'

" I think, if you leave out the whole about the *wives* you will ruin the spirit of the book, and as to the delicacy of the matter, all the particulars I have given, having been before the public in the newspapers, that falls to the ground. Besides, it is to disabuse his memory of false charges against him in regard to his wives, that is one of the chief objects of the memoir, and the one which induced his — and — to wish for having them written and published. However, when I see it all in type, I will alter or modify any point that may appear to be offensive to the friends and relations of the party.

" I am going to Paris to-morrow for a fortnight to the races there, and at Chantilly, and on my return shall expect to find whatever else, in the shape of anecdotes, our friend A. Z. may have sent you to complete the work, but I cannot receive any from any other hand. With best wishes, I remain,—

" Dear sir,

" Very truly yours,

" C. APPERLEY.

" To Mr. Ackerman, Regent-street."

With respect to the work being written with the consent of Mr. Mytton's friends, we find both editions contain the following passage.

Speaking of having followed Mr. Mytton through a long train of errors and follies, Nimrod says, "it has not been for the purpose of exposing, but of accounting for them. If I have bared the sore," he continues, "with one hand, I have endeavoured to find a balm for it with the other, and it would be needless to demand of 'me who hath required this at your hands.' I had the concurrence of those most nearly and dearly connected with him, one of whom observed, with no less feeling than truth, 'that the task I had undertaken would do the living service and rescue the character of the dead.'"

Nimrod seems to have been sadly pestered with assistance in his task, as the following letters to Mr. Ackerman shew:

" Calais, May 11, 1834.

" Dear Sir,

" On my return from Paris races two days ago, I found a proof-

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sheet of "Mytton's Life," which I have returned to Mr. Spiers; and I also have received another bundle of anecdotes from 'Julius Cæsar.' Now, what is to be done with these anecdotes? If you are resolved to make the work still larger, why of course I will cull out such as are worth recording, and rewrite them, so that they may be embodied in the work; but my time is just at this moment most valuable to me, as Mr. Murray waits for my revision of his work. I am also behind-hand with Frazer, and have the 'Northern Tour' and my 'Trip to Paris' likewise on my hands. However, I will not thwart your wishes; and if it is your desire that more should be added to the book, I will set about it on Monday next, and trust to you to make me a further recompense for my trouble at a future day—that is, after the work has been in the market. I think it will sell well in Paris, particularly so after my late visit to that place, where Nimrod was received with great honours.

"Believe me, dear sir,

"Very truly yours,

"C. APPERLEY."

Again he writes:—

"June 5.

"Dear Sir,

"I have corrected the proof-sheets, and will send them on Wednesday next.

"Let there be no misunderstanding between you and me. When I undertook the editing of 'Mytton' for a second edition, I had no idea that there was to be no end to amateur anecdote supplies. 'A. Z's.' are good and available; but surely 'Brush' is mad. Some of the anecdotes he sends have been three times before me already; in short, such a jumble of rubbish I never had the sorting of before; and had it not been to serve you, I would not, under a hundred pounds, have undertaken the job. Mr. Murray, indeed, has agreed to pay me a hundred pounds for what will not give me half the trouble I have had with this 'Brush.' However, having begun the job, I will go through with it; but I must insist upon nothing being inserted in the edition that has not met my eye, as I cannot trust my literary reputation to such an ignoramus as 'Brush' shows himself to be. He talks of your leaving out of the plate of his burning himself. The blockhead! It is the most interesting plate of any, and forms the climax of his doings at Calais. But the man must be mad. Surely the act of attempting to leap a turnpike-gate, in a gig, is not less absurd than setting fire to his shirt. In haste,

"Yours very truly,

"C. APPERLEY."

"There is only one fresh anecdote to be added to the present proof sheets. That sent by you in the batch received on Saturday, relating to the scene at the Queen's Head, where Mytton is said to have passed himself off as an honest labourer, will not do. It could not be true. Jones, the landlord, must have recognised him in the course of a few minutes, if he did not at first. It was not in Mytton's power to deceive him for such a length of time as your informant says he did. Neither can the beggar scene be admitted. No one would believe it. Who would believe that Mytton, who was particularly clean in his person, would have put on the

filthy clothes of a beggar? As autographs are now the rage, and you wish for Mytton's, I can send it to be put at the conclusion of his letter, page 58, first edition."

"Calais, Oct. 3.

"Dear Sir,

"On my return from Brussels races I found your letter of the 21st ult., and have to observe that I particularly object to the gravel pit* plate, because the thing never happened to *Mytton*, but to the late Lord Forester, and is a very old joke. The other plate I will put a title to, which is this, 'Now for the honour of Shropshire!' It will be in reference to the mention of his exploits in the field, particularly on the day alluded to, and which I will take care to make in the remaining proof sheets of Part IV., of which I have only as yet had the first page or two. The artist should have made the rails higher, for the leap appears not greater than any common rider to hounds would take without scruple.

"I remain,

"Dear Sir,

"Truly yours,

"C. APPERLEY.

"P. S.—Should you see Mr. Spiers, please to say that he shall have portions of the Northern and French Tour between this and the 18th."

So much for the renowned John Mytton—a man that, we may fairly say, was no one's enemy but his own.

Making every allowance for the difficulty of memoir writing, we do not think the work calculated to raise the literary reputation of Nimrod. It is a sad jumble of inconsistencies, of accusation and palliation, keeping the reader in a state of suspense as to which side the author really means to espouse, and generally, we should think, leaving him with the impression that it is a work that would have been much better let alone.

DR. D. M. MOIR.

BY EDWARD KENEALY.

POETS are God's interpreters on earth ;
 They soar aloft on bright immortal wings,
 They bring us tidings of eternal things,
 They mould our souls to beauty, goodness, truth,
 And train them for their new ethereal birth,
 In that star-world where dwells celestial youth.
 Well hast thou, MOIR, fulfill'd thy mission high ;
 Well has thy spirit breathed itself abroad
 In songs that teach, exalt, and purify,
 In sweet wild hymns that lead the thoughts to God.
 Onward, still onward, in thy great career !
 Why sleeps thy Northern Lyre of sweetness ? Rise
 And wake once more the voice of song that lies
 In its gold strings, and charm heart, soul, and ear.

* Two flying fox-hunters light in a gravel-pit full of water. "Duck under," said one to the other, "and we'll have it full directly," alluding to the field coming up on the line.

SICILIANS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT.

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

[These little poems, which are the first five in a collection of one hundred, are supposed to be written in Sicily. The peculiarity in form consists in there being one common rhyme for all the even, and another for all the odd lines, so that, in a whole poem of eight lines, there are but two terminations.]

I.

Dryads and Oreads of Sicilie,
 Who lurk about the forests and the hill ;
 Nereids, who send greetings from the sea,
 And Naiads, who return them from the rill,
 Have ye seen any roam, entranc'd like me,
 Through woods and mounts, when joys my bosom fill ?
 Or think ye any storm so wild could be
 As oft my grief wakes, when the shore is still ?

II.

Rock'd by the billows, in my boat, I stray,
 Till in a flow'ry isle I seek repose,
 And there a palace, with its terrace gay,
 Stands, built from the exhalings of the rose ;
 And as a golden flag might o'er it play,
 So stands the sun, and dazzling lustre throws,
 While at the door, Morgana, courteous fay,
 Welcomes me, and her sweetest smile bestows.

III.

Here to this spot, o'er glittering pathway borne,
 Comes Spring, from Heav'n descending, ev'ry year,
 Scattering abundance from his golden horn ;
 Here, in this island, must he first appear.
 Then other countries poorly to adorn,
 And still more poorly, northwards will he veer,
 Until at last he will be so forlorn,
 Men will not guess how rich he first came here.

IV.

Here, where no nightingales their floods of song,
 From leafy hedges, wet with streamlets, pour,
 But where, while foaming billows roll along,
 The restless gulls alone above them soar,
 And winds and waves combine their voices strong,
 I rest upon the plants that deck the shore,
 And fancy I can hear lov'd names among
 The dull, sad lays form'd from that mingled roar.

V.

I sat upon the shore ; and every hue—
 The green that on the fields, woods, mountains shone,
 The varied tints that sheaves, fruits, blossoms threw,
 Had disappear'd before me, one by one.
 Merg'd in the billow's green, and Heav'ns deep blue,
 Each sep'rate colour from my sight had gone ;
 Thus of old woes my heart oblivious grew,
 Op'ning for thoughts of endless love alone.

CHAPTERS FROM THE HISTORY OF SORCERY AND MAGIC.

BY THOMAS WRIGHT.

CHAP. I.

INTRODUCTORY.

IF the universality of a belief be a proof of its truth, few creeds have been better established than that of sorcery. Every people, from the rudest to the most refined, we may almost add in every age, have believed in the kind of supernatural agency which we understand by this term. It was founded on the equally extensive creed, that, besides our own visible existence, we live in an invisible world of spiritual beings, by which our actions and even our thoughts are often guided, and which have a certain degree of power over the elements and over the ordinary course of organic life. Many of these powerful beings were supposed to be enemies to mankind, fiendish creatures which thirsted after human blood, or demons whose constant business it was to tempt and seduce their victim, and deprive him of the hope of salvation. These beings were themselves subject to certain mysterious influences, and became the slaves even of mortals, who by their profound penetration into the secrets of nature, became acquainted with those influences. But more frequently their intercourse with man was voluntary, and the services they rendered him were only intended to draw him to more certain destruction. It is a dark subject for investigation ; and we will not pretend to decide whether, and how far, a higher Providence may have permitted such intercourse between the natural and supernatural world. Yet the superstitions to which this creed gave rise have exerted a mighty influence on society, through ages, and it is far from uninteresting to trace it in its outward manifestations.

The belief of which we are treating manifested itself under two different forms, sorcery and magic. The magician differed from the witch in this, that, while the latter was an ignorant instrument in the hands of the demons, the former had become their master by the powerful intermediation of a science which was only within reach of the few, and which these beings were unable to disobey. In the earlier ages, this mysterious science flourished widely, and there were noted schools of magic in several parts of Europe. One of the most famous was that of Toledo in Spain, nearly on the confines which divided Christianity from Islam, on that spiritual neutral ground

where the demon might then bid defiance to the Gospel or the Koran. It was in this school that Gerbert, in the tenth century, is said to have obtained his marvellous proficiency in knowledge forbidden by the Church. Gerbert lived at Toledo, in the house of a celebrated Arabian philosopher, whose book of magic, or "*grimoire*," had unusual power in coercing the evil one. Gerbert was seized with an ardent desire of possessing this book, but the Saracen would not part with it for love or money, and, lest it might be stolen from him, he concealed it under his pillow at night. The Saracen had a beautiful daughter; and Gerbert, as the last resource, made love to the maiden, and in a moment of amorous confidence learnt from her the place where the book was concealed. He made the philosopher drunk, stole the *grimoire*, and took to flight. The magician followed him, and was enabled, by consulting the stars, to know where he was, either on earth or water. But Gerbert at last baffled him, by hanging under a bridge in such a manner that he touched neither one element nor the other, and finally arrived in safety on the sea-shore. Here he opened his book, and by its powerful enchantment called up the arch-fiend himself, who at his orders carried him in safety to the opposite coast.

The science of the magician was dangerous, but not necessarily fatal, to his salvation. The possession of one object led naturally to the desire of another, until ambition, or avarice, or some other passion, tempted him at length to make the final sacrifice. Gerbert is said to have sold himself on condition of being made a pope. Magicians were, in general, beneficent, rather than noxious to their fellow-men; and it was only when provoked, that they injured or tormented them; and their vengeance was in most cases of a ludicrous character. A magician of the twelfth century, named Eustace the Monk, who also had studied in Toledo, was ill received in a tavern, and caused the hostess and her gossips to expose themselves in a disgraceful manner to the ridicule of their fellow-townpeople: the latter had shown him disrespect, and he set them all by the ears with his conjurations; a waggoner, in whose vehicle he was riding, treated him with insolence, and he terrified him by his enchantments. Another necromancer, according to a story of the thirteenth century, went to a town to gain money by his feats; the townspeople looked on, but gave him nothing; and in revenge, by his magic (*arte dæmoniaca*), he made them all strip to the skin, and in this condition dance and sing about the streets.

Sometimes the evil one had intercourse with men who were not magicians; when they were influenced by some unattainable desire, he appeared to them, called or uncalled, and bought their souls in exchange for the gratification of their wishes. Not unfrequently the victim had fallen suddenly from wealth and power, to extreme poverty and helplessness, and the tempter appeared to him when he had retired to some solitary spot to hide the poignancy of his grief. Sometimes he sought an interview with the demon through the agency of a magician. Thus, Theophilus, a personage who figures rather extensively in medieval legends, was the seneschal of a bishop, and, as such, a rich and powerful man; but his patron died, and the new bishop deprived him of his place and its emoluments. Theophilus, in his distress, consulted a Jew, who was a magician; the latter called in the fiend, and Theophilus sold himself on condition of being restored to his old dignity, with increased power and authority. The temper of men raised in the world in this manner was generally changed,

and they became vindictive, cruel, and vicious. It was one of the articles of the compact of Theophilus with the demon, that during the remainder of his life, he should practise every kind of vice and oppression; but before his time came, he repented, and from a great sinner, became a great saint. We have in the legend of Faust ("Dr. Faustus"), the general type of a medieval magician.

The witch held a lower degree in the scale of forbidden knowledge. She was a slave without recompense; she had sold herself without any apparent object, unless it were the mere power of doing evil. The witch remained always the same, poor and despised, an outcast from among her fellow-creatures. It is to this class of persons chiefly that our remarks will for the present be restricted; and in the present chapter we will endeavour to trace, amid the dim light of early medieval history, the ideas of our forefathers on this subject, previous to the time when trials for sorcery became frequent.

It has been an article of popular belief, from the earliest period of the history of the nations of Western Europe, that women were more easily brought into connexion with the spiritual world than men: priestesses were the favourite agents of the deities of the ages of paganism, and the natural weakness and vengeful feelings of the sex, made their power an object of fear. To them especially were known the herbs or animals, or other articles which were noxious to mankind, and the ceremonies and charms whereby the influence of the gods might be obtained to preserve or to injure. After the introduction of Christianity, it was the demons who were supposed to listen to these incantations, which are strictly forbidden in the early ecclesiastical laws, which alone appear at first to have taken cognizance of them. We learn from these laws that witches were believed to destroy people's cattle and goods, to strike people with diseases, and even to cause their death. It does not appear, however, that previous to the twelfth century, at least, their power was believed to arise from any direct compact with the devil. In the adventures of Hereward, a witch is introduced to enchant a whole army, but she appears to derive her power from a spirit which presided over a fountain. During the period subsequent to the Norman conquest, we are better acquainted with the general character of witchcraft in England, and among our neighbours on the continent, because more of the historical monuments of that period have been preserved.

During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the power of the witches to do mischief was derived from a direct compact with the demon, whom they were bound to worship with certain rites and ceremonies, the shadow of those which had in remoter ages been performed in honour of the pagan gods. Southey's ballad has given a modern popularity to the story of the Witch of Berkeley, which William of Malmesbury, an historian of the first-half of the twelfth century, relates from the information of one of his own acquaintance, who assured him that he was an eye-witness, and whom William "would have been ashamed to disbelieve."* When her unearthly master gave the miserable woman notice that the hour had approached when he should take final possession, she called to her death-bed her children and the monks of a neighbouring

* *Ego illud a tali viro audiui, qui se vidisse juraret, cui erubescerem non credere.*

monastery, confessed her evil courses and her subjection to the devil, and begged that they would at least secure her body from the hands of the fiends. "Sew me," she said, "in the hide of a stag, then place me in a stone coffin, and fasten me in with a covering of lead and iron. Upon this place another stone, and chain the whole down with three heavy chains of iron. Let fifty psalms be sung each night, and fifty masses be said by day, to break the power of the demons. If you can thus keep my body three nights, on the fourth day you may securely bury it in the ground." These directions were executed to the letter; but psalms and masses were equally unavailable. The first night the priests withstood the efforts of the fiends; the second they became more clamorous, the gates of the monastery were burst open in spite of the strength of the bolts, and two of the chains which held down the coffin were broken, though the middle one held good. On the third night the clamour of the fiends increased, the monastery trembled from its foundations; and the priests, stiff with terror, were unable to proceed with their service. The doors burst open of their own accord, and a demon, larger and more terrible than any of the others, stalked into the church. He stopped at the coffin, and with a fearful voice ordered the woman to arise. She answered, that she was held down by the chain; the demon put his foot to the coffin, the last chain broke asunder like a bit of thread, and the covering of the coffin flew off. The body of the witch then arose, and her persecutor took her by the hand, and led her to the door, where a black horse of gigantic stature, its back covered with iron spikes, awaited them, and, seating her beside him on its back, he disappeared from the sight of the terrified monks. But the horrible screams of his victim were heard through the country for miles as they passed along.

At this period the witches met together by night, in solitary places, to worship their master, who appeared to them in the shape of a cat, or a goat, or sometimes in that of a man. At these meetings, as we are informed by John of Salisbury, they had feasts, and some were appointed to serve at table, while others received punishment or reward, according to their zeal in the service of the evil one. Hither, also, they brought children which they had stolen from their cradles, and which were sometimes torn to pieces and devoured. We see here the first outlines of the witches' "Sabbath" of a later age. The witches came to these assemblies riding through the air, mounted on besoms. William of Auverne, who wrote in the thirteenth century, informs us that when the witches wished to go to the place of rendezvous, they took a reed or cane, and, on making some magical signs and uttering certain barbarous words, it became transformed into a horse, which carried them thither with extraordinary rapidity. It was a very common article of belief in the middle ages, that women of this class rode about through the air at night, mounted on strange beasts, that they passed over immense distances in an incredibly short space of time; and that they entered men's houses without opening doors or windows, and destroyed their goods, and injured their persons while asleep, sometimes even causing their death. Vincent of Beauvais, in the thirteenth century, tells a story of one of these wandering dames, who one day went to the priest in the church, and said, "Sir, I did you a great service last night; and saved you from much evil; for the dames with whom I am accustomed to go about at night, entered your chamber, and if I had not interceded with them, and prayed for you,

they would have done you an injury." Says the priest, "The door of my chamber was locked and bolted, how could you enter it?" To which the old woman (for we are assured that it was an old woman) answered, "Sir, neither door nor lock can restrain or hinder us from freely going in and out wherever we choose." Then the priest shut and bolted the church doors, and seizing the staff of the cross, "I will prove if it be true," said he, "that I may repay you for so great a service," and he belaboured the woman's back and shoulders. To all her outcries, his only reply was, "Get out of the church and fly, since neither door nor lock can restrain you!" It was an argument that could not be evaded. An historian of the end of the twelfth century, however, relates, *from his own knowledge*, an incident where a woman in France had been seized for her wicked opinions and condemned to the fire; but, with a word or two of contempt for her keepers and judges, she approached the window of the room in which she was confined, uttered a charm, and instantly disappeared in the air.

Another faculty possessed by the witches of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, was that of taking strange shapes, as those of different animals, or of transforming others. It was a very prevalent belief that such persons turned themselves into ravenous wolves, and wandered about by night to devour people. They took many other shapes to indulge passions which could not be otherwise gratified. They sometimes revenged themselves upon their enemies or those against whom they bore ill-will by turning them into dogs, or asses, and they could only recover their shapes by bathing in running water. William of Malmesbury, in the earlier part of the twelfth century, tells us, that in the high road to Rome there dwelt two old women, of no good reputation, in a wretched hut, where they allured weary travellers; and by their charms transformed them into horses, or swine, or any other animals which they could sell to the merchants who passed that way, by which means they gained a livelihood. One day a jongleur, or mountebank, asked for a night's lodging; and when they were informed of his profession, they told him they had an ass which was remarkable for its intelligence—being deficient only in speech; but which would do every kind of feat it was ordered to do. The jongleur saw the ass, was delighted with its exploits, and bought it for a considerable sum of money. The woman told him at parting, that if he would preserve the animal long, he must carefully keep it from water. The mountebank followed these directions, and his ass became a very fertile source of profit. But its keeper, with increase of riches, became more dissolute, and less attentive to his interests; and one day while he was in a state of drunken forgetfulness, the ass escaped, and ran directly to the nearest stream, into which it had no sooner thrown itself, than it recovered its original shape of a handsome young man. The mountebank soon afterwards missing his ass, set out anxiously in search of it, and met the young man, who told him what had happened, and how he had been transformed by the wicked charms of the old women. The latter were carried with him before the pope, to whom they confessed their evil practices.

The power of the witches was indeed very great; and as they were believed to be entirely occupied in the perpetration of mischief, it was in these early ages an object of universal terror. They sent storms which destroyed the crops, and overthrew or set fire to people's houses. They sunk

ships on the sea. They cast charms on people's cattle. They carried away children from the cradle, and often tore and devoured them at their horrible orgies, while sometimes they left changelings in their places. They struck men and women with noxious diseases, and made them gradually pine away. The earlier German and Anglo-Saxon witches were still more ferocious, for it appears that when they found men asleep, or off their guard, they slew them, and devoured their heart and breast, a crime for which a severe punishment is allotted in the ancient laws of some of the Teutonic tribes. But it appears by some of these laws, that the witches had contrived a singular mode of evasion. When they found a man asleep, they tore out his heart and devoured it, and then filled the cavity with straw, or a piece of wood, or some other substance, and by their charms gave him an artificial life, so that he appeared to live and move in the world, and execute all his functions until long after the actual crime had taken place, and then he pined away, and seemed to die.

The practice of bewitching and killing people by charmed images of wax, which is so often mentioned in later times, does not occur in the earlier history of sorcery in the west. It is not distinctly mentioned until the beginning of the fourteenth century; but it must not be forgotten, that we have no detailed trials of witches in these early ages, and that consequently, we find only accidental allusions to their practices. The earliest trial for witchcraft in England occurs in the tenth year of the reign of King John; when, as it is briefly stated in the *Abbreviatio Placitorum*, the only record of the legal proceedings of the time, "Agnes, the wife of Odo the merchant, accused Galiena of sorcery (*de sorceria*), and she was acquitted by the judgment of [hot] iron." During the reign of Edward II., in 1324, occurs the earliest case of sorcery in England of which we have any details. The actors in it were men, and their object was to cause the death of the king and the two Despensers (his favourites) and the Prior of Coventry, who it appears had been supported by the royal favourites in oppressing the city of Coventry, and more especially certain of its citizens. The latter went to a famous necromancer of Coventry, named Master John of Nottingham, and his man Robert Marshall of Leicester, and requested them to aid "by their necromancy and their arts" in bringing about the death of the king, the two favourites, and the said prior. Robert Marshall, perhaps in consequence of a quarrel with his master, sought his revenge by laying an information against the other confederates. He said that John of Nottingham and himself having agreed for a certain sum of money to do as they were requested by the citizens, the latter brought them on the Sunday next after the feast of St. Nicholas, being the 11th of March, a sum of money in part payment, with seven pounds of wax and two yards of canvass, with which wax the necromancer and his man made seven images, the one representing the king with his crown on his head, the six others representing the two Despensers, the prior, his caterer and steward, and a certain person named Richard de Lowe, the latter being chosen merely for the purpose of trying an experiment upon him to prove the strength of the charm. Robert Marshall confessed that he and his master, John of Nottingham, went to an old ruined house under Shorteley Park, about half a league from the city of Coventry, in which

they began their work on the Monday after the feast of St. Nicholas, and that they remained constantly at work until the Saturday after the feast of the Ascension; that "as the said Master John and he were at their work in the said old house the Friday after the feast of the Holy Cross, about midnight, the said Master John gave to the said Robert, a broach of lead with a sharp point, and commanded him to push it to the depth of about two inches in the forehead of the image made after Richard de Lowe, by which he would prove the others; and so he did; and the next morning the said Master John sent the said Robert to the house of the said Richard de Lowe, to spy in what condition he was, and the said Robert found the said Richard screaming and crying 'harrow!' and without knowledge of any body, having lost his memory, and so the said Richard lay languishing until the daybreak of the Sunday before the feast of the Ascension, at which hour the said Master John drew out the said leaden broach from the forehead of the said image made after the said Richard, and thrust it into its heart. And thus the said broach remained in the heart of the image until the Wednesday following, on which day the said Richard died." It appears that a stop was put to the further prosecution of their plan, and thus the only person who suffered was one against whom they appear to have had no cause for malice. The trial was adjourned from term to term, until at length it disappears from the rolls, and the prosecution was probably dropped.

It was, however, the Church more frequently than the common law, which took cognizance of such crimes; for sorcery was conceived to be one of the means used by Satan to stir up heresies, and it was on this account, that on the continent it was at an early period treated with so much severity. Apostate priests were believed to attend the secret assemblies of the witches, and receive their lessons from the evil one. A very remarkable heretical sorcerer, named Eudo de Stella, lived in the middle of the twelfth century, and is the subject of several wonderful stories in the chronicles of those times. By his "diabolical charms," if we believe William of Newbury, he collected together a great multitude of followers. Sometimes they were carried about from province to province, with amazing rapidity, making converts wherever they stopped. At other times they retired into desert places, where their leader held his court in great apparent magnificence, and noble tables were suddenly spread with rich viands and strong wines, served by invisible spirits, and whatever the guests wished for was laid before them in an instant. But William of Newbury tells us, that he had heard from some of Eudo's followers, that these various meats were not substantial, that they gave satisfaction only for the moment, which was soon followed by keener hunger than before, so that they were continually eating. Any one, however, who once tasted of these meats, or received any of Eudo's gifts, was immediately held by a charm, and became involuntarily one of his followers. A knight of his acquaintance—for he was a man of good family—visited him at his "fantastic" court, and endeavoured in vain to convert him from his evil ways. When he departed, Eudo presented his esquire with a handsome hawk. The knight, observing his esquire with the bird on his hand, advised him to cast it away; but he refused, and they had scarcely left the assembly which surrounded Eudo's resting-place, when the esquire felt the claws of his bird grasping him tighter and tighter, until, before he could disengage

himself, it flew away with him, and he was seen no more. The hawk was a demon. Eudo was at length arrested by the Archbishop of Rheims, and died in prison. His followers dispersed when their leader was taken, but some of them were seized and burnt.

The demons whom the sorcerer served seem rarely to have given any assistance to their victims, when the latter fell into the hands of judicial authorities. But if they escaped punishment by the agency of the law, they were only reserved for a more terrible end. We have already seen the fate of the woman of Berkeley. A writer of the thirteenth century has preserved a story of a man who, by his compact with the evil one, had collected together great riches. One day, while he was absent in the fields, a stranger of suspicious appearance came to his house, and asked for him. His wife replied that he was not at home. The stranger said, "Tell him, when he returns, that to-night he must pay me my debt." The wife replied that she was not aware he owed any thing to him. "Tell him," said the stranger, with a ferocious look, "that I will have my debt to-night." The husband returned, and when informed of what had taken place, merely remarked that his demand was just. He then ordered his bed to be made that night in an outhouse, where he had never slept before, and he shut himself up in it with a lighted candle. The family were astonished, and could not resist the impulse to gratify their curiosity by looking through the holes in the door. They beheld the same stranger, who had entered without opening the door, seated beside his victim, and they appeared to be counting large sums of money. Soon they began to quarrel about their accounts, and were proceeding from threats to blows, when the servants, who were looking through the door, burst it open that they might help their master. The light was instantly extinguished, and when another was brought, no traces could be found of either of the disputants, nor were they ever afterwards heard of. The suspicious looking stranger was the demon himself, who had carried away his victim.

With the fourteenth century we enter upon a new period of the history of sorcery. The trial of the necromancers of Coventry appears to have originated in an attempt to gratify private revenge. In our next chapter we shall detail a far more extraordinary case, occurring at the same time, which appears to have arisen from acts of extortion and oppression. From this time, during at least two centuries (the fourteenth and fifteenth), we shall find sorcery used frequently as a powerful instrument of political intrigue. After that period, we enter upon what may be termed, *par excellence*, the age of witches.

HOW MRS. MALMSEY MANAGED HER UNCLE.

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS.

AUTHOR OF "OUR NEW GOVERNESS," &c.

"COMING to town just when every decent Christian is leaving it," grumbled out Mr. Malmsey, or perhaps he was not grumbling, but the muffin he was eating imparted a woolliness of tone to his voice, "I can't think, Mrs. Caroline, what you keep such an unnatural uncle for. Give me some more tea, and put the sugar and milk in first."

"There, then, you old bachelor," replied the lady, brewing according to orders, "and pray what does that whim mean?"

"I don't know—I like it—I used to make it so myself in Gray's Inn, where I had nobody to do it for me."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Malmsey, with one of those curious little laughs into which a lady manages to pack a great many ideas. "You must have been very lonely in those days. How thankful you ought to feel that I married you."

"I try to be, my beloved," said the gentleman, very demurely, "more especially when, as last night, dinner was three-quarters of an hour late, and spoiled when it did come, and when, as at this present speaking, my right wristband is perfectly innocent of buttons."

"The first was your own fault," replied Caroline, prudently carrying the war into the enemy's country, "you left it uncertain whether you would dine at home or not, sir, and as to the button, come over here, if you've finished your breakfast."

And while the lady proceeded to cut a mother o' pearl button from a piece of dark blue paper, and to ransack a helpless-looking little workbox with a looking-glass inside the lid, but apparently containing nothing else of the slightest use, earthly or heavenly, she inquired,

"Which day does he say he's coming?"

"To-morrow," said Malmsey, "and to-day's yesterday's to-morrow. Let us see. Yes, at the Portugal, Fleet-street, at noon, and subscribe myself, my dear niece, your affectionate uncle, Theodolite, no, Theophilus Glew."

"It is a bore," said Mrs. Malmsey, pinching her thread into a point.

"There has been nothing like it since the Babes in the Wood," said her husband. "The courts all up—long vacation begun—beautiful weather—your place engaged at Ramsgate—and then comes this epistolary clog. Do you know that I feel very like George Barnwell?"

"It can't be helped—turn up your sleeve—he's rich—this button must have come off this morning," said Mrs. Malmsey. "Besides, you invited him yourself when you called at the assize time."

"Yes, but he's an aggravating old antiquarian to take advantage of my courtesy. However, since he is coming, we must treat him as well as we can, and overlook his iniquity. So as he will dine with us every day, I exhort you to abuse your cook in a dreadful manner, in order that last night's dinner may not be *encored*, for if it is—don't run the needle into me, I tell you."

"Then don't be absurd. Dine with us—yes—but we must do some—

thing more than that, to amuse the old man, though I declare to gracious I don't know what that something's to be."

"Would a few fireworks make his mind happy? I shouldn't object, so far as eighteenpence would go—Caroline! don't, I say."

"I will, unless you are rational. I don't know what he would wish done. You see I know nothing about him. I have never seen him since the day I was christened, when I made red faces and squalled at him for wanting to kiss me."

"Very proper in you," said Malmsey, "pray continue the same line of self-defence on all occasions. But he's a very unobjectionable, clean-looking uncle. He reminded me a good deal of Downton, in one of the old men who come on the stage in shorts and black silk stockings, and cry mildly over little pictures of departed saints, strictly monymous."

"Perhaps it is as well that he comes at this time, then. If he's a guy one wouldn't wish to show him to every body."

"But he's not a guy, by any means. I tell you he is a creature of the last century, and ought to be indicted for being alive now. He was a kind of literary man, in a small way, in the reign of some ancient king or other, and wrote two very thin books."

"Books, lor! There, sir, the button's on."

"Yes, books. He showed them to me, bound in red. One was 'Some account of an Illegible Inscription Discover'd in the Abbey of St. Alban's, Herts,' for which he was elected F.A.S. The other was a collection of dwarf poems, which he declares Dr. Darwin saw and stigmatised as 'pleasing pieces.'"

"I have a kind of idea that I have got those, somewhere."

"Find them, then, and learn two or three by the time he comes. There's an 'Ode to Self-Command,' or something, which will go to the tune of 'Smile as thou wert wont to Smile.' Learn that, and sing it to him. Declare it's the song of the season. I must go."

"No no, William—let us settle what is to be done."

"The dinner, *to-day*, please."

"You know there's nobody in town, or at least every body pretends to be on the wing. Otherwise, we would have a little party to meet him. It's really puzzling."

"I should have thought that among the lots of queer people you know, you might manage."

"Queer people—I don't know any queer people—and if I did, one don't ask queer people to meet one's rich uncles."

"Look here, Caroline. He's an old man, and accustomed to retirement. A mere party would not amuse him, and would send down his gray wig, with a headach inside it, into the country. But if you get a few people who would entertain him—let him hear two or three songs—show him any engravings—have somebody who can imitate John Kemble and Munden—don't you see what I mean?"

"Yes, I think you are right; but who is there we can have?"

"Why—ask—as you say, they ought to be all quiet people. Well, there'll be Louisa and Waring, of course—they must be told not to quarrel that night. Then the Walkingtons—they don't go to Scotland, or Eastbourne, or wherever it is, until next week—have them. Tell Polly Wilkinson and her music-book to come; and ask Blackburne—perhaps the old man would like a game at chess. Then Dr. Blarney might come—he tells impossible

stories, but they are not slow ; and Earnshaw and his wife—he looks gentlemanly, and she sings and asks foolish riddles. And then there's Walter Pyng—

“But he drinks so.”

“But he eats very good fire in the meantime, and I'll ask Earnshaw to ep near him, and get him away early.”

“Not so easy. Don't you remember when that old clergyman proposed the Queen's health, one day here, Pyng got up and returned thanks for the honour we had done them both, and said he was certain the Queen would be very proud when he mentioned it to her.”

“Never mind, have him and a few more to-morrow night, and manage it the best way you can.”

“You must give me some more money, William.”

“I believe you are making a private hoard, to buy you a new husband when I am dead—you'll never get such another. However, there ; and now *addio, mia cara*, till five o'clock.”

The species to which Uncle Theophilus belonged is becoming rarer every spring and fall, and any specimen of it will soon be labelled *raris-simus*. For which reason we hold it meet that, while an authentic description of such a curiosity can be obtained from life, it should be recorded for the instruction of zoologists. Railways and cheap literature are destroying the breed by a very sure process. The quiet, prim, pedantic but kindly old gentleman, who had always “a turn for poetry,” and evinced such turn by the production, at long intervals, of the very neatest and smallest volumes of the neatest and smallest versification, printed by the bookseller of his own cathedral town, and presented to a few of the magnates of his own agricultural county—who remembers having been kissed by Anna Seward, in return for his juvenile recitation of her monody on the then recently executed André—who never visited London but once, and that was when King George went in procession to St. Paul's, to return thanks for his recovery from mental affliction—whose favourite walk in a sunny afternoon is up and down the stiff avenue of elms leading to the east door of the cathedral, and who is a kind of self-appointed commission of observation on negligent vergers and irreverent choristers, with whose peccadilloes he unceasingly torments the Chapter, and sometimes ventures to afflict the blandly cautious Dean—who is much revered by his fellow-townsmen, for his supposed antiquarian lore, and consequently obtains an early private view of any flattened Birmingham token, or any other apocryphal relic discovered by ditcher or ploughman in the adjoining parishes—who was once employed by Mr. Upcott to verify an extract from a monastic charter in the Chapter House, a feat which is, next to his poems, the pride of his life—this relic of the last age is fast passing away. His cathedral is now but two-hours steam scurry from London—his poetry has been shown to be no poetry at all—and Charles Knight, in a shilling pamphlet, offers more antiquarian information than the poor old man's whole life has enabled him to scrape together, by painful sifting of illustrated quarto treatises and county histories. But he has done his little work patiently and perseveringly, and we have no right to ridicule him, even while science is laying him gently on one side, out of her somewhat clattering way.

Of course Mrs. Malmsey sent for Louisa Waring to come and help her to pet Uncle Glew. We flatter ourselves that the mode in which the

last-named young lady gained her matrimonial honours is fresh in the recollection of our readers; who will, therefore, recall the domestic training which made her just the sort of person an old man likes to have gliding and smiling, and fondling about him—now fetching him every thing he wants, almost before the want occurs to himself, and now nestling upon the ottoman by his knee, listening to his voluminous anecdotes, usually deficient in nothing but incident and point. Louisa had served her apprenticeship to the paternal gout and maternal cough, and delighted the old gentleman by her ready attentions. Caroline had lived too much and too successfully in the world, to be capable of conforming herself very completely to any body's will but her own, and gladly surrendered the work to her sister, who had, moreover, an additional stimulus to be elaborately affectionate and attentive to Theophilus, in the manifest fact that Mr. Waring, who hated that anybody should be petted except himself, was marvellously tormented by the absorbing interest his beautiful young wife displayed for the poetical old antiquary. Loo, having hooked and landed her fish, quite against his will, as she well knew, revenged herself upon his reluctance by inciting him to all sorts of flappings.

But the lady of the house exerted herself in another way, with great effect; and when, on the following evening, the excellent Theophilus was installed in a luxurious easy chair, with Louisa near him as a permanent body guard; and when the candles were all lighted, and when the large Palmer lamp was set upon a side table, and when the little Palmer lamps were placed on the brackets of the pianoforte, and when the boy in buttons exhibited a pleasing shininess of cheek, suggestive of soft soap, and harmonising, rather than contrasting, with the alarming oiliness of his hair; and when the last orders had been issued to the excited housemaid,—namely, that nobody (and Mr. Pyng, like Mr. O'Connell, in a certain royal speech, was denounced by name) was to be allowed to enter the supper-room on any pretext whatever—Mrs. Malmsey thought, and thought justly, that a good deal had been done in a little time.

Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat. "The first party," as the boxkeepers say in the theatre, usually bawling out the information with the apparent notion, that Mr. Macready, just then soliloquising, or Miss Rainforth, just in the middle of a cadence, would like to know that the audience was increased. We never could find out to whom else the statement was directed.

"Three to one you don't name the people on the stairs, Waring," said Malmsey.

"I never bet, upon principle," replied the Benedict; "but as, by the delay, somebody seems to have forgotten something, I suppose it's those—"

"Miss Wilkinson," remarked the boy in buttons, opening the door.

"Ah! you're a dear," said Mrs. Malmsey; "but where's your music?"

"Don't be alarmed," said Miss Wilkinson, laughing, as the servant followed her into the room, with about one hundred weight of vocal and instrumental melody in her clean apron. "I didn't know what your uncle would like," she added, confidentially, "so I thought I'd empty the Canterbury at once."

"Just like your good-nature, Polly," said Caroline; "let me introduce you. Uncle, this is Miss Wilkinson."

The old gentleman had risen the moment the door opened, and, after

bowing in the politest manner, utterly refused to be seated until the lady had found a place on the sofa.

"How di do, Polly?" said Waring, nodding at her over a magazine, but giving himself no further trouble in the way of recognition.

"Is that young lady any relation to Mr. Waring?" inquired the old gentleman, in a low voice.

"Lor, uncle, no;" said Louisa, "what put that into your mind?"

"In my time," said Theophilus, "we called our sisters by their Christian names, and occasionally our cousins, when strangers were not present; but we always handed chairs, even to the former."

"Ah!" said Waring, "but I have a theory that the girls of the last generation were a much safer set to show attention to than those of the present day."

"May I inquire what you mean by safety, sir?" asked Mr. Glew.

"Why, they didn't construe a look into a proposal, and even if you did propose, they scorned to take advantage of your folly, and refused you once or twice; so that if you married them afterwards, you might be reasonably supposed to have known your own mind as well as to have been out of it."

It was a pleasant speech, and we are afraid that Louisa preserved its memory, and that of a few similar sentiments. But some husbands are so unreasonable—they keep on loading the conjugal blunderbuss, which is sure, some day, to go off in their faces—and then they grumble to Dr. Lushington about unsuitable dispositions and so forth.

The Earnshaws arrived next, and Mrs. Earnshaw, with wonderful eagerness in her large earnest eyes, had scarcely asked Malmsey if he knew why Signor Mario was like an inkstand, when they were followed by Dr. Blarney, who said he should have been earlier, but for having been "suddenly called on by an elderly lady, whose complaint he had been obliged to allay by the exhibition of an extract of tin." This was in some sort true, the doctor's visiter being his unpaid washerwoman. And, after the introduction, Dr. Blarney proceeded to edify his hearers by a description of several extraordinary cases which he had dealt with, and especially dwelt upon an instance of incipient elephantiasis, which he affirmed he had frightened away by administering pounded rhinoceros horn.

A triple vision of black curls and white muslin, bespoke the three Miss Walkingtons, who proceeded, *unâ voce*, to assert to Louisa that they had just seen the handsomest man that ever lived; whereat Waring sneered, and looked in the glass, to the extreme glee of the three graces, who were supposed occasionally to introduce such topics, less as veritable history, than as a means of subduing the vanity of the gentlemen around them. Then came another knock, and another, and another, and at last the room began to wear that social aspect which can be produced in no two rooms (however alike they may appear) by precisely the same number of guests—a piece of party statistics which no experienced party-goer or giver will dispute.

The following vocal and instrumental concert then took place, and it was remarkable that the only person who abstained from talking during the performance, was the old English gentleman, a courtesy which con-

firmed Waring, who chattered all the time, in the belief that Theophilus was a regular muff.

PART I.

SCENA	<i>Nabuchodnozor</i>	Miss WILKINSON.
QUADRILLE	<i>Les Huguenots</i>	Miss F. WALKINGTON.
SONG	<i>"Avenging and Bright"</i>	Mr. BLACKBURN.
SCENA	<i>The Gambler's Wife</i>	Miss WILKINSON.
SONG	<i>The Charming Woman</i>	Mrs. EARNSHAW.
AIR	<i>Inflamatus Est (Stabat Mater)</i>	Mr. BLACKBURN.

An interval of ten minutes here occurred, during which the boy in buttons handed round tiny glasses, containing a certain tasteless, colourless, harmless fluid, which is prepared at a slight expense, in the following manner—but no, lemonade is an innocent conventionality, and nobody is obliged to drink it—we throw down the pen which would have unveiled the humble parentage of that inoffensive, economical mixture.

PART II.

DUET	<i>La ci Daren</i>	Mr. & Mrs. EARNSHAW.
SONG	<i>The Maniac</i>	Miss WILKINSON.
POLKA		Miss O. WALKINGTON.
SONG	<i>The Deaf Man's Bride</i>	Miss WILKINSON.
MARCH	<i>Oberon</i>	Miss P. WALKINGTON.
SONG	<i>"Of What is the Old Man thinking?"</i>	Mrs. EARNSHAW.

"I was thinking, my dear madam," said Theophilus to the songstress, whose astonishment was considerable on recollecting that she had been carrying her love of asking a riddle to a greater extent than was perhaps necessary, "of the first concert I ever attended. It was held at the King's Arms, Gloucester, on the 11th of June, 1785, and Mrs. Price, of Drury Lane Theatre, delivered an elegy on the death of poor William Whitehead, who had then been deceased about two months."

"And if the question be not impertinent, sir," said Waring, "pray who was William Whitehead?"

"Sir," said the old man, looking peculiarly surprised, "I dare say you have heard of a gentleman named William Wordsworth."

"Oh! was he Whitehead's son," asked Miss Fanny Walkington, with much innocence. "No—how absurd—of course not, I forgot."

"Whitehead held the office, my dear young lady, which Wordsworth now holds—and will I trust long continue to hold—that of Laureat."

"Well, uncle," said Louisa, "and which did you enjoy most, the Gloucester music or ours?"

"My dear niece, it is less a question of liking than of taste, but I must confess I think that sixty years ago the art of concert-giving was better understood than now—if the collection with which I have been so kindly favoured to-night be a specimen of a modern entertainment. I know it is the fashion to laugh at the "love and dove," and "Strephon and Chloe," and "heart and impart" of the old school, but—"

"Heart and impart' is looking up," said Waring, "and if Mrs. Price were at Drury Lane now she would recognise it."

"I was only going to say that weak as such things were, they were at least suited to the social circle. But to say nothing of the song in Latin, which I understand to be taken from a description of the most solemn event which ever took place, I have heard two *scenas*, one describing the agonies of a woman whose child is starving to death, and the other imitating the cries of a raving madman. Now I must take leave to dispute the correctness of the taste which introduces such subjects into the drawing-room."

"Slow, very slow," muttered Waring, as he turned away.

"On the contrary, as right as ninepence," said a voice which seemed to have been made out of a laugh. "How are you, Mrs. Malmsey?"

"What are you so late for, Walter?" said Malmsey.

"Late—is all the fun over—then we'll begin again," said Mr. Pyng. "what shall it be? I couldn't come earlier—a client of the governor's wrote word that if his will wasn't sent him for signature by return of post, he'd die in disgust—so I was obliged —— is that your new old uncle?"

"Mr. Walter Pyng, uncle, Mr. Glew," said Caroline.

"Great grat-i-fi-ca-ti-on," muttered Pyng, it was his favourite way or acknowledging an introduction. He said it did as well as any other form of grunt.

"Do you mean to make much of a stay in the Wen, sir?" asked Mr. Pyng.

"I beg your pardon—in the what?"

"No, not in the what—in the Wen—not bad that, though. In town, sir, I mean; don't you remember Cobbett's polite synonyme?"

"I neither remember, nor wish to remember any thing of that man's, sir."

"Quite right—he was, like Kean, terribly in earnest, and I hate any body who is in earnest, don't you? We never see any body in earnest, now, that's one comfort."

"I believe," said Mr. Glew, didactically, "that in proportion as society becomes heartless, its amusements become fierce. That accounts for the state of the drama in France."

"And for our drawing-room 'Gambler's Wives' and 'Maniacs,' said Mrs. Malmsey, laughing. "But supper is announced—uncle, will you give me your arm—come, young ladies."

It is due to the nineteenth century, for which we have a filial respect, to say that the veteran antiquary—the *laudator temporis acti*—of whom we have ventured to present as faithful a sketch as we could—left all his discontent at the door of the supper-room. Seated between his pretty nieces, and looking down a vista of faces lighted up with merriment, Theophilus spontaneously declared his belief that English girls are quite as lovely as their grandmothers were. And when the champagne corks flew, and the leaping wine, grateful for its own enfranchisement gave freedom to the lips of all around, and eyes flashed brightly, and curls waved merrily, and the light laugh rang, silvery and fast, and when Dr. Blarney, in one of his best after-supper speeches proposed the old uncle's health, and a chorus of applause burst out at the mention of his name, Theophilus, though he felt as one of the Seven Sleepers might be supposed to feel if suddenly awakened and requested to drive an express train, contrived in returning thanks to signify a decided approval of some of the ways of Young England.

MISS CUSHMAN'S ROMEO.

BY LITTLE DEMOCRITUS.

EVER since the appearance of Miss Cushman's name in the Haymarket bills, as a performer of *Romeo*, I have been teased, fretted, annoyed, worried, and fidgetted by the question: "Can *Romeo* be played by a woman?" Friends—for I will be generous enough to call ye friends, notwithstanding the said teasing, fretting, annoying, worrying, and fidgetting—do ye not know that whatever is, is possible? Miss Cushman *does* play *Romeo*—don't trouble yourselves about the "can"—and what is more, is the first person who has played *Romeo* for years. Do you suppose the ancient Assyrians ever discussed the abstract question, whether a woman could lead an army, when Semiramis was in the midst of a battle? Do you suppose even the most thick-headed of those stolid Spaniards whom Hogarth has immortalised, ever dreamed of continuing the argument, as to the possibility of an egg standing on its small end, when the egg, in the desired position, was on the table before him? No!

I repeat my assertion; Miss Cushman is the first person who has played *Romeo* for years, and, indeed, that is not saying much—not half enough. *Romeo* has generally been but a very third-rate sort of person in the drama; *Juliet* has absorbed three-fourths of the interest, and the remaining portion has been allotted to *Mercutio*. There has ever been a want of substantiality about the acted *Romeo*—he has been a lot of passionate and conceited speeches following in sequence of time, but without a real supporter. The speeches may have been well-delivered, or they may have been ill-delivered, but somehow we did not find ourselves caring more about *Romeo*, than about the cover enclosing the "elegant extracts." No one took it into his head to make *Romeo* an individual.

Now it struck Miss Cushman, one fine day, that the gallantries uttered by *Romeo* at the ball, the declaration of love in the garden, the anguish in the friar's cell, and the description of the apothecary's domicile were uttered by somebody—that there was some *one* person, of whose varying moods these are so many expressions, and that the fragment "ROM." printed before certain quantities of rhyme and blank verse, was not the only connecting link. Now had the play before her been one of the formal tragedies of the last century, this supposition might have been a very rash one. There very often the speaker is but the aggregate of his speeches—they exist to be declaimed, and he exists to declaim them, and for no other purpose—so that it would be the most inconsiderate thing in the world to suppose that any flesh and blood lay beneath the black and white. But with Shakspeare the case is very different. With him we know there is always a reality that supports the appearances; and, as somebody judiciously said, we have just as much right to account for the actions of a Shaksperian hero or heroine, as if they were those of some lady or gentleman of our acquaintance. Having made up her mind that there was a genuine humanity lurking beneath a mass of diction, Miss Cushman had but to detect him, and to drag him out in presentable condition before a mixed audience.

Find him she *did*,—and she also presented him, the audience being amazed and delighted at the result of the search. And what guided her

in the investigation? Did she read long critical discussions on the idiosyncracies of the Veronese loons? Did she diligently inquire whether it was necessary to their peculiar temperament, that they should be born at Verona; or whether the same dispositions might have arisen had Westcheap been the place of their nativity? Did she peruse acute observations on the difference, quantitative, and qualitative, between the love for Rosaline and the love for Juliet? She might have done all this—and more than all this. We are not in her confidence, but of this we are certain, that it was not to such a study we are indebted for her *Romeo*.

Miss Cushman's plan of bringing out a character, is exceedingly easy to describe, and exceedingly hard to act upon; so very hard, that she remains at present without a rival in her peculiar excellences. She simply contrives to *feel* the character she assumes—she puts herself in the position of that character, and she acts accordingly. She makes herself the person to whom the various vicissitudes of the play occur—and then, of course, earnestness and truth are inevitable. Therefore, the search after *Romeo* was not a long one—she had merely to read the play, and to look at home, and lo! she herself *was Romeo*. The power that enabled her to do this, was the trifling one called—GENIUS.

Her action on the audience, whom she works up to a *furor*, is an illustration of the old Horatian maxim:

————— Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi.

There may be an elaborate piece of acting, in which word is fitted to gesture, and gesture to word, with an acuteness and elegance that shall claim admiration, without stirring any other emotion. But Miss Cushman's acting does not allow you to reflect on the possibility of previous study. It looks a thing of impulse, and you cannot believe that the passion which animates her language, existed two seconds before the utterance of the words. That impetuous appeal of earnestness—of strong immediate truth—cannot vainly be made to an audience. It is the touch of nature that “makes the whole world kin.”

W. HARRISON AINSWORTH.

BY E. KENEALY.

DREAMER of golden dreams, and pictured scenes
Of joust and list, and knightly sword and lance,
And sylvan sports, and ladies chaste and fair,
And wild enchantment—all that bright Romance
From olden tomes and legends rich and rare
And history's painted pages deftly gleans!
Whether thy skilful hand, like Truth, portrays
The bluff stern despot or the rival queens,
Or shapes of magic, or the Northern Knight
First in the school and foremost in the fight,
Or the rude men of James's plotting days;
Forth, like quick life, the perfect pictures stand,
Genius, that gifts and guides thy well-train'd hand,
In all her gorgeous hues each passing scene arrays.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE PRIVATE HISTORY OF MY POODLE.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

"Sey ruhig, Pudel!"—*Faust*.

THE intellect of dogs is, generally speaking, a most agreeable theme, and I could myself add much to the many pages already written in their praise, especially if it were my cue to dilate upon the excellent qualities of the honest fellow who is, at this very moment, trying to interrupt this memoir, by jumping on my knee as I write.

But the bright lights in a picture are always balanced by shadows, or, as the old ballad says,

Every white must have its black.
And every sweet its sour.

In like manner, therefore, it falls to my lot to exhibit certain traits in the character of one particular dog, which, if extended to the whole race, would infallibly diminish the reputation for respectability which the species at present enjoys.

The sagacity of dogs is universal, but their mode of displaying it peculiar to each several breed, as, amongst mankind, the various nations are distinguished by some separate characteristic. Thus the calm and clear thoughtfulness of the Newfoundland dog differs widely from the sharp, searching acuteness of the terrier, and this, again, from the patient and laborious conscientiousness of the guardian of the flocks; and so on of the rest.

These dogs, however, who differ in their good qualities, as Englishmen, Italians, and Germans, may vary in the attributes of character, have certain general features of resemblance amongst themselves, which are all distinct from the peculiarities that mark the poodle, who stands alone, and may be considered to occupy that place in the dog-creation which the Frenchman holds amongst men.

He is witty, sprightly, active, and entertaining; full of pliability, grimace, and trick; faithful to his cause, and readily obedient. At one moment a *preux chevalier*, and at the next *tant soit peu fanfaron*; endowed with amazing ingenuity, fertile in expedients, wrong-headed, and quick-sighted; possessing a good deal of bustling fun, and having a considerable spice of the devil, and not a little of the picaroon in his composition.

Perhaps "*Les Français peints par eux-mêmes*" may not be willing to accept this portraiture as faithful, but the notion I have of them suggests the sketch; at any rate, these were the properties of the Poodle whom it was my fate to call mine; and I never could divest myself of the idea that he owed his qualities to the country which gave him birth. Such as they were, he took every opportunity of developing them; and in the mixture of knavery and fidelity, which characterised him, it happened not unfrequently that the former, like Aaron's rod, swallowed up all his better propensities.

I purpose to narrate some passages of his history which have had a certain influence on the fortunes of my own.

Azor—for such was my Poodle's name—was born in Paris, in the year 1830, a few weeks before the three glorious days which, while they gave what was supposed to be liberty to his country, deprived him of the being whom he presumed to be his mother; that respectable female dog—her name was Rosette—being killed in a charge of a regiment of cuirassiers against some two or three and fifty of the *gamins* of Paris, inhabiting the Faubourg St. Jacques. His father, of course, he never knew; but perhaps he gained rather than lost by his ignorance. The example of an elderly poodle is not always the most edifying spectacle, any more than that afforded by some elderly roués, of our own species, whom I could name. In justice, however, to the morality of the sire, and the genius of the son, it must be acknowledged that Azor cared little about precedent; he sufficed for himself.

The polite and learned *quartier* which I have named was the scene of the young orphan's education, which thrived with him amazingly. Those on whom the important task devolved of instilling knowledge, were eminently qualified for the task. His principal master—for there were many in the family, and all claimed proprietorship—like the right that was disputed between the Duke de la Châtre and the Abbé d'Effiat, and which was finally settled by the dice—was a courier, addicted rather to Englishmen and Russians than to any other class of travellers, a predilection which, without imputing sordid motives, might possibly have been slightly influenced by the nature of their payment.

From this worthy the infant Azor acquired many accomplishments; such as begging with expression, drinking a *schnapps* or *petit-verre* with a grace, and smoking a paper cigar with an air of satisfaction. Dancing he inherited as a kind of birth-right, and the courier laboured hard, and not altogether in vain, to teach him a few energetic oaths, such as occasionally added piquancy to his own conversation. It is a common saying, that such a dog can “do any thing but talk;” but Azor seemed to have conquered even that difficulty; for it is quite clear that he could perfectly articulate “God dam.” That he could sneeze out a very fair imitation of “Sacre,” and one of his lengthened howls bore a close resemblance to “Diavolo!”—no great variety of vocabulary, it may be said, nor much indication of a high moral tone in its selection; but proving one thing, that there was zealous tuition on one side, and diligent application on the other.

Something there might have been in the natural dog—for he was poodle born—that adapted him for the course of studies in which he was trained by the courier's children; but example, doubtless, swayed him as much as inclination. This was in his undisguised propensity for mischief, which he shared with his amiable tutors and playmates. To carry a glass of wine without spilling it, is an ordinary poodle accomplishment. To drink it off without wincing is a frequent poodle feat. But to perform both these acts with the steady gravity which marked the countenance of Azor, and afterwards to smash the glass to shivers, and caper round the room in an ecstasy of delight, betrayed the dog, himself determined to enjoy while he imparted amusement to others, in a manner such as Azor only could have shown.

From the same instruction, he early learnt how to pull bells and give false alarms; how to dive into the dirty Seine, and afterwards impart that dirt to unconscious passers-by; how to career between the legs of totter-

ing Bourbonites and level them with the dynasty; how to worry unsuspicious cats, or maul the lap-dog tribe, cherished by *sage femmes* and antiquated maidens. He also learnt from the same respectable source how to distinguish between *meum* and *tuum*, preferring every body else's property to his own. *Voleur—larron—escroc*—were titles to which he laid undisputed claim.

As the Faubourg Saint Jacques contains within its bosom the celebrated *quartier latin*; the value of such a position was not overlooked, and Azor was indebted for much kind instruction to the interesting *alumni*, who devote their time there to any purpose but study. From them he acquired a fondness for books—not that he read them as Munito did—or could interpret literary difficulties after the fashion of Braque and Phylax, who astonished the town three or four years ago—but from the eagerness with which he, literally, devoured their contents. It was surprising in how short a time he made himself master of a work; how rapidly he appreciated his author, how soon he despatched his subject. The volume was scarcely open before the leaves were torn from the binding and scattered to the winds in a manner that would have excited envy in a trunk-maker or a pastrycook. It was observable that the modern classical authors caused his chiefest excitement, and he has been known to finish off a Lamartine or a Châteaubriand “before you could say Jack Robinson,” or to use a more appropriate simile—“in the twinkling of a dog's leg.” He was, however, scarcely less prompt in his judgment when any of the romantic school came under his review. The works of Eugene Sue, of Alexandre Dumas, of Frederic Soulié, and even the poems of Victor Hugo, were treated with very little more reverence. He seemed to think, in anticipation of the *feuilleton* of the present day, that the wider the circulation he gave them, the worse for somebody.

It was only by degrees that I became aware of all the amiable propensities of this my Poodle, for experience is your only teacher in the matter of dogs, horses and ——— wives; a warranty with them being worth somewhat less than nothing.

Azor was a twelvemonth old when first I became aware of his existence.

I was travelling from Milan to Paris, and had hired as a courier, one François Desrosses, who claimed the principal right of property in the poodle. Passing through Lyons, an itinerant showman's dog amused me with his feats of dexterity, and while I was expressing my admiration, François, who happened to be by, observed with a shrug:

“Mais oui, ce n'est pas mauvais, ça; mais si Monsieur voyait le chien qui est à moi,—ah, voilà un chien! Mais non, c'est un être supérieur!”

“Is your dog, then,” I asked, “so much cleverer than this?”

“Comment, Monsieur! plus adroit que cet animal là! Attendez, Monsieur, il ne serait pas digne du nom de Barbet, s'il ne valait tous les autres chiens du monde! Si vous le voyiez vous en diriez autant. Comme ça fume,—comme ça danse,—comme ça chante même; ou dirait être à l'Opera!”

These eulogies were very great (though smoking is no very necessary qualification for Operatic excellence, however admirable in the patrons of the Opera) and I naturally expressed a desire to see this wonderful dog.

“Eh bien, quand Monsieur arrivè à Paris, j'aurai l'honneur de lui présenter mon chien; il en sera satisfait, je lui réponds.”

A day or two after my arrival in Paris, I was sitting at breakfast in the Hôtel Mirabeau, when my servant announced a visiter. It was François; but he came not alone—a poodle accompanied him, whose first act, by the way, was furtively to take possession of, and demolish the leg of a chicken which lay within reach on the breakfast-table.

This was on the 7th of August, 1831. I am particular as to the date, because since that period—but I will not anticipate.

The courier's praise of his poodle was not exaggerated; as far as accomplishments went, he was perfect. He simulated death in the most complete manner; a tragedian or a painter might have made him a study,—even a jury after seeing him might have returned a verdict of "Natural Death." He was obedient to the slightest word; he walked across the room on his hind legs, and begged with such an air and so piteous a whine, that I fancied myself again on the high-road to Paris, and importuned for charity, by those who walk on two legs by the gift of nature. In justice, however to the poodle, I must say that in point of good looks, the balance was decidedly in his favour. Many were the feats of agility and ingenuity which he performed beside, and all in the most artistical manner, and with the most careful finish. To be brief, I was charmed with him. A bargain was quickly made, and Azor became my property. What I paid for him, is of little consequence. As Sterne says, speaking of the charity bestowed by him upon the *pauvre honteux*: "I gave him—no matter what;—I am ashamed to say *how much now*, and was ashamed to think *how little then*."

For a short time all was *couleur de rose* with my new acquisition. His gaiety, vivacity, and docility were every thing I could desire; in the morning he fetched his own roll from the baker's shop, and brought me my *Galignani* to read at breakfast; of his own accord he performed a thousand absurd antics, and ministered incessantly to my amusement. He was evidently bent upon winning my good graces, the more securely to accomplish his final purposes; for that he shaped his conduct towards an end, I as firmly believe, as if he had been old Talleyrand himself. The world may laugh, if it pleases, about the doctrines of transmigration, but if ever the spirit of a *mauvais sujet* found a habitation garnished with tail and claws, then surely was Azor translated. If, as Pythagoras says, "the soul of a man may haply inhabit a woodcock," I see no reason why it may not hide itself beneath the skin of a poodle.

The first indication of his real character was given about a week after I became his master. It was simply a case of petty larceny, but the manner in which it was accomplished, differed from the ordinary mode of dogs when "under the moon's influence, they steal."

I had moved from the Hôtel Mirabeau, to private apartments in the Rue d'Alger, as the newly-constructed street had just then been christened, in honour of the last victory of the Bourbons. The porter and his wife were a very respectable couple; they generally are so in Paris; with a slight touch of the quizzical in their respectable composition. Azor soon became a favourite, and was admitted into their intimacy, so that he was frequently to be found in their lodge at the foot of the principal staircase.

Rosalie—or as her visiting acquaintance called her—*Madame Benoit*—was very fond of the dish which Henri Quatre wished might be the dinner of every peasant in his dominions. It was the "*poulet-au-pôt*," but

prepared in the most savoury manner, after a receipt, for the possession of which Rosalie had long been famous. My own appetite had frequently been excited by the grateful odour that climbed spirally from her sanctum; and, it appeared by the sequel, that I was not the only stranger attracted by it. Azor, too, had scented the stealing essence, and it filled him with foul thoughts.

Madame Benoît was one of those good-looking portly persons, whom our neighbours characterise as "*chargé de cuisine*," and wearing even a "*visage de prospérité*;" her husband Joseph, on the contrary, had the look of a man "*qui a empoisonné le diable*." But if they differed in aspect, they resembled each other in taste; and he had so much confidence in his wife's skill, that if a claim to the Dunmow fitch could have been established, on account of their unanimity in regard to the merits of Rosalie's *poulet-au-pôt*, they might have fairly preferred it.

On a certain day, Madame Benoît had been catering early in the Marché St. Honoré, and those who had no business of their own to attend to—a thing which happens now and then in this world—might have been amused at the screaming, laughing, scolding diplomacy with which she conducted the difficult enterprise of endeavouring to beat down the *Marchande de volaille*, whose paniers are placed at the corner of the Rue de la Corderie. She won the day, however, and bore off, for certainly half a franc less than was originally asked for it, as fine a fowl from Montmartre, as ever paid the octroi duty at the Barrière de Clichy. Elated with her success, she filled her basket with more celery and savoury herbs than usual, and came home, as the poet says, "triumphing" in her victory, and picturing to herself the culinary conquest she was about to achieve.

The morning passed off quietly. I had been engaged writing, and Azor unable to attract my attention, or influenced by some other motive, had disappeared. After a time, I relinquished my occupation, and while I was preparing to go abroad, loitered in and out of my dressing-room which overlooked the court-yard below. On a sudden I heard a loud howl, apparently the agony of a dog undergoing severe pain. I opened the window and peeped into the yard, but could see nothing. Joseph had done the same, but with no better success; and, in the door-way of the porter's lodge, I could see the face of Madame Benoît, like a full-blown hollyhock, inquisitively peering out. In about five minutes the noise was repeated in sharper and more prolonged accents. Again, I looked forth, and this time directed my gaze to an enormous heap of wood which had been brought in for the service of the house, to be sawn up into quantities. The operation of dividing the logs had not yet begun, the workmen being engaged at dinner; and there it stood, in one corner of the court-yard, a pile of three or four yards square, behind which it was very easy for a dog or even a boy to shelter himself. From the position in which I stood, having a bird's-eye view of the court yard, I could see between the pile and the wall, and there I distinctly perceived my friend Azor, no doubt the author of this lamentable cry, but to all appearance unhurt, for he moved briskly to and fro. This time Madame Benoît came out into the yard, as well as her husband, and I heard them giving their opinions on the subject.

"Mais qu'est-ce que c'est don—c," cried Rosalie, with an intonation on the last word, bearing a tolerable resemblance to the poodle's howl.

"Je crois que c'est un chien qui s'est fait mal," replied Joseph, stolidly.

"Y a pas de doute," returned Rosalie, "assurément c'est un chien, mais je ne le vois pas. J'espère que ce n'est pas le petit Azor."

"Ah, pour ça je pense qu'il est chez Monsieur, il n'est pas entré chez nous ce matin."

As I had some misgivings with regard to Azor's conduct, and anticipated some fun in consequence, I held my peace, and suffered them to pursue their conjectures at leisure. Much time was not allowed them for deliberation, for while they were still staring across the yard, and Joseph, forgetting his sympathy for the canine race in the thoughts of his own creature comforts, had put the question: "Et le diner, Rosalie!" and she had answered, "Tout ailleurs, mon ami,"—a third howl, more intensely shrill, more deeply profound, issued from behind the pile of wood. There could be no mistaking the spot, and Rosalie cried out:

"Ah la pauvre bête, sans doute il est enterré sous ce bois là. Allons donc, Joseph, otez quelques pièces, faut regarder derrière."

"Sapristie," exclaimed Joseph "comment cela est-il arrivé!"

And with these words, they both moved forward, and Joseph began to tumble the logs down into the yard, while Rosalie also tugged at them with might and main.

I had kept my eye upon Azor, who seemed to be fully alive to what was going on. He waited till the porter and his wife were busy with the logs, and then, as he heard them removed, crept slowly round the pile under the wall, where there was just room enough for him to crawl. In a few minutes I saw him emerge on the opposite side, and make a dash towards the porter's lodge, leaving its inmates straining their backs with the wood, and uttering loud expressions of mingled sympathy and discontent.

"Où diable est il donc!" cried Joseph.

"Ah! la malheureuse bête," exclaimed his wife.

But nothing rewarded their search, for when the space was tolerably clear, no dog was to be seen.

I had enjoyed the joke—an innocent one, as it seemed—and now opened the door of my ante-room and called to Azor to come up, but no Azor replied to my invitation. The smell of the porter's dinner alone greeted me, and it struck me the odour was more powerful than usual. This might have arisen from the fact of its being near the moment of projection. I closed the door and went back to my toilette, remarking, as I passed the window, that Rosalie and Joseph were returning to their lodge with a disappointed expression.

Whatever cause they had for disappointment already appeared in an instant to have attained its climax, for, "as in a storm the white sea-mew," wild and high rose the piercing tones of Rosalie's voice, and deeply hoarse was the diapason of Joseph.

"On nous a volé—on nous a volé!" shrieked Madame Benoit, with as forcible an articulation as her lungs could utter.

"Sacré nom de Dieu!" shouted her husband.

"Mais le poulet s'est évadé!" cried his wife, classical in the midst of her sorrow.

"Malediction!" was the sole response of Joseph.

By this time I had reached the bottom of the staircase, and there stood

the porter and Rosalie, with uplifted eyes and hands, the table-cloth spread, the pot on the fire, and they, if not "like Niobe all tears," yet, dinnerless and comfortless, looked as if all their household gods were shivered round them.

"But what has happened to you?" inquired I.

Rosalie's grief was voluble.

"Monsieur, je vais vous le dire. Quelqu'un—il doit être bien méchant—nous a volé notre dîner. Tandis que je faisais ma cuisine, et que Joseph s'amusa à lire les *Débats*, nous entendîmes un cri affreux. C'était le hurlement d'un chien, comme s'il s'était cassé le cou, ou bien avoit perdu sa moitié,—car, voyez-vous Monsieur, ça fait pleurer aux gens. 'Mon Dieu!' que je disais à Joseph, 'qu'est-ce que ce bruit là.' Et lui de répondre: 'Ma foi je n'en sais rien, probablement que c'est un chien.' Sur quoi il allait à la porte, et moi je le suivais de vue sans bouger d'ici, à cause du dîner qui s'appêtait. Bientôt le cri se renouvelait, et je pensais cette fois reconnoître la voix du barbet de Monsieur. 'Au secours' ai-je dit, et tout de suite nous sommes allés dans la cour, sans voir personne. Je ne savions pas à quoi penser, et j'étais toute prête à retourner quand une fois le cri se faisait entendre; c'était vraiment à faire peur! Mon mari est monté sur le bois, et moi j'ai tiré des bûches afin de découvrir le pauvre animal qui se cachait dessous. Temps perdu,—y avoit rien dedans. Pas de chien, pas d'autre chose que ce soit! J'étais consternée; puis je disions à mon mari: 'Eh bien, l'ami, revenons à nous moutons, je vais servir le dîner.' Et nous d'entrer dans notre loge. Tout à coup je m'aperçois qu'il nous est arrivé un malheur! Je regarde le pot—y a plus rien—le poulet a disparu. Je crie au voleur, mon mari fait de même,—aussi a-t-il juré! voilà l'histoire; c'est bien mystérieuse!"

It was, indeed, an odd business, and enough to make a man swear, to lose his dinner at the moment he thought he was going to eat it. But the singular part of the affair was, who was the thief? The *porte cochère* had not been opened, and during the few minutes their backs were turned, neither Rosalie nor Joseph had heard any one. I had a lurking suspicion, but I kept it to myself, partly because it involved a system of combination which I could hardly imagine possible, partly because I had no desire to become the accuser of a creature dependent upon me for every thing. I remembered the proverb, "Give a dog an ill name," &c., and, therefore, was silent; but, as I said before, I had misgivings.

I went out, and it was late before I returned. Neither Joseph nor Rosalie had gone to bed. They had discovered the mystery of the abstracted dinner, and yearned to tell it me. It was summed up in a few words. Joseph had traced spots of grease from the lodge door to the cinquième au-dessus de l'entresol, where, in an unfurnished room, in a dark corner, he had detected Azor crunching the bones of the unfortunate fowl;—he had long before picked them clean.

I could not attempt to defend him, for I had witnessed the manœuvre by which he had lured the unsuspecting couple from their treasure.

This was Azor's first adventure; to paint his character in the dark hues which subsequently disfigured it, demands some other opportunity.

I may perhaps be enabled to afford it.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

HOOD'S POEMS.*

THE name of Thomas Hood is chiefly familiar as that of a humorist and a comic writer; but to posterity he will be known as an imaginative, serious, and romantic poet of high merits, and of genuine English character. Compelled, as it were, to serve the power which was seated in the throne of his own soul, the whimsicalities and oddities of the author, even to his puns, were not only exuberant with fun, but often also with the purest pathos. The "Dream of Eugene Aram" and the "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," attest how popular he was in his most serious vein. "The Haunted House" may be considered as an admirable specimen of what he could do in the descriptive and romantic line. Shelley, long ago, remarked that the most unfailing herald, companion, and follower of the awakening of a great people to work a beneficial change in opinion or institution, is poetry. Hood was always peculiarly susceptible of that influence from without, which is almost an unapprehended inspiration with the true poet. One of his latest compositions, "The Song of the Shirt," was an example of what could be wrought in him by the spirit of the age. There is an accumulation, within even so small a compass, of the power of communicating and receiving intense and impassioned conceptions regarding a wrong committed upon a portion of society, which startles one with the electric life that burns in the words, and glows over the whole subject. Hence its wondrous and instantaneous popularity. The persons, it has been remarked, in whom this power resides, may often, as far as regards many portions of their nature, have little apparent correspondence with that spirit of good of which they are the ministers. But certain it is, they must have the inborn sympathy with the spirit, or they could never mirror forth the gigantic shadows impressed by it upon the present, more happily, more eloquently, and more feelingly, than the rest of the world. Hierophants of the religion of the heart, they attest that, even in these utilitarian days, the poetic-genius may be exercised, in the only field that remains to it, the wide theatre of the world, the wrongs of mankind, and the ever-living passions of human nature. It was truly the most sacred duty that remained to Mr. Hood's friends to publish his more serious poems, and they may, we should think, be safely followed by the more thoughtful pieces in his poems of wit and humour. Mr. Hood, as a genuine poet of the age and country in which he lived, will find far more than a mere honourable mention in the history of that country's literature.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.†

THESE exquisite specimens of missal illumination, and most beautiful examples of the gorgeous splendour which such modes of illustration assumed in their palmy days, come late to hand, but their charms are

* Poems. By Thomas Hood. In Two Volumes. E. Moxon.

† A Book of Christmas Carols. Illuminated from Ancient Manuscripts in the British Museum. Joseph Cundall.

sufficient to give them a perpetual acceptance. There are four chief subjects, which each deserve a frame, and which will, no doubt, adorn in such many a closet altar at Oxford, and many a private oratory throughout the land. The borders printed in colours, and the type to suit the age, also assist in imparting character to this little volume of wondrous beauty.

One cannot but rejoice in the revival of a taste for such things, so long as it does not influence the feelings in a higher degree. Surely it is possible to restore the old love of art in connexion with sacred subjects—in which, indeed, all art took its rise—without injury to a purified and simplified faith and doctrine? Surely, also, the correctness of modern drawing, as well as perfection of art, might be married to these charms of illumination, without foregoing their gorgeous splendour, and thus the revival would be made beneficial to all parties, and the pleasures of taste would be made subservient to the progress of art.

ENGLISH AND EARLY FRENCH POETS.*

MR. BOHN, the publisher, has lately entered upon an undertaking which is of a highly creditable character; it is to publish the higher productions of genius and learning—works that are only adapted for an educated public—a class of readers which is, happily, rapidly increasing, on terms which may render them accessible to all. The two classical and truly valuable works, the titles of which are given below, are brought out in so attractive a manner, as, if possible, to add to their own intrinsic merits.

THE PRYINGS OF A POSTMAN.†

HERE is more fun for the leisurely. Not a political satire, as might have been apprehended by some, but some of those partly humorous, partly sentimental insights into nature, which might be supposed to be derived from perusing the correspondence of a country post-office. The author has accomplished his task so skilfully, that read one letter, and you must read on to the bottom of the bag.

FINANCE.‡

FINANCIAL questions reduced to algebraic formula are rather too intricate for general readers. Colonial questions are more easily understood, especially when, as in this case, they are limited to enforcing the claim of the British inhabitants of our most remote colony—that of Oregon—to

* *Lives of English Poets*, from Johnson to Kirke White, designed as a Continuation of Johnson's *Lives*. By the late Reverend Henry Francis Cary, M.A.

The *Early French Poets*, a series of Notices and Translations. By the late Reverend Henry Francis Cary, M.A., with an Introductory Sketch of the History of French Poetry by his Son, the Reverend Henry Cary, M.A., Worcester College, Oxford. Henry G. Bohn.

† *The Pryings of a Postman*. Smith, Elder, and Co.

‡ *Thoughts on Finance and Colonies*. By Publius. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Currency and Railways, &c. By Charles Rowcroft. Smith, Elder, and Co.

protection from the father-land. There is no doubt about it, no more than there is that it will be granted—if arbitration is refused by a professedly Christian nation—without a dissentient voice. Since Mr. Rowcroft's pamphlet has been published, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has announced that Government will receive nothing but hard cash. We are, however, inclined to think that they have been hard with railway speculators, and that the day will yet come when we shall have a railway fund and a railway currency of sound and marketable value.

DRAMATIC LITERATURE.

THE mysterious attempt made to murder James VI. of Scotland before his accession to the British throne was a theme perhaps more fitted for a novel than for dramatic action. The author has, however, got over some of the difficulties by supposing a case of love, and the interference of a qualm of conscience. The tragedy is one of considerable length: it is carefully written, and is studiously wrought out in the details. The characters are also exceedingly well drawn and stand out in bold relief, and the plot is both well conceived and skilfully managed. As it is, however, it is a reading, not an acting play, and it would require a deal of pruning and cutting down to adapt it for the stage.

The Lord of Burghley is another reading play. It is a dramatized version of the well-known story of that nobleman having, in the disguise of a poor artist, wooed and won a farmer's daughter, who was unhappy in her elevation. Containing only five characters, the poem does not possess much dramatic capability, but there is a moral in the tale which is delicately worked out. The imitative spirit which is so frequently to be detected, and the extreme simplicity of plot and treatment, attest rather want of experience than capability; for there is a music in the verses and a sweetness in many of the passages which attest latent poetical power, and bear promise of better things.

Of the "Maiden Aunt" all that we can say is, that it has run a successful career on the stage, which it appears to have fully deserved. The simplicity of the plot, which has been objected to by some, appears to us be a merit, where the interest has to be sustained by the life-like energy of a few characters, an effective dialogue, and a limited number of dramatic situations. It is high praise to the author that the language has been generally admitted to be so like that of the elder Knowles as to be scarcely distinguishable, indeed, in the occasional bursts of sentiment and passion there is a similarity which causes the greatest surprise.

POETRY OF THE MONTH.

KEATS, like Tennyson, is one of that undecided class of poets, who have, from first to last, been exposed to the opposite extremes of ecstatic admiration and scornful detraction. Keats, however, is now generally admitted, by all familiar with his works, to be a true poet, albeit the creative fancy is not always made subordinate to common sense. A cheap and

pretty little edition of his works, like that published by Moxon,* will do much towards making him more generally popular. "With me poetry," says Mr. Edgar A. Poe, a United Statesman we believe, "has been not a purpose, but a passion; and the passions should be held in reverence; they must not—they cannot at will be excited with an eye to the paltry compensations or the more paltry commendations of mankind." We shall certainly after this be excused obtruding our paltry commendations of "The Raven and other Poems."†

"The Wild Huntsman,"‡ bears internal evidence of a German origin. It is a beautiful poem, vivid as the illustrations of the same subject by Corbould, in the "Poems and Pictures." It would surely, with attention to accessories, make a stirring melo-drama. "The Twenty-first of October,"§ is a well-merited satire on the folly and worldliness of the day. Would that such lessons could be read by those to whom they are addressed! But they are too busy worshipping the modern Juggernaut, to read poetry. Mr. Leigh Cliffe has chosen a most repulsive theme, and a still more repulsive story for his pen, in his versified history of a Sceptic's misdeeds.|| Happily we have no belief in such things. This is the more to be regretted, as the versification is pleasing, and the author's style clear and natural. "The Palace of Phantasy,"¶ is an attempt to sketch according to the author's fancies, such things and objects as are most beautiful and grand in nature and art. The author, Mr. J. S. Hardy, is known as a poet of some pretensions, which however appear in the present work to be placed in a rather awkward juxtaposition with the powers of execution. "Lays of the Sea,"** a golden lyre, a dedication to "my husband," a preface to "my brother;" how these trifles soften the stern critic's heart? It would, however, be most unfair to claim a credit for yielding that tribute of applause which the intrinsic worth of these lays positively command. There is a deal of fancy and feeling scattered through Personne's numerous poems, which we hope have accompanied her also through real life. "Affection's Keepsake for 1846,"†† is a small volume of unpretending poetry, the object of which is, to exalt the purity, innocence, and sincerity of the affections, as conducive to domestic happiness, a theme so praiseworthy that we really cannot stop to criticise or cavil at the execution or embellishments, neither of which are first-rate.

* The Poetical Works of John Keats. A New Edition. E. Moxon.

† The Raven and other Poems. By Edgar A. Poe. Wiley and Putnam.

‡ The Wild Huntsman: a Drama. James Gilbert.

§ The Twenty-first of October; or, the Heroes of the Day. A Poem by Peter Placid. Longman and Co.

|| The Sceptic; and other Poems. By Leigh Cliffe, Esq. Simpkin and Marshall.

¶ The Palace of Phantasy; or, the Bard's Imagery, with other Poems. By J. S. Hardy. Smith, Elder, and Co.

** Lays of the Sea, and other Poems. By Personne. Smith, Elder, and Co.

†† Affection's Keepsake, 1846. Original Poetry. Printed for the Author.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF ALEXANDER DUMAS.

XVIII.—THE POISON IN OPERATION.

THE king's solicitor was seated, as usual, at his desk, with a pile of papers before him that would have frightened any one else, but which with him was scarcely sufficient to satisfy his robust appetite for work. His thoughts were wandering from Monte Cristo to the Abbé Busoni, from the abbé to Lord Wilmore, and back again to Monte Cristo,—without, however, any clear or satisfactory results,—when they were interrupted by the sound of a carriage in the court-yard, followed by the footsteps as of an aged and sobbing person ascending the staircase; and a moment afterwards, an old lady walked in without waiting to be announced, her shawl upon her arm.

"Oh, sir," she sobbed, "ah, sir, what a misfortune! it will certainly be the death of me."

And, falling upon the nearest arm-chair, she burst into tears. M. de Villefort rose and hastened to his mother-in-law, for it was Madame de Saint Meran herself.

"Madame!" he anxiously inquired, "what has happened? what upsets you in this manner? where is M. de St. Meran?"

"M. de St. Meran is dead," said the old marchioness with a kind of stupor. "He had been suffering for some days before we left Marseilles, but the hopes of seeing our dear Valentine cheered him up. We had, however, scarcely got six leagues from the city, when he was seized with a sleep so profound that it scarcely appeared natural; as night was coming on I however did not wake him, but he suddenly uttered a piercing shriek and threw his head backwards. I called out to the valet, the postillions stopped, and assistance was given, but it was all over; he was dead, and I travelled by the side of his corpse to Aix."

"Where you no doubt called for medical aid?" said Villefort, his mouth gaping wide with horror.

"At once, but it was too late. The physicians said that he had died from a sudden stroke of apoplexy. M. de St. Meran had always expressed a wish to be buried in the family vault at Paris, so I had his body enclosed in a leaden coffin, and I precede it by a few days."

"My dear mother, how I pity you," said Villefort; "so many cares and such trials at your age!"

"God gave me strength to get through all, but truly I feel since I left him as if I was going to lose my senses. But where is Valentine? It was to see her that we undertook this fatal journey."

Villefort placed the arm of Madame de St. Meran under his own, and conducted her to her apartment, saying that he was going to prepare Madame de Villefort and Valentine for the melancholy news. The family was, indeed, much afflicted by the sad intelligence, and it was with difficulty that Valentine so far recovered herself as to be able to pay the necessary attentions to the old lady; but at length overcome by the

fatigue of the journey, Madame de St. Meran fell into a feverish sleep, and Valentine took advantage of the circumstance to visit M. de Noirtier, a message expressing his wish to see her having been communicated by Barrois. A table was left close to the invalid upon which was a decanter with orange-water and a glass.

The next morning, when Valentine visited her grandmother, she perceived that the fever had not diminished, but, on the contrary, that an internal fire seemed to light up the eyes of the marchioness, and that she breathed heavily and with difficulty.

"Oh, my good mamma," said Valentine, "you still suffer, I fear?"

"Dear Valentine," said Madame de St. Meran, "I must see a notary, I know I am not long for this world."

Valentine shrieked rather than uttered "Mother!"

"Yes, Valentine, this night as I lay incapable of sleep, I saw at the spot where you now stand a white shadow! It entered from the corner where a door opens into Madame de Villefort's apartment. Apparitions only appear to those for whose benefit they are intended, and as if God would not permit that I should doubt the evidence of one sense, I also heard the glass move that is on the table."

"Oh, dear mother, it must have been a dream, a frightful vision created by the fever," said Valentine: but the old lady being firm in her opinion and her purpose, she retired to consult with M. de Villefort about the immediate attendance of a physician and a notary. M. d'Avrigny, one of the most skilful men of the day, was not only the medical attendant but also the friend of the family, and was at once sent for.

That same night, Maximilian Morrel, Valentine's favoured lover, although that young lady had been betrothed against her will to M. Franz d'Epinay, had repaired to the garden in the rear of M. Villefort's mansion, in the hopes of meeting Valentine. It was a spot endeared to both by the memory of many fond interviews, in which Valentine had alternately depicted her hopes and fears to the gallant captain of Spahis, but who, amidst all the persecutions and annoyances to which the young girl had been subjected, had never been able to prevail upon her to take a rash step in his favour, so strong were the ties which bound her to her grandfather Noirtier. This was the evening of one of these clandestine but much-valued appointments, but it was interrupted by the sudden arrival and still more sudden illness of Madame de Meran.

Maximilian was listening anxiously from a remote and dark portion of the garden, which he had reached by escalading the wall, when he became sensible of the approach of men debating in an under tone. He had scarcely time to secure a safe hiding-place behind a clump of trees, when they came into his close vicinity.

"Ah! dear doctor," he heard the voice of Villefort saying, "what a horrible death! Heaven declares itself against our house."

"And dear M. Villefort, I regret that it is not in my power to give you much consolation," answered M. d'Avrigny, "I brought you here to inform you that there may even be a still greater misfortune in store than that which has just happened to you."

"Oh my God," murmured Villefort, "what are you going to tell me further?"

"Did you remark the symptoms of the attack to which Madame de St Meran fell a victim?"

"Certainly, I recognised tetanus, and you confirmed me in that opinion."

"Yes, but now we are alone I must tell you that the symptoms of tetanus and those of poisoning by vegetable substances are absolutely the same. In my conviction, not only did Madame de St. Meran die poisoned, but I even think I could say by what poison. She perished from the effects of an overdose of brucine or strychnine, administered to her, probably, by error or accident."

"Oh! my God, doctor, think what you are saying. The thing is impossible."

"Do you think it possible that Barrois may by accident have given to Madame de St. Meran a mixture prepared for M. Noirtier, for I have been administering brucine to him for near three months in doses gradually increasing in strength."

"My dear doctor, there is no communication between the apartment of Madame de St. Meran and that of M. Noirtier, and Barrois was not allowed to go into that of my mother-in-law. Doctor, you must be mistaken."

"Then we can call in a professional chymist. The body can be examined, and we shall discover traces of poison."

"What do you propose?" exclaimed M. Villefort, "the moment that another than yourself knows the secret there must be an inquiry; an inquiry in my house is impossible. My wife—my daughter would die of it: and myself, I have my enemies!"

"My dear M. Villefort, my first duty is humanity. Let us bury this terrible secret in our hearts. But, sir, search actively from whence it comes, for it may not stop there."

"Oh! thanks, thanks, doctor!" said M. de Villefort, and, as if he feared that the doctor should waver in his friendly concessions, he dragged him away into the house.

Maximilian became so alarmed by the statements which he had unintentionally overheard, that he resolved at all risks to see Valentine that night. He accordingly followed the interlocutors to the door, which was left ajar, and which offered a ready admission into the interior. While the doctor and M. Villefort entered an apartment on the ground floor, he ascended the staircase with a light step, and turning to the right, low sobs guided him to a door which, half open, allowed him to see Valentine on her knees praying and weeping by the bedside of her grandmother. She raised her head at the entrance of her lover, but expressed no surprise. There is no space for intermediary emotions in a heart filled with despair. Neither ventured to speak in the chamber of death, but Maximilian approached and pressed her hand in his. Valentine first broke the silence.

"To come here is to lose us, my friend," she said, but without fear or anger.

"Oh, pardon me, Valentine, but my anxiety is on your account."

"Listen!" interrupted Valentine. The young people were silent again. It was M. Villefort showing the doctor to the door, which he closed carefully after him. They then heard him go to that which opened upon the garden, and lock it with similar care.

"Now," said Valentine, "you cannot leave the house either by the garden or the street door."

"Maximilian looked surprised. Valentine rose and bade him follow her. She traversed the corridor and descended a little staircase that led into the apartment of M. Noirtier. Maximilian followed on tip-toe. The old paralytic was sitting in his arm-chair, attentive to the slightest noise. His eye brightened when Valentine entered, but he looked interrogatively upon Maximilian.

"Dear father," said Valentine, "listen to me : you know that my good mamma, Saint Meran, died an hour ago, and now I have no one on earth who loves me save you? It is to you alone, then, is it not, that I ought to confide my sorrows or my hopes!" The old man signalled "Yes" with an expression of infinite tenderness.

"Then," she said, "look at this young man. It is M. Maximilian Morrel, son of the worthy merchant of Marseilles, of whom you have heard spoken." The old man acquiesced. "Now, good papa, I have given him my affections, and shall only be his. If they oblige me to marry another, I shall let myself die, or shall kill myself. Now, good papa, protect us who are your children against the will of my father."

The old man made signs that he wished to speak with Maximilian alone, and Valentine, having explained to the latter the conversational signals previously described, retired to weep at her grandmother's bedside. Alone with the aged paralytic, Maximilian related how having met and become acquainted with Valentine, he loved her, but the will of her father being opposed to his honourable wishes, they had been obliged to meet clandestinely. The old man listened attentively, disapproved of a project of evasion which Maximilian tremblingly proposed, and equally so of his appealing to the feelings of M. Franz d'Epinay, told him to have patience, confide in him, and that he would assist his children. Then calling Barrois, he bade him conduct the young man by a back staircase to a door which opened upon the street.

XIX.—PROGRESS OF THE PRINCE CAVALCANTI.

M. CAVALCANTI, senior, had taken his departure, not to join the army of his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, but his companion gamblers at Lucca, where he would probably soon invest in hazard the profits derived from his solemn and majestic assumption of the part of an honourable parent.

M. Andrea had inherited the papers which attested to his honourable descent, and had been received and courted by Parisian society in proportion to his reputed wealth. His quondam companion on the highway, Caderousse, was installed in a quiet lodging as a retired tradesman, and Andrea supplied him faithfully with means ; but Caderousse was of an unquiet, exacting disposition ; he would also insist upon occasional visits from the young nobleman, who was obliged on such occasions to assume a disguise. At these times the worthy friends would enjoy a little private conversation. Andrea would relate the progress which he made in society, but the principal theme was the Count of Monte Christo. Caderousse could not fathom the reason for his protecting in so extraordinary a manner the outcast Benedetto. He was never tired of listening to the accounts of his wealth and magnificence. He even made Andrea draw him plans of his mansion, and detail to him all the minutiae of the distri-

bution of the furniture. It was evident that this restless spirit was brooding mischief. He had satisfied himself, after frequent questionings, that there was no dog in the yard, no shutters to the windows, that the servants slept in a distant wing of the mansion, and that there were no mysterious safes which, opening of themselves, seized whosoever touched them with an iron grasp, and then played a tune to drown his cries; a species of mechanism which is said to be becoming fashionable in the capital of the civilised world.

M. Andrea, on his side, had in the space of a fortnight established himself on a footing of perfect intimacy at his banker's, the Baron Danglars. He was designated there as the "prince," and the immense property of his father was frequently referred to. His progress in winning the affections of Mademoiselle Danglars was not so satisfactory. That young lady was as cold and indifferent as she was beautiful. But Andrea was a young man gifted with too much vanity to be easily repulsed. Dressed in black, like one of Goethe's heroes, he passed his hand, scintillating, against Monte Christo's advice, with a large diamond, through his light hair, accompanied Mademoiselle at her piano, casting all the time passionate glances at the fair performer, and occasionally transmitting audible sighs in the same direction. Not one of these looks, nor one of these sighs, were lost upon the young lady herself, although they only glanced upon that breast-plate of Minerva's, which some philosophers pretend to have also shielded the bosom of Sappho.

It was upon an occasion like this, and which had become of frequent, nay, almost constant occurrence at the banker's house, that Monte Christo was one evening announced by the servant. Since the scene at Auteuil, Madame Danglars could never hear his name pronounced without a shudder, but she soon regained her composure. Monte Christo took a seat near the lady of the house, and while he appeared to be absorbed in the charms of her conversation, he was in reality scanning with delighted eyes the scene presented to him. There were the musical enthusiasts too much wrapped up in one another, and the ta-ti-tata's and ri-la-lah's, to pay attention to any thing else. Then there was the baron himself contemplating the pair, and evidently passing over in his mind projects, in which the untold monies of the prince played a prominent part.

"A charming young man, the Prince Cavalcanti; is he not, Count?" said the baron, turning round, still full of his own thoughts.

"Perfection," answered the count; "but if M. de Morcerf was to come here by accident, how would he like these attentions?"

"Oh, M. Albert does not care sufficiently for his betrothed to be jealous of her. Besides, if he was to be displeased, what is it to us. I have engaged myself, it is true, but to give my daughter to a man who loves her, and not to one who does not. Albert de Morcerf is as cold and proud as his father, but if he had the fortune of the Cavalcanti's, that might be passed over. For my part, I have not consulted my daughter; but, if she has good taste ——"

"But," interrupted the count, "do you know that this change in your mind, gives me pain. M. de Morcerf is an excellent and honourable young man, who will make your daughter happy. This young Cavalcanti, you met him at my house; but I told you, I know very little about him."

"Oh! I know him," said Danglars, "that is quite sufficient. By-the-by, have you heard that the marriage of Mademoiselle de Villefort is broken off."

"What, with M. Franz d'Epinay?"

"Yes, with M. Franz d'Epinay. It appears that yesterday morning Franz gave them back his word."

"And are the causes of the rupture known?"

"No, not at all."

"M. the Viscount Albert de Morcerf!" announced the valet, as he opened the door.

Albert entered; he was in high and lively spirits. He saluted the baroness with ease, Danglars with familiarity, and Monte Christo with affection; then turning his eye towards the piano, he appeared somewhat surprised. Andrea, who was seated by the side of Eugenie, rose up like a steel spring, Mademoiselle Danglars returned his salutation coldly.

"A charming concert, I perceive," said Albert, somewhat spitefully.

"Yes," answered the baron, "the fact is, that their voices agree in a wonderful manner. The singing of the prince and of my daughter has become a subject of general admiration."

"What prince?" asked Albert.

"The Prince Cavalcanti," answered the baron, haughtily.

"Excuse me," said Albert, "I was not aware of his being a prince," and he approached the musicians.

"My dear count," said the baron, turning round to Monte Christo, and speaking in a low tone, "you must speak to his father upon this matter, or Albert will get angry. Let us have an explicit and definite understanding. Will you do this for me?"

"Willingly, if you wish it to be so," answered Monte Christo.

At this moment the servant brought in letters and newspapers.

"Excuse me," said the banker, looking at one of the despatches, "I expect news from Greece," and so saying, he handed over a newspaper to the count, while Albert, who had approached the table, took up another.

"It is strange," said the baron, "there is here a horrible history which concerns a certain Fernand, and the siege of Janina."

"Ah, bah!" said Monte Christo.

"Monte Christo," said Albert, turning round and crumbling the paper he held in his hand, "we will go away together, shall we not?"

"Oh, yes, if you wish it," answered the latter.

They accordingly saluted the ladies, shook hands with the baron, and went out, leaving M. Cavalcanti in possession of the field of battle.

When they had gained the street, Albert said to Monte Christo in evident emotion,—

"This is a serious matter, and, what is worse, Beauchamp is concerned in it. There is in his journal of to-day a paragraph of the most calumnious and personal character, in which my honour is concerned, but read yourself." And Albert gave over the crumbled paper, still in his hand, to Monte Christo, who read as follows:

"We learn from Janina."

"A fact hitherto unknown has lately come to light; the castles which defended the town were delivered over to the Turks by a French officer.

in whom the vizier, Ali Tebelin, placed unlimited confidence, and whose name was Fernand."

"Well!" said Monte Christo, "what is there in this paragraph that concerns you?"

"My father, the Count of Morcerf, fought for the independence of the Greeks, and his Christian name is Fernand. I shall send two witnesses to Beauchamp, whose journal contains this paragraph, and he shall retract it."

"He will do nothing of the kind. There may have been fifty officers in the Hellenic army whose Christian names were Fernand. But if you are resolved to seek satisfaction from Beauchamp, let me advise you not to send witnesses, but to go yourself."

"Why so? you know that that is not customary."

"Because, if Beauchamp is willing to retract he will be more likely to do so to you than to two witnesses. When something is to be obtained from a man's self-love, that self-love must be spared publicity."

"I think you are right. I will see him myself, and as you do not appear to be anxious to serve me in this matter, I shall, if it is necessary, take Franz and Chateau-Renaud. Good-bye, count."

"Good-bye viscount."

And with this Albert hurried away to the house of Beauchamp, whom he found buried amidst papers and journals. Beauchamp received him with the courtesy of an old friend, and was somewhat astonished when Albert stated in a serious, and almost threatening tone, that he came to ask for a retraction. It was in vain that the editor denied all knowledge of this paragraph, or participation in its insertion. The young man's anger only rose with the mystery that appeared to involve the transaction. At last, after many harsh words from Albert, Beauchamp placed the question categorically.

"So you are so resolved upon this retraction, and that you must kill me if I do not make it, although I have affirmed to you that I know nothing about it, and I declare that it is impossible that any one, but a don Japhet like yourself, could guess that the Count of Morcerf is alluded to under the name of Fernand?"

"I am positively resolved upon this subject."

"Well then, sir, I consent to meet you, but I ask for three weeks. In three weeks you will find me prepared to say, 'the statement is false and I retract it,' or 'the statement is true,' and I leave swords or pistols at your choice."

"Three weeks!" exclaimed Albert, "why, three weeks are three ages, during which I am dishonoured!"

"If you had continued to be my friend, sir, I should have said to you, 'be patient, friend,' but you have made yourself my enemy, and I have only to answer, 'what is that to me?'"

Saying which Beauchamp bowed gravely to the young man, and withdrew. Albert revenged himself by whipping a pile of papers with his cane, after which he hastened away, muttering to himself, "Well, in three weeks—in three weeks—I shall have satisfaction!"

XX.—THE BURGLARY.

MONTE CRISTO, on his return home, found a note waiting for him, the superscription upon which was in a strange hand, and bore the word "important" scrawled in large letters. He broke the seal and read:—

"M. de Monte Cristo is informed, that this very night, a man will introduce himself into his house in the Champs Elysées, in order to carry off papers which he believes to be secreted in the desk in his study. The Count of Monte Cristo is known to be sufficiently brave not to have recourse to the police, whose intervention might compromise the person who gives this advice. The assembling of persons, or taking open precautions, would, also, most certainly keep the malefactor away, and thus prevent the count becoming acquainted with an enemy whom chance has made known to the person who communicates this advice."

The count smiled, put the letter in his pocket, and then dined with his usual tranquillity and sobriety. Dinner over, he made a signal to Ali to follow him, and, going out by the front door, walked for some time in the wood of Boulogne, till dusk coming on, he returned by the road to Paris, and found himself, at night-fall, opposite his own house in the Champs Elysées.

Every thing was wrapt in the same silent gloom: a feeble light alone glimmered from the porter's lodge, which stood about forty paces in front of the mansion. Monte Cristo looked cautiously and carefully up and down the street, to see if any one was watching or observing him. Having satisfied himself on this point, he hastened to the back-door of the mansion, let in Ali and himself, and, ascending a back stair, entered into his study without any one in the house being aware that their master had returned. Every thing in the study was in its ordinary state, the desk lying on the table with the key in it. Monte Cristo locked it carefully, and, taking the key with him, passed into the next room, and bolted the door.

Ali had, in the meantime, been depositing, at his master's orders, a short carbine and a pair of double pistols on his table. He himself was armed with one of those Arabian hatchets which have not changed their form since the time of the crusades. The count placed the Nubian at the door which opened upon the staircase, while he himself slightly moved a sliding panel, just sufficiently so as to enable him to look into the study. Two hours passed thus in silence and darkness, the little light at the porter's lodge had gone out, when a westerly wind brought upon its humid gusts the lugubrious sounds of the clock of the Invalides. It was three-quarters past eleven. As the last sound still vibrated on his ear, the count thought that he heard a slight noise in the cabinet, this was followed by a distinct scratching noise. The count understood the meaning of that noise in a moment. An experienced hand was busy cutting, with a diamond, the four sides of a pane of glass.

The count felt his heart beat with quicker pulses. However much men may be accustomed to danger, or however well prepared to meet it, they always feel, by that quickened circulation, the enormous difference that exists between the dream and the reality. Monte Cristo became now anxious to know to what enemies, and to how many enemies, he and his Nubian were opposed. Fixing his eye earnestly upon the window opposite to him, he saw the shadow of a person darker than the obscurity

of night, while a sheet of paper, pasted against one of the panes, gave to it a momentary opacity, and then the pane itself followed its removal, without giving the slightest sound of broken glass. A hand was next passed in, it drew back the bolts, the window opened, and a man walked into the study. That man was alone.

"A pretty bold rascal;" muttered the count to himself.

At that moment, he felt Ali touching him gently upon the shoulder, he turned round. Ali pointed to the window which looked upon the street. Monte Cristo advanced silently towards it. He saw another man, who, mounted upon a loose stone, appeared to be anxiously watching what was going forward in the count's house. Making signs to Ali to keep his eye upon him, he returned to the panel. The window-cutter was in the study, seeking his way with both arms extended. At length he found the desk, and, to his disappointment, found the key gone. The sound of a bunch of rusty old keys being dragged forth from a pocket, was then heard, and a moment afterwards, the pale light of a dark lantern played across the room.

"Why!" suddenly exclaimed Monte Cristo, throwing himself back from the panel in his surprise; "it is" then recovering himself, he beckoned to Ali, and whispering to him that no arms would be wanted, bade him bring a black garment and triangular hat which hung up in an adjacent cabinet, and which the count drew over one of those tunics of fine steel, of which the last in France was probably worn by Louis XVI., who feared the dagger, only to perish by the hatchet.

After taking a look into the street, where the stranger was walking to and fro, apparently in deep anxiety as to what was going on in the house, Monte Cristo lit a candle, and advanced with almost a single step into the study. The man, who was busy trying a succession of keys to the desk, turned round in mingled alarm and astonishment.

"Good night, my dear Caderousse!" said Monte Cristo, "Pray what do you come to do here at such an hour as this?"

"The Abbé Busoni!" exclaimed Caderousse, letting the bundle of keys and implements fall in his surprise. The count, in the meantime advanced between him and the window, so as to cut off his retreat. "So you are going to rob the Count of Monte Cristo, are you?"

"M. l'Abbé," murmured Caderousse, trying to get near the window; "you have saved me once, pardon me, and save me again."

"Your conduct certainly justifies my clemency."

"Are you alone, abbé," inquired Caderousse, "or have you some gendarmes ready to take me?"

"I am alone, and may even be willing to let you go if you will tell me the truth. How did you get out of prison?"

"An Englishman, Lord Wilmore, delivered me, not on my account, but on that of a young man, who was chained to me, Benedetto by name. He is rich now, and has assumed the name of Andrea Cavalcanti."

"What, he is then the same young man whom my friend the Count of Monte Cristo receives in his house, and who is going to marry Mademoiselle Danglars?"

"Precisely so."

"Then it is my duty to inform the parties whom it concerns."

"That you will never do!" exclaimed Caderousse, making a step to-

wards the count, unsheathing at the same time a knife, with which he struck him on the breast, but which the dagger, to his infinite surprise, did not penetrate. At the same moment the count seized the assassin by the wrist, and twisted it, till after dropping the dagger, Caderousse sank on his knees, uttering a cry of agony.

"Now," said the count, "I will let you go upon condition that you will write what I dictate to you."

"Oh, pardon me! pardon me! M. the Abbé."

"Get up then and write!" And the abbé dictated.

"Sir, the man whom you receive in your house, and to whom you intend to give your daughter, is a runaway felon, who escaped with me from Toulon; he was No. 59 and I was No. 58.

"He called himself Benedetto; but he himself is not acquainted with his real name, never having known his parents."

"Now address it to the Baron Danglars, banker, Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin."

The abbé took the note.

"Now," he said, "go away by whence you came."

"If you will promise not to strike me as I descend."

"Coward, go!" said Monte Cristo, crossing his arms; "and if you get home safe, I shall think that God has pardoned you, and I will pardon you also."

"You frighten me to death," muttered Caderousse, getting out of the window backwards, while Monte Cristo took the candle and held it above him, so that any one could distinguish from the Champs Elysées a man descending from a window who was lighted there by another man.

"What are you doing, abbé?" said Caderousse, as he blew out the candle. Monte Cristo remained at the window. He saw that Caderousse, after having descended into the garden, went to plant his ladder at the extremity of the wall; at the same time, he saw the other man, who had been watching his proceedings from without, approach the same point, and place himself at the angle of the wall. Caderousse ascended the ladder, and having looked over to see that no one was there, he got astride upon the wall, and drawing the ladder after him, placed it on the other side, and began to descend, but before he could reach the ground, he felt himself struck violently on the back. Barely had he time to call for help, when he received another wound in the side, and he rolled upon the ground, shrieking murder! murder! but the assassin seized him by the hair, and struck him again in the breast. At that moment, Monte Cristo, followed by his Nubian servant, issued out of the garden-gate, and the assassin fled. Ali and his master took the wounded man, and transported him into the house.

"Rouse the porter!" said the count, "and send him for a surgeon, and go yourself and bring hither the king's solicitor, M. de Villefort."

He then turned to the dying man, and poured into his mouth a single drop from a small phial. Caderousse opened his eyes.

"Oh! Monsieur the Abbé," he said, "you have restored me to life."

"It is but for a moment. Your life-blood is flowing fast away from you. But you have time to make your deposition. Do you know your assassin?"

"Do I know him! most certainly; it was Benedetto. But a doctor, abbé, a doctor!"

"I have sent for one. Shall I write your deposition?"

"I die assassinated by the Corsican Benedetto, my companion in chains at Toulon, under the number 59. Make haste, or I shall not be able to sign it," murmured the dying man.

Monte Cristo placed a pen in his hand and guided it. Caderousse made a last effort, affixed his name, and fell back fainting. The abbé gave him another drop from the phial, and he gradually opened his eyes again.

"I am dying, dying," he said; "but he will be guillotined, you promise me that?"

"God," said the abbé, "is full of pity. He has given you a quarter of an hour to repent. Unfortunate man, learn to take advantage of the last few moments given to you."

"No," said Caderousse, "there is no Providence."

"There is a Providence, and the proof of it is, that I am here before you, rich and happy, joining my hands in prayer to that Providence which you deny, while you are there a suffering, an accursed, and a dying man."

"Who are you then?" asked Caderousse, fixing his glassy eyes upon the count.

"I am neither the Abbé Busoni, nor yet the Count of Monte Cristo," said the latter, throwing off his disguise, and appearing in the second character; "I am the Edmund Dantés whom you betrayed, and whose father you allowed to die of hunger."

"Oh, Lord!" said Caderousse, joining his hands, "I now see you in your works. You are the judge of men on earth. I suffer justly. Oh, Lord, pardon me!" And he fell back a dead man.

"One!" said Monte Cristo, and his lips moved as if in silent prayer as he stooped over the recreant's corpse.

XXI.—THE GLASS OF LEMONADE.

MAXIMILIAN was very happy. He had just received through Barrois, M. Noirtier's old and confidential servant, an invitation to repair to the apartment of the latter, and he walked thither as fast as his legs would carry him. Barrois could indeed with difficulty keep up with him. Maximilian was thirty years of age, Barrois was sixty. Maximilian was intoxicated with love, Barrois was bathed in perspiration.

The old servant, however, came up in time to let the Captain of Spahis in by the little back-door. Valentine was in the apartment of her grandfather, and looked ravishingly beautiful in her mourning apparel.

"M. Morrel," said Valentine, with a slight hesitation and timidity in her manner, "my good papa, Noirtier, has sent for you, that I may communicate our conversation of the last three days, and inform you of his intentions."

"I am most impatient to hear them," answered the young man, devouring Valentine with his eyes.

"My father wishes to quit this house," she rejoined; "Barrois is in search of a convenient apartment for him."

"But what then will you do, miss—you who are so dear and so essential to M. Noirtier?"

"I," answered the young girl, "I shall not quit my grandfather. Either I shall have M. Villefort's permission to go and live with papa Noirtier, or it will be refused to me; in the first case, I shall go at once; in the second, I shall wait for my majority, which occurs in ten months. Then I shall be free, and, with the permission of my good father, will fulfil the promise which I made to you."

"I scarcely know," said Maximilian, "what I have done in my lifetime to deserve so much happiness."

Noirtier was watching the progress of the explanations with a look of infinite affection, while the old Barrois was smiling, at the same time he was wiping off the large drops of perspiration that were flowing down his bald forehead.

"Dear me, how warm poor Barrois has got," said Valentine.

"Why, miss, I must do M. Morrel justice to say that he made me move rather fast."

"Here Barrois," said the young girl, "take a glass of lemonade," and she helped him to what remained in a decanter, from which Noirtier had drank half an hour previously. "And now, Maximilian," she continued, "you must go, for the doctor is expected every moment, and you must not be found here. Barrois, you will show M. Morrel to the door."

Barrois bowed acquiescence, but in doing so his feet seemed to give way beneath him.

"What is the matter with you, Barrois?" asked Valentine.

The old man did not answer, but looked at his master with wild eyes, as he stretched forth his hand, as if seeking for support.

"He is going to fall!" exclaimed Maximilian.

The vertigo that had seized upon the old servant was, indeed, increasing in intensity. The features of his countenance, altered by the convulsive movements of the muscles of his face, indicated a nervous attack of the most formidable character. He attempted to approach his master, but the moment he took a step, he fell prostrate on the ground. Valentine screamed for help; Maximilian rushed to her, as if to defend her from some unknown danger.

At this moment, M. de Villefort, alarmed by the noise, appeared at the threshold. Maximilian had barely time to hide himself behind a curtain, in a corner of the apartment, ere the king's solicitor entered the room. The latter contemplated the scene before him, with a pale face and his hair rising upon his head.

"Doctor! doctor!" he exclaimed rushing to the door, "where are you?"

"Madame! madame!" shrieked Valentine, and striking herself against the stairs, in her hurry to call her step-mother; "come quickly, and bring with you your smelling bottle!"

"What is the matter?" asked Madame Villefort, in a subdued tone, as she descended slowly into the old man's apartment. As she entered, her first look was directed towards Noirtier, who, excepting for the horror and emotion depicted in his countenance, looked in good health; her next

glance betrayed the dying man. She grew pale, and her eye rebounded, as it were, from the servant to the master.

"In the name of Heaven, madame," exclaimed M. Villefort, "where is the doctor; he was but a moment ago in your apartment?"

"He is with Edward, who is ailing a little," answered Madame de Villefort.

M. de Villefort rushed out of the room in quest of the doctor. Madame de Villefort, under the excuse that the doctor would bleed the sufferer, and that she could not bear the sight of blood, followed him, after handing over the bottle of salts to Valentine. Maximilian took advantage of the moment to retire by the back-door, not, however, without first gently pressing the young lady's hand to his heart. The doctor and M. Villefort came in at the opposite door, at almost the same moment. The two lifted up the old servant, and placed him on a chair. The crisis having passed away, he was coming slightly round again.

"How do you feel yourself, Barrois?" asked the doctor; "could you drink a little of this ether and water?"

Barrois took the glass that was presented to him, and putting it to his livid lips, with difficulty swallowed about the half.

"When were you taken ill?"

"Just this moment."

"Had you no warning of your indisposition?"

"Not the slightest."

"Have you been eating any thing to-day?"

"I have eat nothing. I only drank a glass of my master's lemonade."

"Where is that lemonade?" and the doctor perceiving the decanter on the side-board, stooped upon it like an eagle upon its prey. He poured a few drops of what remained at the bottom into the palm of his hand, sucked it in his mouth, and having satisfied himself as to the flavour, spat it out in the chimney.

"It is the same," he muttered, and then turning round to M. Noirtier, he said, "and you drank of this, also?"

"Yes," signalled the old man.

"Oh, doctor!" exclaimed Barrois, "the fit is coming upon me, again. O, Lord, have mercy upon me!"

The doctor ran to his assistance. "An emetic, an emetic!" he cried; "is there no one to fetch an emetic?" No one answered. The most profound terror filled the whole household. This relapse was severer than the first attack. The old man could no longer be held in the chair, he slipped off to the ground, where he writhed in fearful convulsions. The doctor left him a victim to sufferings, to which he could afford no relief, and approaching Noirtier, asked him who had prepared the lemonade; the answer was Barrois; and who had engaged him to drink thereof, the answer to which was Valentine. Barrois had ceased during this brief time to suffer, he was dead. M. Villefort drew back a few steps in horror, and joining his hand above his head exclaimed, while contemplating the body,—

"What so soon dead!"

"Yes," said M. d'Avrigny; "very quickly, is it not? but that ought not to surprise you. M. and Madame Saint Meran perished quite as suddenly. People die very quickly in your house, M. Villefort!"

"What!" exclaimed the magistrate, in a voice of mingled horror and consternation, "do you still entertain that horrible suspicion?"

"I am sure of it," answered the doctor; "there is crime in the house, and for my part I cannot any longer make myself a party to such fearful secrets. Your duties as a magistrate and what you owe to society demand that an inquiry should be instituted. You must discover to whose profit these crimes could be made to operate."

"Oh, doctor, I dread some strange disaster to myself under all these horrible events."

"I know not but in this case it was Noirtier who was to die. The lemonade was made for him, Barrois only drank of it accidentally. M. Noirtier was prepared by, as I before told you, the brucine, which I gave him for his palsy, nor was he affected by a quantity equal to that which killed the old servant in so short a period of time."

"My God! my God!" murmured Villefort, as he twisted his arms in agony.

"If," continued M. d'Avrigny, in a low and solemn voice, "if another of your family falls ill, if you yourself are struck, do not send for me, for I shall not come."

"What then, you abandon me, doctor?"

"Yes, for I cannot follow you any further, and only stop at the foot of the scaffold. Some other revelation will come which will be the climax and the end of this tragedy. Good-bye."

"Doctor, I beg of you, do not leave me."

But the doctor was inexorable, and took his departure. The same evening all the servants presented themselves to Madame Villefort, and expressed their intention to quit their service at once. No promises nor offers of increase of wages could induce them to forego their resolution; they only answered,—

"We wish to go away because death is in the house."

XXII.—THE DAUGHTER OF ALI PASHA.

Nothing was spoken of in Paris, for the ensuing fortnight, but the audacious attempt made to rob the Count of Monte Cristo, and the extraordinary assassination of the robber by his accomplice Benedetto. Caderousse's knife, the dark lantern, the keys, and the clothes, with the exception of the waistcoat, which had not been found, were in the hands of the police. The body had been conveyed to La Morgue. The count answered all inquiries that were personally made to him, by averring that he had passed the evening at Auteuil, and that he knew nothing of the circumstances except through the Abbé Busoni, who had remained that night, making researches among certain rare works that were in his library. The king's solicitor, called upon to prove the crime, carried on the investigation with that passionate zeal which he threw into all those criminal inquiries in which he became personally engaged. But all the activity of the police failed in discovering any traces of the murderer; and three weeks having elapsed, the subject of the robbery and murder gave way to a new topic, which was the proximate marriage of Mademoiselle Danglars with the Count Andrea Cavalcanti.

The delay asked for by Beauchamp was also on the eve of expiring; and the morning of the day appointed the valet announced to Albert

that the journalist himself waited upon him. As Beauchamp walked in, Albert addressed him :

"Your punctuality augurs well, sir; come tell me, quickly, can I give you my hand, saying, 'Beauchamp, acknowledge a wrong, and preserve a friend,' or have I simply to ask you what arms you choose?"

"Albert," said Beauchamp, with an expression of sorrow and commiseration that almost stupified the young man, "let us sit down and converse a moment. I am just arrived from Janina."

"Impossible!"

"Look at my passport; here are the *visas*, Geneva, Milan, Venice, Trieste, Janina. I owed this to a friend, before I involved myself in a combat with him, and to that friend I now say, with infinite grief, that the paragraph was correct."

Albert grew fearfully pale :

"What," he said, "that French officer—"

Beauchamp handed him a paper, in silence. Albert opened it. It was the attestation of four of the most distinguished inhabitants of Janina, that Colonel Fernand Mondego, in the service of Ali Tebelen, had delivered up the castle of Janina for two thousand purses.

Albert fell back into a chair, held his hands to his eyes, and wept bitterly.

"This secret, if you wish it, Albert, shall remain between you and me," said Beauchamp.

Albert seized his hand :

"Excellent friend!" he said; but then, reflecting a moment, he added, "But whence did the paragraph come? There is some unknown enemy at the bottom of this."

"I fear so too," replied Beauchamp, "and that we are not at the end of the matter. It is not improbable that the breaking off of your marriage with Mademoiselle Danglars may have some connexion with it."

"What, do you think that M. Danglars—" said Albert, becoming alternately red and pale, and unable to finish his sentence.

"I think nothing but what I say. But come, Albert, a walk, believe me, will do you good." And the two friends went out together, and strolled along the Boulevard.

Matters, however, as the young men had unfortunately anticipated, did not stop there. A day or two afterwards, an overwhelming paragraph appeared in one of the leading government papers. It was couched in the following words :—

"The French officer in the service of Ali, Pasha of Janina, of whom the newspaper the *Impartial*, spoke three weeks ago, and who not only betrayed the castles of Janina, but also sold his benefactor to the Turks, was in reality at that time called Fernand, but he has since added to his Christian name a title and the name of a landed proprietor. His actual name is the Count de Morcerf, and he is a member of the Chamber of Peers."

The Count de Morcerf was not liked by his colleagues. Like all *parvenus*, he had been obliged, in order to maintain his position, to be unnaturally distant and haughty. The same day that the paragraph appeared, the peers met early and conversed of nothing else. Commentaries were made upon the scandal thus brought upon the whole

house, and the members were all anxious for the public question. The count alone was ignorant of the whole affair; he did not take in the paper which contained the defamatory paragraph, and had spent the morning in his study. He arrived at the Chamber of Peers at his usual hour. When he entered, his eye was full of pride, his bearing lofty, and his manner appeared to his colleagues, jealous of their honour, to be, under the circumstances, almost insulting. The accusing paper was in every one's hands, but, as is generally the case, every one hesitated to take upon himself the responsibility of the attack. At length, one of the honourable peers, a declared enemy of the Count de Morcerf, ascended the tribune, with a solemnity which announced that the expected moment was arrived. A fearful silence reigned throughout the hall: Morcerf was alone ignorant of the cause of the attention which was thus given to one who could not usually command the patience of the house.

But when the words Janina and Colonel Fernand struck upon his ear, the Count of Morcerf grew so horribly pale, that one common shudder pervaded the whole house, for every eye was turned upon the count. The honourable member finished his address by demanding that for the sake of the honour of their house and that of their colleague, an immediate inquiry should be instituted, in order that the calumny should be at once refuted.

The president put the question, and it was decided that the inquiry should be instituted. The count was then asked how long a time he would require to prepare his justification. Morcerf, overwhelmed for a moment by the unexpectedness of the attack, had somewhat recovered from the first effects of the blow. He was able, therefore, to answer with a certain degree of calm dignity, that an attack like that which was now directed against him, by certain enemies in the dark, required to be answered at once, and he requested that the inquiry might be immediate, and said that he could that very day produce such papers as would be necessary for his justification. A commission was accordingly named of twelve members, to sit at eight o'clock that evening, upon the proposed inquiry.

Evening came. All Paris was filled with expectation at the issue of the event. By eight o'clock precisely every body had arrived. M. de Morcerf appeared calm, his bearing was more subdued and his dress more studied than usual. He held a bundle of papers in his hand.

"You are in possession of the tribune," said the president to the count, at the same time that he was unsealing a letter which an usher had that moment brought to him.

The count commenced his apology with an unusual degree of skill and eloquence. He produced papers which proved that the vizir of Janina had, up to the last hour, honoured him with his most perfect confidence. He showed the ring with which Ali Pasha habitually signed his letters, and which the latter had given him so that he might, at whatever hour or time, even if he was in his harem, penetrate to him. "So great was the pasha's confidence in me," added M. Morcerf, "that at his death he intrusted his favourite wife and his daughter to me."

The address was, throughout, well received, and created a strong feeling in the count's favour. The commission had no malevolence in its composition, and several members at its conclusion went to the count and

shook hands with him. The president, however, took up the subject with a question.

"Count," he said, "you have just told us that the vizir of Janina intrusted to you his wife and daughter. Have you any idea as to what became of them?"

"Yes, sir, I have heard that they sank under their grief, increased probably by their misery. I was not rich, my life was exposed to much danger; and, to my great regret, I could not remain to look after their welfare."

The president was observed to frown as if against his will.

"My lords," he said, "you have heard and followed M. de Morcerf in his explanations. I hold here a letter from a person who claims permission to give testimony in this case. Is it your pleasure that the witness shall be heard?"

"Yes! yes!" answered all the voices together.

The usher was ordered to introduce the witness, and returned shortly, followed by a young and elegant female, dressed in a Greek costume, and of exceeding beauty.

"Madame," said the president, "you have written to the commission to offer your testimony as to the conduct of Fernand, Count de Morcerf in the affair of Janina; were you an ocular witness of the events in question?"

"I was, sir. My name is Haydée, and I am daughter of Ali Tebelen, Pasha of Janina, and of Vasiliki, his much-loved wife."

The examination of the beautiful Greek was continued amidst the most profound silence. M. de Morcerf had become lividly pale since her entrance. Haydée produced from a satin reticule the register of her birth, signed and attested by her father and the chief officers of the pachalic, after which she produced documents attesting to the sale made of her person and of that of her mother by the French officer, Fernand, to the Armenian merchant, El Kobbir, for the sum of a thousand purses. At the conclusion she said, lifting up her eyes to Heaven, "It is a glorious day for me, that on which I have found the opportunity of revenging my father!"

All the while the count did not speak a single word; his colleagues looked at him, and could read his misfortune and his humiliation gradually unfolding themselves upon the features of his sinister countenance.

At length with a sudden movement he tore open his coat, as if suffocating for want of breath, and walked out of the hall like a gloomy madman. For a few moments his step resounded solemnly under the sonorous roof, and a moment after his carriage was heard carrying him off at a rapid pace.

"My lords," said the president, when silence was re-established, "does the Count de Morcerf stand convicted of felony and of treachery?"

"Yes!" answered the unanimous voices of the commission of inquiry.

XXIII.—THE DUEL.

THE evening of the day so fatal to the Morcerf family, the Count of Monte Christo was seated with Maximilian in a box at the opera, when

he heard the key turning in the lock, and a moment afterwards Albert stepped in, pale and trembling, behind him were Beauchamp and Chateau-Renaud.

"I come," said the young man, "to ask for an explanation."

"An explanation at the opera?" said the count, with that calm tone and penetrating eye which attested the man sure of himself. "Little familiar as I am with Parisian manners, I should not have thought that it was in such a place that explanations were sought for."

"So long as I understand your perfidy, and can only succeed in making you understand that I wish to be revenged, it does not matter where the explanation takes place," answered Albert.

This was spoken in so loud and passionate a tone that it drew all eyes upon the box.

"Sir, I do not understand you," replied the count, "and if I did, you speak too loudly. I am here in my own house, and I alone have the right to raise my voice above that of others. Go out, M. de Morcerf."

And saying this Monte Cristo pointed to the door. But at the name, which accompanied the movement, a murmur of astonishment ran through the house, for that name was in every body's mouth. Albert felt the allusion the first and the most of any, and was about in return to throw his glove in the count's face, when Morrel seized his hand and prevented him, while Beauchamp and Chateau-Renaud, fearing lest the scene should go beyond the limits of mere provocation, withheld him from behind. Monte Cristo at the same time stooped to pick up the glove.

"Sir," he said he, with a terrible voice, "I hold your glove for thrown, and I will send it to you rolled round a ball."

Albert was led away almost against his will by his friends. When he was gone Morrel stooped towards the count, who was contemplating the opera with a heart of bronze and a face of marble.

"What have you done to him?" said he.

"It was through Haydée that the Chamber of Peers was informed of his father's treachery."

"And what shall you do with him?"

"What shall I do with him, Maximilian? Why, as sure as you are here I will kill him before ten o'clock to-morrow. Now listen to Duprez, how beautifully he sings that sentence,

"O Mathilde! idole de mon âme."

A few moments afterwards, there was a knock, and Beauchamp entered. After a brief apology for his friend's abruptness and impetuosity, he stated the object of his mission to be a hostile message. Monte Cristo, disclaiming against these several intrusions, offered, at the same time, the choice of arms, time, and place, to his antagonist; and Beauchamp named pistols, eight o'clock in the morning, and the wood of Vincennes.

"And now, sir," said Monte Cristo, "that being arranged, leave me to enjoy the play."

The Count of Monte Cristo waited, as was his custom, till Duprez had sung his famous "*Suivez-moi!*" for the opera was "*Guillaume Tell*," and then he rose up and went out. At parting, he made arrangements for Maximilian and his brother Emanuel to be with him at daybreak, and in five minutes he was at home. On his arrival, he bade Ali bring him his

pistols, which he had scarcely begun to examine, when he perceived that, at the door which remained half open, there stood a veiled female.

"Who are you, madame?" he said to the veiled figure.

The unknown advanced a step or two, then putting her two hands together, as if in the act of supplication, she said,

"Edmund, you will not kill my son!"

The count made an exclamation, and let the pistols fall on the table.

"What name have you pronounced, Madame de Morcerf?"

"Yours," she exclaimed, throwing back her veil; "Edmund, it is not Madame de Morcerf who comes to you, it is Mercédès. I know from whence the blow came that fell upon the Count de Morcerf, but it is I that am guilty, and if you must revenge yourself, let it be against myself, who wanted strength to support your absence."

"And why was I absent?" exclaimed Monte Cristo.

"Because you was a prisoner, Edmund."

"And why was I a prisoner?"

"I am ignorant of wherefore."

"Yes, madame, you are not aware of wherefore I was a prisoner. But I can tell you. I was made a prisoner, because the very day that I was to have married you, a man named Danglars wrote a letter, falsely denouncing me to the king's solicitor, which a certain Fernand took upon himself to deliver. And what was the result of that letter? That I spent fourteen years of my life in a dungeon, a quarter of a league from your own home, in the castle of If, while my father died of hunger, and you married my calumniator, Fernand!"

"Is it possible that the miserable Fernand acted in such a manner? But Edmund, when I call you Edmund, why do you not call me Mercédès?"

"Mercédès!" repeated Monte Cristo, "Mercédès, that name which I have repeated with the sighs of suffering, with the groans of grief, with the rage of despair, when gathered up upon the straw in my dungeon, iced by cold, and half perishing from want; I can repeat it yet, but it is to remind me of the vengeance which I came out of that living tomb to accomplish."

"Edmund, I too have had my sufferings. Since I knew you I have adored your name, have respected your memory. Do not now oblige me to tarnish that noble and pure image as it is reflected in my heart. I was told that you had wished to fly, that you took the place of a prisoner who was dead, and that you was thrown alive from the heights of the Castle of If into the sea. For ten long years of my life I heard every night the cry which you uttered when broken upon the rocks. Edmund, criminal as I am, I have much suffered!"

"Did you also feel your father die in your absence?" exclaimed Monte Cristo, burying his hands in his hair, "did you see the woman whom you loved give her hand to his rival while you was buried in a living tomb?"

"No," interrupted Mercédès, "but I have seen he whom I loved and love yet, prepared to become the murderer of my son!"

Mercédès pronounced these words with so profound an expression of feeling and of grief, that the count was, for once, totally overcome. The lion was tamed;—the revenger was conquered.

"What do you ask of me?" he said, "that your son shall live?—Well, then, he shall live!"

"Thanks, Edmund, thanks! Now you are as I always loved you, as I always dreamt of you."

"The more so, as the dead will soon have to re-enter his tomb. Provoked by a boy, who will pride himself upon my pardon as a victory gained, then I must fall."

"No, Edmund, this duel shall not take place since you pardon," and saying this Mercédès opened the door of the study and disappeared before he had roused himself from the deep thought into which his lost opportunity of revenge had thrown him."

"Fool that I am," he said to himself, "the day that I swore to be revenged, not to have torn my heart out of my body!"

That night Monte Cristo remained at his desk, he felt that incapable of defence he had no chance of existence, and that his papers must be put in order. It is almost unnecessary to say that Haydée and the Morrel family were not omitted in these arrangements. At break of day Maximilian and Emmanuel arrived. They excused themselves for appearing somewhat soon upon the plea that they could not sleep. The count's carriage was ready. It was a long drive to the wood of Vincennes, but at eight o'clock they were at the spot appointed. Beauchamp and Chateau-Renaud were already there. A short time afterwards, Albert was seen galloping through the wood to join the party, followed by his servant.

"What an imprudence!" said Chateau-Renaud, "to come on horseback to fight with pistols! And then again with white collar and an open coat, why did he not have a target painted on his breast at once, it would have been sooner finished!"

By this time Albert had arrived, jumped down from his horse, and approached the party. He was very pale, his eyes were red and swollen. It was quite evident that he had not slept a moment during the night. After thanking Beauchamp and Chateau-Renaud for their kindness and punctuality, he turned to Maximilian and said he wished to speak a word with the Count of Monte Cristo.

"Privately?" inquired Maximilian.

"No, sir, in the presence of every body."

Albert's friends looked at one another astonished, but Morrel went gladly to fetch the count, who was awaiting with Emmanuel at a short distance. On receiving the message, he approached the party around Albert, his calm and serene countenance presenting a striking contrast to that of the young man.

"Sir," said Albert, as he joined them, "I reproached you with having divulged the conduct of M. de Morcerf, in Epirus; because however guilty the Count of Morcerf may have been, I did not consider that you had the right to punish him. But I now know, sir, that you have that right. It is not the treachery of Fernand Mondego to Ali Pasha which enables me to excuse you so readily, it is the treachery of the fisherman Fernand towards yourself, and the unexampled suffering that followed that treachery which gave to you that right. And I acknowledge now, sir, before all here present, that you have been in the right in revenging yourself upon my father, and I his son thank you for not having done more."

Had a thunderbolt fallen amidst those who were then present, it

would not have surprised them more than this statement of Albert de Morcerf.

As to Monte Cristo, his eyes were raised towards heaven with an expression of ineffable gratitude. He saw at once in this proceeding the influence of Mercédès, and he stretched out his hand to the young man, which the latter seized and pressed with a feeling that seemed akin to a respectful terror.

Then with a moistened eye and a smile full of dignity and feeling, Monte Cristo bowed to his seconds and stepped into his carriage, followed by Maximilian and Emmanuel.

XXIV.—THE SUICIDE.

ALBERT, Beauchamp, and Chateau-Renaud, remained upon the field. Whether it was that he was possessed of less dissimulation, or that he felt most keenly the conduct of Albert, Beauchamp was the first to break silence.

"Well," he said, "this is a very unexpected termination to a very disagreeable affair. I must really compliment M. de Morcerf upon his chivalrous generosity. It is magnificent to have such a command over oneself!"

"Most assuredly; I should have been quite incapable of such a self-sacrifice," said Chateau-Renaud, with a most expressive sarcasm in his manner.

"Gentlemen," interrupted Albert, "I fear you did not understand that a most serious explanation has taken place between M. Monte Cristo and myself?"

"Oh yes, we did," said Beauchamp; "but every body may not be able to understand your heroism, and if you will take my advice you will take a trip to Naples or St. Petersburg. Nothing is so conducive to serious duels as a duel without result."

"Thank you, gentlemen," said Albert, with a haughty smile; "I shall follow your advice; not because you give it to me, but because it was my intention to quit France. Now, I suppose we part?"

"Good bye, Albert," said Beauchamp, and Chateau-Renaud also approached to shake hands. Albert loosened the bridle of his horse from the tree to which it was attached, and vaulting into his saddle, galloped away to Paris, and reached his father's mansion in little more than a quarter of an hour.

In the meantime, a man with a livid, pale face, and wandering eye, had paced the interior of that mansion with an anxious step. Through the glass door of Madame de Morcerf's apartment, he had been able to ascertain that that lady was making an inventory of her effects, and packing up a few articles for immediate use. He had then returned to the Count de Morcerf's bedroom, where he stood ten minutes behind the window-curtains, motionless, silent, listening to the palpitations of his own heart.

At the expiration of those ten minutes, which appeared so long to him, Albert rode into the court-yard; the count's eye then dilated itself; he knew that the provocation given by Albert to Monte Cristo had been irreparable; that such an insult can, in every country in the world, only be washed out by the death of one or both parties. Albert returned scathe-

less, therefore he was revenged. But in vain he waited in his apartment, expecting that the young man would come to him to give him an account of his triumph. After waiting some time, he sent for Albert's servant, and from him he learnt the terrible truth that his son had apologised. In ten more minutes the count was at the threshold, his carriage in readiness. He was dressed in deep mourning, black cravat, and black gloves. The coachman bent over to receive his instructions.

"To the Champs Elysées," said the general, "the Count of Monte Cristo's—quick!"

In about five minutes the carriage drove up to the lodge of the mansion in the Champs Elysées. M. de Morcerf jumped up stairs with the alacrity of a young man. Baptistin announced him.

"Ah!" said Monte Cristo, "M. de Morcerf! what has procured me the pleasure of so early a visit?"

"You have had a meeting this morning with my son, sir?" said the general.

"You know that, do you?" answered the Count.

"Yes; and I know that my son looked upon you as the cause of his father's disgrace and the ruin of our house, yet, like a coward, he did not fight you."

"Albert de Morcerf is not a coward!" said Monte Cristo.

"What, then, do you attribute his conduct to?"

"To the conviction which he probably entertained, that there was in all this a man more guilty than I—his father."

"Well, sir, that father has come to tell you that, since the young men of the present day have given up fighting, it remains for us to show them an example. Do you not think so?"

"I do," answered the count, "and every thing is in readiness."

"Let us go then, we do not want witnesses."

"True, they will be unnecessary, we know one another so well."

"On the contrary," interrupted M. de Morcerf, "it is because we do not know one another."

"Nonsense," said Monte Cristo, with an exasperating indifference.

"Are you not the soldier Fernand who deserted the eve of the battle of Waterloo? Are you not the Lieutenant Fernand who served as a spy against the French army in Spain? Are you not the Captain Fernand who sold and assassinated his benefactor Ali? And all those Fernands are they not united to make one Lieutenant-general Count de Morcerf, Peer of France?"

"Demon!" said the general, probed by the count's words as if with a red-hot iron, "you have by some strange power penetrated into the most secret transactions of my life, but there may still be more honour in my opprobrium than in your pomposity—an adventurer loaded with gold and precious stones. Who knows who you are. At Paris you call yourself the Count of Monte Cristo; in Italy you were Sindbad the Sailor; in Malta, who knows what? It is your real name that I wish to know, that I may call you by it at the moment when I shall bury my sword in your heart."

The Count of Monte Cristo turned away abruptly into an adjacent cabinet, then disembarassing himself of his coat, waistcoat, and cravat, he put on the short jacket of a sailor, and a sailor's hat upon his head,

and thus attired, he returned with a cold implacable countenance, his arms crossed upon his bosom.

"Fernand!" he said, "of all my names I only require to repeat one, to overwhelm you with confusion; but you guess it, do you not? for notwithstanding all my sufferings and sorrow, you must still be able to recognise a face which you must have seen sometimes in your dreams since your marriage—with Mercédès, my betrothed!"

The general contemplated this terrible apparition with his arms extended, his mouth open, his eyes starting from their sockets. Gradually he began to step backwards as if terrified at the approach of the phantom, and when he reached the door, he rushed out of the apartment, uttering one heart-breaking exclamation—

"—Edmund Dantès!"

"When the general's carriage re-entered the court-yard of his own mansion, he saw with horror that there was also a hackney-coach there, but he did not dare to question any one, and hastened to his apartment. The noise of footsteps called him to the window, his trembling hands pushed the curtains aside, and he saw Mercédès leaning upon his son's arm, and both about to quit the mansion for ever. They stepped into the coach; he heard Albert say, "Courage, mother! come, we are no longer in our own house here." And then the coach drove away without the head of either mother or son giving one look at the solitary mansion, or vouchsafing to the father and husband a last glance of regret.

At the very moment that the wheels of that coach sounded through the court-yard, a pistol-shot was heard in the room of the Count de Morcerf, and a cloud of smoke issued through a window broken by the explosion. The Count de Morcerf was no more.

XXV.—THE MARRIAGE CONTRACT.

THREE days after the occurrence of these sad events, a large party had assembled at the house of the Baron Danglars to celebrate the signature of the marriage contract between Mademoiselle Eugénie Danglars and Andrea Cavalcanti, whom the banker persevered in designating as "the Prince." The great room, the ante-chamber, the gallery opening upon it, and three other saloons upon the same floor, were filled with a perfumed crowd, not so much attracted thither by sympathy, as by the irresistible love of novelty. It is almost unnecessary to state that these saloons were brilliant with lights; that silken stuffs were relieved by gilded mouldings, and that the furniture, in which every thing was sacrificed to splendour, glistened with unwonted lustre.

Mademoiselle Eugénie was dressed with elegant simplicity: a robe of white silk, trimmed with white lace, and a white rose, half-buried in her jet-black hair, composed her whole attire, in which there was not a single jewel. Madame Danglars sat a few paces from her daughter, conversing with Beauchamp and Chateau-Renaud.

M. Danglars, surrounded by deputies and by financial men, was busy explaining a theory of indirect taxation which he intended to put into execution, when the force of events should oblige the government to call him to the ministry. Andrea, in order that he might appear at his ease and

unconcerned, was talking loudly, and laughing with an exquisite of the opera. As is the case everywhere else, the oldest women were the most dressed, and the ugliest were the most persevering in showing themselves.

At the moment when the finger of the massive pendulum, upon which a gilt Endymion lay asleep, was marking nine o'clock upon its golden frame, the Count of Monte Cristo was announced, and all eyes were directed to the door. The count was dressed with his usual simplicity, in a black dress with a white waistcoat. He approached, in the first place, the baroness, from whom he passed to Eugenie, whom he complimented in such a rapid reserved manner, as almost to startle the young lady's pride. These social duties performed, he turned round and found himself near Danglars and Andrea, who had both moved forward to welcome him.

At this moment the notaries came in, and deposited their portfolios upon the velvet cloth, bordered with gold, which covered the table prepared for the occasion. One of the notaries sat himself down, the other stood up. Every one took his place, the ladies listening to the reading of a contract, which half of Paris present at the solemnity were about to sign, while the men made their remarks upon the feverish anxiety of Andrea, the attention of M. Danglars, the indifference of Eugenie, and the careless, jovial manner in which the baroness treated this important affair. The contract was read amidst the most profound silence. At the conclusion Andrea, complimented by the persons around him, began to believe in the reality of what had hitherto often appeared to him as a dream. The notary took up the pen solemnly, and raising it above his head, said,

"Gentlemen, the contract will now be signed."

The baron took the pen and signed it first. The baroness then approached, leaning upon the arm of Madame de Villefort.

"My dear," she said, as she took up the pen, "is it not a most unfortunate circumstance, that an unexpected incident that has happened in the affair of robbery and assassination, to which the Count of Monte Cristo was so nearly a victim, deprives us of the company of M. de Villefort."

"I fear very much," said Monte Cristo, approaching the table, "that I have been partly an involuntary cause of that absence."

"Tell us the circumstances," said the banker, as every one pressed round the count to hear the new details, connected with an event that had been so much talked about.

"You may remember," said the count, amidst the most perfect silence, "that it was in my house that the unfortunate man who came to rob me, died from the effect of wounds given to him, on going out of the house, by, it is supposed, his accomplice."

"Yes," said Danglars.

Andrea lengthened his ears considerably.

"Well, in order to afford the sufferer relief, his clothes were taken off him, and they were thrown into a corner, where the police took possession of them; but while taking the coat and trousers, they forgot the waistcoat."

Andrea was becoming very pale and kept almost mechanically getting nearer and nearer to the door. He saw a cloud in the horizon, and that cloud seemed to him to bear thunder in its flanks.

"This unfortunate waistcoat was found this very day, covered with blood, and pierced in the region of the heart."

Several ladies shrieked aloud, and two or three prepared themselves to faint.

"It was brought to me. Upon examining the funeral relic, I found a paper in the pocket, it was a letter, and addressed to whom do you think? To you, baron."

"To me?" exclaimed Danglars.

"Yes, to you;" answered Monte Cristo, in the midst of loud murmurs of surprise from all present.

"But," inquired Madame Danglars, looking at her husband with anxiety; "how has this prevented M. de Villefort being here?"

"That letter and that waistcoat, madame, are what are termed papers of conviction, and I forwarded them at once to the king's solicitor. You understand, my dear baron, the legal road is the safest in criminal matters; it was, probably, some plot against yourself."

Andrea looked at Monte Cristo with a glance of horror, and disappeared in the ante-chamber.

"It is possible;" said Danglars, "the man who was assassinated, was he not an escaped convict?"

"Yes;" answered the count, "a convicted felon, named Caderousse."

Danglars changed colour slightly, Andrea passed from the ante-chamber into the corridor.

"But sign, why do you not sign away?" said Monte Cristo, "I perceive that my narrative has terrified every one, and I really most humbly beg your pardon, madame, and yours also, Mademoiselle Danglars."

The baroness, who had not signed, affixed her signature, and handed back the pen to the notary.

"The Prince Cavalcanti," said the notary; "the signature of the Prince Cavalcanti is next wanted."

"Andrea! Andrea!" repeated the voices of several young men, who had arrived at that degree of intimacy with the Italian nobleman, which permitted them to address him in his Christian name.

"Call the prince!" cried M. Danglars to a servant, "tell him that it is his turn to sign."

But at the same moment, the crowd, which had turned to the door of the ante-chamber, thinking that the prince might be there conversing with some friend, recoiled terrified into the central saloon, as if some horrible monster had made its way into the house, seeking for whom it should devour.

There was, indeed, wherewithal to recoil, to be frightened, or even to scream.

An officer of gendarmes was busy placing two troopers at the door of each apartment, which, being accomplished, he approached the Baron Danglars, preceded by a commissary of police, wearing his scarf of office.

Madame Danglars uttered a shriek, and fainted.

The baron, who fancied himself threatened (for certain consciences are never at rest), presented to his guest the appearance of a man annihilated by terror.

"What is the matter, sir?" asked Monte Cristo, advancing before the commissary.

"Which of you," inquired the magistrate, without answering the

count's question; "which of the gentlemen present is called Andrea Cavalcanti?"

An exclamation of surprise and horror burst from every corner of the room.

Every one sought and questioned one another, but no one answered.

"Who is then this Andrea Cavalcanti?" inquired the Baron Danglars, stupified with amazement.

"A convicted felon who has escaped from Toulon."

"And what crime has he committed?"

"He is accused," said the commissary, in a business-like and indifferent tone, "with having assassinated the man called Caderousse, who was formerly his companion in chains, at the moment when he was issuing from the house of the Count of Monte Cristo."

Monte Cristo cast a hurried glance around him.

Andrea had disappeared.

XXVI.—THE CAPTURE OF CAVALCANTI.

M. ANDREA CAVALCANTI was, for his years, a person of rare intelligence. At the first rumours that broke forth, we have seen him approaching the door of the ante-chamber; as they gained in intensity so he gained in distance; but one thing we neglected to mention, which was, that in the ante-chamber lay the trousseau of the bride, and that in passing it, Andrea, or more properly now Benedetto, thought it worth his while to possess himself of the more valuable jewels which formed part of the marriage present. An open window offered a ready means of exit, when the uniforms of the gendarmerie glanced across his experienced eye, and, once outside of the house, he ran for a quarter of an hour, without particularly caring as to what direction he took. By that time he, however, became sufficiently composed to reason upon his situation. He had nearly reached the gates of the city: he felt that his safety had become a question of miles; and after a little inward meditation, he called a cab from the ranks.

"Friend," said Benedetto, "is your horse tired?"

"Tired! oh no, sir; he has done nothing the whole day."

"I wish to overtake a friend," said Benedetto, "with whom I am to hunt to-morrow. He was to wait for me here till half-past eleven, and as it is twelve, he must have got tired of waiting, and has gone off alone. Will you try to overtake him?"

"If you will make it worth my while."

"Well, if we do not overtake him between this and Bourges you shall have twenty francs; if we do not overtake him from here to Louvres, thirty."

"And if we do overtake him?"

"You shall have forty," said Benedetto.

"Agreed!" said the coachman; "up, and we are off!"

Benedetto stepped into the cab, passed through the city gates without interruption, and gained the suburbs. When they came to a public-house that was not yet shut up, or they met a laggard on the road, they stopped to inquire if a green cab, with a bay horse, had passed by. As a good many cabriolets travel on the route to the Low Countries, and

most of those are green, there were always one or more answering that description in advance of them, but which, when they overtook it, was not the one in question.

At length they arrived at Louvres; and Benedetto, exclaiming that the horse would certainly be killed if it went any further at that speed, said he would go and sleep at the Red Horse, and gave the driver his thirty francs. But the moment he heard the sound of the wheels taking the direction back to Paris, he walked onwards, nor did he stop till he reached La Chapelle-en-Serval, six miles further on. On his way, he covered one side of a paletot, which he had hastily seized upon the moment of his evasion, with dust, and thus prepared he knocked at the gate of the only inn in the village.

The host got up to open the door.

"Friend," said Benedetto, "I was going from Mortefontaine to Senlis, when my horse broke down on the road and gave me a tumble. I must positively arrive at Compeigne this night, or it would cause the most serious anxiety to my family. Have you a horse to lend me?"

Good or bad, an innkeeper has always a horse of some kind or other. The host called up his son, and told him to saddle Blanco, and to jump up behind the gentleman, so as to bring the quadruped back. As Benedetto paid the innkeeper, he let a card fall accidentally, which the innkeeper afterwards picked up. It was that of one of his friends, and the host was convinced that he had let his horse to the Count of Mauléon, of the Rue St. Dominique.

Blanco did not go fast, but he made steady progress, and in three-and-a-half hours the nine leagues, which remained to be performed to gain Compeigne, had been passed over, and it was striking four o'clock as they entered the square where the diligences stop. Benedetto had, however, nothing to do with diligences, he knew that it required a passport to travel in public vehicles. He accordingly went and knocked at the hotel, called that of the Clock and the Bottle.

It was opened after a brief delay.

"Friend," said Benedetto, "I am coming from Saint Jean du Bois, where I dined; I was to have taken the diligence at midnight, but I missed my way like a fool, and have been wandering these four hours in the forest. Can you give me one of those pretty little rooms that look upon the court, and bring up a cold fowl and a bottle of claret?"

The porter had not the slightest suspicion. He called up a waiter, and in ten minutes' time Benedetto was seated at a pleasant fire, with the fowl and bottle of wine before him. After comforting the inner man, he repaired to bed, and slept without apprehension, for he had adopted a plan which he fancied insured his safety. It was to gain the forest the next day, to change dresses with a woodman, and by travelling by night only, and avoiding all habitations, to gain the frontier. Once over the frontier, he had still money enough left to render his prospects for the future any thing but disagreeable.

Benedetto left the window-shutters open, and at seven o'clock he was awoke by the sun beaming upon his bed. He jumped up, for the prominent thought—that of escape—told him that he had slept too long, and he went to the window. A gendarme was crossing the court.

A gendarme is, to a Frenchman, one of the most striking objects that is to be met with in the world. To a timorous Frenchman there is

something positively frightful in the admixture of yellow, blue, and white, which enter into the composition of his uniform.

"Wherefore a gendarme?" said Benedetto to himself, and then with that quick logic which was so peculiar to him, he added, "well, there is no use being surprised, let us dress ourselves. When he is gone, then I can make my escape."

Benedetto's toilet was accomplished with wondrous celerity, and when he was dressed he quietly approached the window a second time, and looked out from behind the curtains, but not only was the first gendarme not gone, but the young man perceived a second blue, yellow, and white uniform at the bottom of the staircase, the only one by which he could make his escape, whilst a third on horseback, with his carbine in his hand, was posted before the gateway which opened upon the street. This third gendarme was significative to the last degree, for around him was a circle of curious people who completely shut up the passage.

The young man grew pale, and looked around him anxiously.

"They are seeking for me," he said, "and I am lost!"

In reality, for a person in Benedetto's situation to be arrested, signified trial and death—death without pity and without delay.

For a moment he convulsively grasped his head with both his hands. But in a short time one hopeful thought presented itself from amidst the afflicting terrors that besieged him. He stepped to the door, and opening it gently left it in that position, as if he had escaped from the room without caring to shut the door after him. He then returned to the chimney, and began to climb the narrow channel which offered the sole means of escape.

At this very moment the gendarme whom Benedetto had first seen, was ascending the staircase followed by the commissary of police. Benedetto was indebted for this early visit to a very simple circumstance. At break of day the telegraph had announced the escape of the murderer of Cadetrousse throughout France. At Compeigne, a royal residence and a garrisoned town, immediate inquiries had been instituted as to any night arrivals. The fact of a young man coming under such strange circumstances at four in the morning, was soon known to the police, who resolved upon an immediate domiciliary visit.*

"Oh! oh!" said the gendarme, an old fox well tutored in the secrets of his profession, "an open door is a bad indication. I had rather have found it trebly bolted."

Accordingly as they had anticipated, they found the room empty. The gendarme was not a man however to give up a search readily. After examining bed and closets he came to the chimney. This was an issue, and as such deserving of careful investigation. The gendarme called for a faggot and some straw, which he soon lighted, but nothing fell from the chimney. Benedetto, who had been from his earliest youth at war with society, was not to be smoked out in that manner. Anticipating the possibility of such an event, he had gained the roof, and there secreted himself behind the chimney. Looking around him he saw that close by the Hotel de Ville, a colossal building of the sixteenth century, rose up like a gloomy rampart, and that from the higher windows of this towering edifice all the corners and sides of the roof could be leisurely explored. Benedetto felt that in a few moments the head of a gendarme would show itself at one of those windows. He ac-

cordingly resolved to descend, not by the road by which he had come, but by an analagous one.

He cast his eye about to find a chimney out of which no smoke issued, and perceiving one not far from him he hastened to it and disappeared by the orifice without being seen by any body.

At the same moment a little window of the Hotel de Ville opened, and allowed the head of a gendarme to pass through it. It examined the roof and scrutinised the chimneys with an eye of disappointment. But while the worthy functionary of the law was employed upon this examination, a loud scream of fright, and the quick and prolonged ringing of a bell, resounded through the court-yard of the hotel.

"There is a traveller who seems to be in a fright and a hurry at the same time," said the gendarme who acted as sentinel at the foot of the staircase, and who had not moved from his post.

"What number is ringing?" cried out the landlord.

"Number three," answered a chambermaid's voice.

The cries and the ringing of the bell began again.

"Whoever is ringing there wants something more than a chambermaid," said the gendarme, "I will wait upon them myself."

The gendarme disappeared up the staircase.

As to poor Benedetto, he had got down two-thirds of the chimney safely enough, when his foot slipped and he made his entrance into the room below with as much noise as celerity. His descent, indeed, had been converted into a simple fall. In this room two elderly maiden ladies were sleeping, on their way from Belgium to Paris. Awoke by the noise, they looked at the fire-place, and found it, to their horror, filled up with a man's sooty form. One of the ladies, who had more nerve than the other, jumped out to pull the bell, the other contented herself with screaming from under the clothes.

The tide of events, it was evident, set strongly against Benedetto.

"Have pity on me!" he exclaimed, pale, staggering, scarcely seeing the persons whom he spoke to, "have pity on me, and spare me! save me, for I am pursued!"

But the life of a fellow-creature was of far less importance to two maiden ladies, than such an outrage as penetrating into their sleeping-room, and they only answered by louder shrieks and more violent pulls at the bell-rope.

"Here he is! here he is!" said a voice at the door. It was the gendarme, who had overheard Benedetto's supplications. With a blow from the butt-end of his carbine the door was broken open, and in a moment the barrel was levelled at the young man.

Benedetto stood upright, pale, before the fire-place, his body thrown a little backwards, his knife in his hand. But he felt that resistance was vain, and dropping his arm when about to raise it in self-defence, he said, moodily,

"I surrender, it is no use making a fuss about it. I must go to prison, but thank God I have friends."

IRISH LEGENDS.

No. I.

BY J. L. FORREST.

DURING a short time ago with the REV. MR. HORGAN (better known by the *cognomen* of FATHER MATT), the hospitable and amiable Parish Priest of Blarney, and the profound scholar, and erudite antiquarian, and happening accidentally to express my surprise that a man, possessing his taste and love for the legendary lore and antiquities of Ireland, should be without any written memorials of the literary pursuits of past ages, the reverend gentleman, without uttering a syllable, went quietly to an old bureau, itself a fit repository for such things, and, after a short search, placed in my hand a number of manuscripts written in the old Irish character, and embellished in a style far surpassing any thing of the kind which I had before seen. These documents, which it was evident had been preserved with miserly care, he requested me to look over at my leisure, at the same time kindly proffering me the use of any which I might choose to select.

Availing myself of this kind permission, I venture to bring before a British public some of those wild legends which are so familiar amongst the Irish peasantry, and which the genius of a CROKER has not disdained to take for its theme. That in the translation of these manuscripts, defects will be exhibited I have not the least doubt, and that much of the beauty and power of the original will be lost, I feel very certain. Still I trust that something to interest may still remain; while, when the difficulty of conveying, through the medium of another tongue, the expressions of a most flowery and poetical language are considered, I would hope for that indulgence which I feel assured I do not ask in vain.

It may be necessary (as in the poem itself there is no direct allusion to the subject), to explain to the English reader that the tale is founded on one of the wild superstitions current amongst the peasantry of my native country.

The PHOCCA, a phantom, or goblin steed (in league with the Evil One, or it may be the Evil One himself), and of coal black colour, is said to appear at night to the lone traveller, whose business leads him across the wide heath or barren moor, and, tempting him to mount, dashes off with his unfortunate victim, and at fearful speed traverses hill, and glen, and flood, till wearied and torn it leaves him in some wild spot, if not dying, at least so bruised and injured as to lead him to forswear such conveyance for the future.

It is easy to trace the origin of this superstition in the by-gone intemperance of the Irish, since when labouring under the influence of intoxicating liquors, we can readily conceive a man running into the strangest scenes, and then, with a heated imagination, fancying "fairies and spirits" at work, where he alone was the actor.

THE GOBLIN STEED.

WHERE wander, gurgling fresh and free,
 The waters of the "pleasant Lee,"
 Through grove and meadow twining,
 Now stealing on with noiseless flow,
 Now murmuring where the willows grow,
 Or in the sunlight shining ;

There stood a castle, high and fair,
 And strong, as all old castles were,
 Once famed in Irish story :
 Alas ! 'tis but a ruin now,
 And leans it o'er yon hillock's brow,
 Quite shorn of all its glory.

Within this castle lived a knight,
 As brave as e'er drew sword in fight,
 Or wooed or won fair lady ;
 For, in the fields of Spain and France,
 Fell many a foe before the lance
 Of bold Sir Brian Brady.

A gentle knight and good was he,
 The pink of Erin's chivalry,
 The terror of her foemen ;
 Yet, strange to say, he never could,
 At any time, in any mood,
 Find favour with the women.

The reason, History states, his nose
 Was clean cut off by cruel foes,
 When prisoner with the Paynim ;
 Besides, his face in many a war,
 Was so beset with gash and scar,
 That none did seek to gain him.

Hence, in Sir Brian's massive "keep,"
 No high-born damsel took a peep,
 Or graced it with her presence ;
 Nor yet beneath Carrigdhuvé's towers
 Did maiden seek for summer flowers,
 Nor in its beauteous "pleasaunce."

Then were it sight both new and strange,
 If through the castle's widest range
 Such object were beholden ;
 Indeed, if high or low-born dame
 Within its limits ever came
 Such were of age called olden.

But to my story—I have said
 Carrigdhuvé's halls ne'er felt the tread
 Of foot of lovely woman ;
 And yet 'twas rumoured that at night
 A being beautiful and bright,
 And looking very human,

Oft stole upon the slumbering guard
 (In truth they kept but sleepy ward)
 Upon the castle's turrets ;
 But though, full oft, in time of need,
 On battle-field they'd tried their speed,
 And proved in this their merits,
 Yet could they not one passing glance
 Of this fair lady's countenance
 Succeed at all in gaining ;
 For, sooth to say, her pretty feet
 Moved ever fast, as though they'd beat
 A race-horse in full training.

Thus matters stood, and thus each night
 Before them passed the lovely sprite,
 So states the ancient legend ;
 And, careless or of storm or wet,
 Glided along the parapet,
 And paused awhile at each end.

When bold Sir Brian heard the tale,
 With wrath his very lips grew pale,
 His throbbing pulses fluttered ;
 While vowed he vengeance on the kern,*
 Who thus had failed the truth to learn,
 In curses deeply muttered.

'Tis night, a pleasant night of June,
 The moon is up, the silver moon,
 And shining bright in Heaven ;
 The sky is cloudless, clear, and fair,
 The clock (had clocks been heard of there)
 Would just have struck eleven.

Upon the tower, sword in hand,
 Sir Brian takes his gallant stand,
 Like watchman with his rattle,
 And with a look would pierce you through,
 Appears as if resolved to do
 With fiend or foeman battle.

An hour has passed, a step is heard,
 Noiseless and soft as whispered word,
 Sir Brian though is listening ;
 Then on the topmost tower is seen
 A lady of bewitching mien
 Beneath the moonbeams glistening.

Her robe is like the foam-bell white,
 Her waving tresses dark as night,
 Her brow of marble whiteness :
 Her cheeks twin roses blushing were,
 Are circling round some lilies fair—
 Her eyes of wondrous brightness.

Her port majestic, graceful, and
 Her manners, gentle, kind, and bland,
 Her aspect sweet and civil ;
 In fact, she seemed from stain so free
 That none could dream that she could be
 Disposed to think of evil.

* Kern—Irish foot-soldiers.

Her breath was like the sweet perfume
Of violets in their spring-tide bloom,
When soft the South is blowing!
While all so beautiful and bright
Her form, it was as if a light
From Heaven were round her glowing.

Sir Brian gazed on the ladye,
Then lowly he did bend the knee,
To pay her all due deference :
The ladye with a smile, whose grace
Had breathed a charm round less fair face,
To him returned meet reverence.

Then spake the knight, in accents bland,
"Permit me, love, to take that hand,
And lead thee to my dwelling!
For not beneath Mononia's* sun
Hath eye of mine e'er looked upon
A being thee excelling!"

One backward step the ladye took,
Her snowy arm she raised and shook,
Her eye to Heaven upturning :
Like mellowed strain of distant horn,
O'er some wide-spreading water borne,
Then burst in language burning :

"O'er valley and mountain, through forest and mead
Like the blast of the tempest I sweep on my steed,
And the flow of the torrent restrains not my speed!
For swift as the flight
Of the eagle in light

Is the hoof of dark Oscar, my gallant black steed!

"And he who would win me must rival the stag
In the pride of his fleetness o'er valley and crag,
And ne'er in his speed or his energy flag!

Then away! till the light
Chase the shadows of night,

Let us measure our swiftness o'er valley and crag!"

"*Mo chorp an Dhiaoul!*"*—"Tis an oath
Which I should feel exceeding loath
To write in language plainer.)

"*Mo chorp an Dhiaoul!*" swore the knight,
"Or angel, demon, fiend, or sprite,
These arms shall now detain her!"

With one swift bound the ladye stood
Safe from the reach of grasp so rude,
And, to her black steed calling,
A wild shrill neigh, from wood hard by,
Is heard, so like the signal cry,
It seems like echo falling.

With a rushing tramp the black steed came,
His eye was fire, and his breath was flame,
His snort like rumbling thunder ;
And he neighed and pawed, and pawed and neighed,
While around his form a dim light played,
And his tramp the ground shook under.

* The ancient name of Munster.

† Literally—"My body to the d—l."

"Now saddle my gray," Sir Brian said,
 I'll try the speed of her vaunted steed!"
 And none did dare gainsay him;
 Too well they knew, by that eye of fire,
 How fiercely raged his burning ire
 To seek to disobey him.

Strange sight from those proud walls to see
 That knight so bold and fair ladye,
 Across the country riding,
 While ever, as in their rushing course,
 Did seem to lag the knight's good horse,
 Was heard the ladye's chiding.

They've reached at length the river's side—
 A plash, a plunge, and through its tide
 Their rapid course they're steering;
 Till, bubbling up in streaks of foam,
 To their horses' heads the waters come,
 Then onward sweep careering.

The bank is gained, on, on they speed!
 Sir Brian is urging his gallant steed
 Up yonder rocky hollow;
 But yet, despite, whip, voice, and spur,
 Not an ell's length can he gain on her,
 Whose steps he still doth follow.

And on, on, on, and both are seen
 Rapidly nearing a deep ravine,
 Sir Brian's horse hard toiling:
 The ladye points with her riding-whip,
 As though she'd say, what a gallant leap!—
 She points, and turns her smiling!

With lip compressed, and tightened rein
 Sir Brian rides straight for the frightful drain—
 Hurrah! hurrah! he's over!
 But, hark, a crash, both long and loud!
 A flame—then a dense, black thunder-cloud
 That deep ravine doth cover!

* * * * *

The ivy clothes Carrigdhuvé's walls,
 Silence reigns in Carrigdhuvé's halls,
 No minstrel there is singing;
 The owl that sits on yon carved stone,
 The dull gray owl is its tenant lone,
 With the bat its foul flight winging.

For years have pass'd, since that dread night,
 When out, beneath the moon's pale light,
 Went forth that demon lady!
 And never since then was heard or seen,
 Or tale, or tidings, or trace, I ween,
 Of the bold Sir Brian Brady!

IMMATERIALITIES; OR, CAN SUCH THINGS BE?

BY CHARLES HOOTON.

—“Therefore, my friend, this soul drags with it heavy, gross, earthy, and visible qualities, which retard her flight, and keep her down in these visible regions; awed with the prospects of incomprehensible light, and, as 'tis said, skulking about monuments and sepulchres: where frequently obscure phantoms have appeared, which are no other than these restless and polluted souls that, through their impurities, assume a form and visibility.”—*Socrates—in Plato's Dialogue.*

CHAP. I.

The Tombstone—Dr. Veryard's Story—A Strange Incident that happened to the Author.

THE utilitarianism and matter-of-fact tendency of the times, appear to be sweeping away from us every vestige of that enchanted and enchanting ground, upon which were laid the foundations of nearly all the most real pleasures of fancy and imagination. We have altogether given up the philosophy which would have taught a man to doubt even his own existence; and, rushing into the opposite extreme, have become *too real*. We are compelled in these times to think and act indeed as though scarcely any thing existed excepting Self. Neither does any thing exist to the majority that is not reducible within the rules of that grovelling tyranny signified by the mysterious letters L. S. D. Our household gods are metal and paper, to whom we sacrifice six days;—our spiritual Deity, a Being incomprehensible, for whom we make the service of the seventh day suffice. And did not law and custom stand in the way, even that seventh fraction might chance to be omitted payment where virtually all is due. Our very poetry is mixed up with machinery (though not such as Horace spoke of)—our inspiration springs from the bread-basket, and our sympathies are sewn upon poverty like a patch with “needle and thread.” The pity of the bard goes hand in hand with a dear quartern loaf; and the shirts upon our backs loudly repoach us—(we at least who purchase them ready made)—with the pining misery of the weary seamstress who fitted their parts together. Nor in matters of a less tangible and bodily nature are we a whit the less spared. The phantom ship, the *fata morgana*, the giant of the Brocken, the warriors and horsemen of the clouds, are all put to flight by the science of optics; the kraken is destroyed—not by harpoon or gun-shot, but by the log books of voyagers who never saw him; astrology is a lie, dreams are idle nonsense, and spectres result only from a disturbance of the brain and visual organs. A man may watch in a church, or a graveyard, every hour of the night, and see no ghost, because every body knows there are no ghosts to be seen. The magic has departed from midnight, and the bones of the dead are now scarcely less dreaded by man or maid than are those similar relics of animal mortality which grin upon a dish in the larder. One cannot even hire a haunted house at any lower rent than a similar house that is not haunted; simply because people have become infidels to the faith in them; and hence that kind of moral courage which at no very remote day would have enabled a speculative tenant to live rent free, will not, in the present matter-of-fact age, save him five pounds per annum. In short,

merely because no man can catch a ghost, like a bird, on a limed twig or in a trap, and secure it in a cage for public exhibition, he can neither believe in the existence of the thing, himself, nor persuade any body else to believe in it.

Appearances, indeed, any thing but spectral in their own nature, fully bear out the conclusion that unless a firm and decisive stand be very soon made by the small body of honest believers which we have happily yet left amongst us, that magnificent fabric which our imaginative ancestors laboured so industriously to rear, will ere long be so thoroughly pulled to pieces, and carted away as rubbish, that the very site of Babylon itself, shall not be more difficult of discovery.

Tale tellers and tale readers alike, ought to combine their efforts not only to avert such a literary calamity, but also for the purpose of enlarging and keeping in repair the old ghostly building by new additions, adequate props, and modern decorations. A conservative coalition appears to be imperatively demanded—that is, if a single mysterious passage, a frightful staircase, a valuable chamber, that nobody dares sleep in, or a door that opens and shuts without hands, is to be left amongst us. Ghost societies, spectre clubs, and associations for propagating the belief in apparitions, should at once be established in every congenial locality; each member being required to relate an original and authentic story upon his admission, and the whole to be collected into an annual volume, under the title of the “Transactions” of the society.

Who dare venture to say what crimes have not been prevented by the salutary and healthy belief in ghosts? What mischievous kissings between amorous footmen and susceptible maids in obscure parts of mysterious old manor houses, have not been happily averted by the dread of some too shapely ancestral shadow, or the fearful sound of a long-departed knight tramping unquietly along the darkened corridor? What good has not been effected by timely warnings to survivors from stragglers from the other world? What conviction of the certainty of future rewards and punishments have they not produced upon the doubtful and the unbelieving; what confessions from the criminals themselves have they not extorted, of else undiscoverable deeds of blood? And yet we are told by scoffers and unbelievers, that they always appear upon sleeveless errands and are such thorough dolts at their business, such unintelligible ambassadors to the court of earthly life, that the very object of their mission fails to be rendered comprehensible.

True enough it undoubtedly is, that mankind frequently fail to discover the motive for a spectral appearance; but it by no means follows that, therefore, no motive exists. The blunder made between the seer and the thing seen, is quite as likely to be justly chargeable upon the ignorance and stupidity of the former, as upon the weakness of the latter; nay, more so; just by as much as the power of the latter is presumed to be superior to that of the former.

If the evidence hitherto produced either *pro* or *con.*, were of that very conclusive character, which the majority of our enlightened multitudes would fain have us believe, and which alone could sanction the wholesale rejection or acceptance of this question; how comes it that philosophers are still divided upon the subject, and that it virtually remains, as a debateable subject, *in statu quo*? The fact appears to be, that belief really exists much more extensively than is openly admitted or confessed. People have grown ashamed of acknowledging their alle-

giance to the authority of tales which it has become the fashion to banish even from the precincts of the nursery ; and, hence, the valour of the tongue has outstripped that of all the rest of the body put together. Many careful guardians will ridicule, before the children, those very stories which positively produce dread, and a trembling doubtful kind of disbelief in their own minds and moral natures. They try to persuade both their children and themselves at the same time :—and each, perhaps, with about equal effect. For, that mankind in general, can so far divest themselves of the feelings arising from these mysterious associations as to remain calm, and proof against assault, under all or any circumstances, the reader's own consciousness may safely be appealed to in evidence of its impossibility. Assuredly there is in darkness, loneliness, obscurity, and certain associations of ideas resulting therefrom, or from surrounding circumstances, a sense of—not *fear* perhaps, but something akin to it, which we have no word to express. Yet, oddly enough, the dread of spectral sights has not the most remote connexion with the apprehension of personal danger or injury. It is a spiritual affection altogether—scarcely allowing of modification, whether the supposed apparition come as a messenger of good or of evil, or as no communicant whatever to the seer of either one or the other.

The learned and talented Mr. James Howell, one of the clerks of the Privy Council, in Charles the First's reign, relates in his published letters to his friends, " a strange thing I saw lately here, and I believe 'tis true." He then goes on to say—" As I passed by St. Dunstan's, in Fleet Street, the last Saturday, I stepped into a lapidary or stonecutter's shop, to treat with the master for a stone to be put upon my father's tomb ; and casting my eyes up and down, I spied a huge marble with a large inscription upon it, which was thus, to my best remembrance :—

" ' Here lies John Oxenham, a goodly young man, in whose chamber, as he was struggling with the pangs of death, a bird with a white breast was seen fluttering about his bed, and so vanished.

" ' Here also lies Mary Oxenham, the sister of the said John, who died the next day, and the same apparition was seen in her room.'

" Then another sister is spoke of.

" ' Here lies hard by, James Oxenham, the son of the said John, who died a child in his cradle a little after ; and such a bird was seen fluttering about his head a little before he expired, which vanished afterwards.'

" At the bottom of the stone, there is,

" ' Here lies Elizabeth Oxenham, the mother of the said John, who died sixteen years since, when such a bird with a white breast was seen about her bed before her death.'

" To all these," adds Howell, " there be divers witnesses, both squires and ladies, whose names are engraven upon the stone. This stone is to be sent to a town (village ?) hard by Exeter, where this happened.

" Were you here, I could raise a *choice discourse* with you hereupon."

The letter is dated October, 1632.

What the tendency of that " choice discourse " would have been, may easily be conjectured from the author's confession of belief in the truth of the story ; though, nevertheless, we should have been very well pleased to hear this learned clerk's reasoning upon the subject. Few, however, can doubt, that if the spectators really saw what is alleged they did see, even this innocent vision would have produced the same internal emotion,

with little or no modification, as might have been felt had a human shadow been visible instead.

I also find amongst by-gone authorities, another curious story, which, as it bears more strongly upon the main point of this chapter, may, not inappropriately, be introduced.

In the folio volume of travels written by E. Veryard, M.D., and published in the year 1701, that author says :

“Coming to Paris, I was advised to take up my quarters at an house where English usually resorted, which I accordingly did, being poorly skilled in the French tongue, and willing to get some helps by conversing now and then with my countrymen.

“I had a chamber assigned me in which there were two beds, whereof one was taken up by an English gentleman, who, having finished his studies in Germany, was taking a journey into Italy. I sat up late at night expecting my chamber-fellow's coming in, whom I had not seen, but designed to create an acquaintance with, over an honest bottle; but growing weary, I was at length conducted to my chamber, and had only got into bed when the gentleman came up. After a little discourse he gave me the following account of what befel him the night before in the same chamber, viz., that happening to awake about midnight, as he imagined, he heard something walk like a man twice or thrice over the chamber; whereupon he opened the curtain, but the night being extream dark, could discern nothing. He had no sooner withdrawn his head but he heard it approach, and on a sudden all his curtains were drawn open with violence; and then it went and threw itself on the bed in which I lay, giving three of the most hideous groans he had ever heard. He said that he was at first under some apprehension of danger, and imagined his chamber door might have been broken open; but was afterwards very confident that it was some unquiet spirit, for as it grew light he found his curtains all drawn open, and the door fastened with two bolts, as he had left it.

“I confess I was a little surprised at the rehearsal, and had not the night been well advanced, could gladly have changed lodgings. However, mustering up all my remains of courage, I endeavoured to compose myself to sleep; but you may imagine how good a night's rest I took. I could not attribute this to an effect of melancholy in the gentleman, he being of a quite different temper; nor to the phantom of a brain dis-tempered by immoderate drinking, it being a thing he wholly declined, as I afterwards found by long experience in our travels through France and Italy. He was of opinion that some one had been murdered in that place, and lay there two or three nights more, resolving to speak if it came again; but he heard no more of it. For my part, I shifted lodgings next morning without making any inquiry about it.”

These two instances are adduced, both because the authorities for them are respectable from rank and education, and in order to keep me in countenance a little while, relating the incident upon my own personal knowledge, which is promised in the running title affixed to this chapter.

Apart from all that has already been written more in jest than earnest, the charge of credulity cannot lie very heavy upon the man who, meeting difficulties of equal weight on both sides of a question, hesitates to avow any distinct conviction of the truth of either; but candidly admits that while reason and observation plead strongly in favour of perfect scepticism

on this subject, there yet remain, beyond rational doubt or disputation, many circumstances unimpeachable on the score of veracity, and yet of a nature to defy comprehension or explanation upon merely natural grounds, or according to the ordinary rules of logic.

I lay no stress upon the following narrative, because, singular as it is, it yet exercises no influence with myself in either the affirmative or the negative of the question before us. I know it to be literally and strictly true. I give it as a bare fact, without embellishment or illustration of any kind, and I draw no conclusions from it either in proof or disproof, of any theory concerning the possibility of supernatural appearances, or rather perhaps of inexplicable but positive impressions being produced by supernatural agency upon the senses.

I seriously stake my own credit upon the accuracy of the circumstances to be now related, and leave the reader to make of them any thing or nothing at his own pleasure.

In the year 1829, I was sent from the country to London for the purposes of study, at the celebrated establishment for drawing in Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury, then conducted by its founder Mr. S——. My lodgings were at No. —, Caroline Street, Bedford Square, and consisted of a parlour, and a sleeping-room on the third story. That story was divided into three rooms, the middle one being mine, one occupied by the maid, and the third by the man and his wife (they had no family), who tenanted the house. The second story, or “first floor” as it is usually termed, was wholly occupied by an old lady almost bedridden, or at least so much of an invalid as to be always confined to her room, and a female servant who slept in her mistress’s chamber at night. Thus six persons, myself included, were the sole residents of the house. I am thus particular on these points for reasons which will soon become obvious.

Our hours of study at Mr. S.’s were from seven till five daily; and as I was at that time almost totally without acquaintance to tempt me abroad after the day’s application, and did not possess, besides, any taste for the ordinary public amusements of the metropolis, nearly all my evenings were spent in either writing or reading, or perhaps a combination of both.

In those days my efforts were totally without plan or method, with respect to the division of time. When weary, or disinclined for exertion, I retired to rest as early as nine o’clock. When otherwise, sat up with pen or book till one or two, perhaps later; but often varying, at all hours between these extremes. Our inmates were, as may be easily supposed, very regular and quiet. We were scarcely ever put out of the ordinary routine by company; the house was generally silent by eleven o’clock, and I alone seemed, by special licence, to exercise the right of going to bed when I pleased.

Two or three months, I think, passed away in this staid and regular manner, when one night, after I had entered my chamber and closed the door, the sound of leisurely and by no means light footsteps along the passage, and apparently from the servant maid’s room door, to that of the apartment occupied by my landlord and his wife, arrested my attention. The circumstance struck me as singular, as I knew they all had retired to rest some time before. I listened, but heard nothing more. Neither was one door opened, or the other closed. It then for the first time pointedly came to my recollection, that frequently, on previous occasions, had the same phenomenon occurred, and always in the same manner, without other

disturbance, more or less. But up to the night specified, it had not attracted my special notice. However, without the remotest feeling of alarm, or for a moment entertaining the idea that it proceeded from any but the commonest causes, I put out my light, and slept soundly until morning. On the following night, without thinking previously in particular of the matter, I happened to retire to my room whilst the tenant of the house and his wife were at supper, and the servant was occupied in her necessary attendance upon them. As I passed the drawing-room occupied by the old invalid lady, I could overhear her conversing with her maid, and therefore knew there could be no one up stairs except myself. The hour was not ten, but the moment my room door was closed, the same heavy sounds of foot-falls along the passage, and from and to the same points as before, were as distinctly and *locally* heard, as though a booted dragoon had strode across. It must be confessed my surprise was great; but a second time I was content with listening, though to no better purpose than before. In vain was it to attempt to persuade myself that my sense of hearing had been deceived, and that the sound was produced in some adjoining house. With as much apparent reason might I have tried to argue myself into the belief, that a person close at my elbow was really twenty yards off. Still I felt no ways agitated, or thrown off my ordinary equanimity of mind; the circumstance simply appeared, just then, unaccountable, that was all.

Subsequent reflection, however, caused me to determine upon a short series of experiments, if such they could be denominated, for the purpose of satisfying myself respecting this mysterious nightly visitation. And these I resolved to try *before* resorting to the simple expedient of lying in readiness, throwing open my door, and obtaining ocular demonstration in case such was to be had. Accordingly, during several succeeding nights, I purposely went to bed at all hours, from nine in the evening until three in the morning; when all in the house were up, and when all were in bed and asleep; when I could hear the inmates conversing in their respective rooms below, and equally well hear by their stentorious breathing that all were fast asleep—but the same result invariably followed. The ghostly footsteps came shortly after I had entered my room with the constancy and fidelity of those of a lover, or of time itself.

Satisfied so far on this point, and never, be it observed, having made by either word or action, the most remote allusion to the subject before any person upon the premises, I became very uneasy; and finally determined, on the ensuing night, not to take off my clothes, but to close my door as usual, and stand behind it ready to rush out the moment I should hear the first footstep.

On that eventful occasion, I purposely remained in my room below stairs until perhaps a couple of hours after all else in the house had retired, and had time enough to become wrapped in profound repose. Then taking off my slippers I stole silently up stairs, listened cautiously on the first floor landing, until assured that the old lady (whom I had never seen during the whole period of my occupancy) and her servant were asleep; and again proceeded upwards on to my own floor. There again I stood still and listened. In the dead silence of the hour I could hear with almost painful distinctness, the heavy and dream-disturbed respirations of two sleepers on one side of my own room, and of one on the other. The doors of both rooms were fast closed; and as my eye carefully glanced over the passage, I became fully assured that nothing mortal was awake

and stirring within the walls of that house except myself. I softly glided into my chamber, closed the door without noise, set down my candle, and with the handle of the latch in my hand, awaited the expected and accustomed footsteps. They did not come! This circumstance surprised me more than all the rest. It seemed as though my purpose (though confined within my own soul) was known as well to the strange cause of these late vigils, as to my own bosom. I waited and waited without effect, until tired of waiting any longer; and then in perfect silence I sat down and began to peruse a book. Still no sound broke upon the stillness of the night; and, after a long reading, I laid the volume aside, satisfied that for that night at least it was in vain to watch any longer. Still reluctant to give up, considerable delay occurred before I put off my clothes and got quietly into bed. The instant I had done so, tramp, tramp, came the heavy feet by my door, as firmly and solemnly as ever before! The room door was hard by the bed's head, and two or three moments at the utmost found me in the passage. There was nothing to be seen; the interrupted sound was not repeated; nor did any thing exist to give the least intimation of the possibility of any person having made good his retreat on being surprised. Assuredly the rooms on either side of me had not been opened. My eyes reverted to the staircase, when there broke upon my ear, apparently from about the bottom of the first flight, the most horrible and truly hideous peal of mingled laughter and shrieking that human imagination can conceive. Its expression was that of bitter derision and hate; or malice; but that it was a human sound nobody would I am sure for a moment have conceived.

Under all the circumstances of the case my blood ran chilly in my veins; and satisfied, though not enlightened, I returned to my chamber.

Some three hours afterwards, the dawn broke. I rose at my usual hour, but could not observe any thing that in the slightest degree might lead me to believe that, excepting myself, there was a creature under the roof who knew any thing whatever of the matter. Suspicion could not attach to either the sick old lady or her servant; both were too much occupied, one with her diseases, and the other with constantly recurring attentions, to meddle with such kinds of midnight amusements; while with any other person in the house, the thing was impossible.

Inquiries, calculated not to excite any suspicion, were made throughout the house. So far was any other individual from being aware of any thing of the kind, that considerable consternation was excited in consequence, which could not readily be allayed. However, I stoutly refused to explain what had caused my disturbance; and, like Mr. Everyard, "shifted lodgings" the same day.

This, however, was not quite the last I heard of it. Some six or seven years afterwards, circumstances brought me in connexion with certain literary parties in the metropolis, and over a social dinner one evening, the subject of strange appearances was broached and discoursed upon. The above circumstances were narrated much in the same way as the reader now has them lying before him. I was, much to my astonishment, informed by a well-known individual present, that he had heard a similar story before from precisely the same locality, and that, in fact, it had suggested to the late Theodore Hook, the tale of "Martha the Gipsy." If then, as Hook says, "SEEING IS BELIEVING," surely we cannot be far wrong in predicating as much of HEARING also.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF NIMROD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HANDLEY CROSS."

No. V.

THE list of "crack riders of England" that we have already stated, Nimrod commenced in the *New Sporting Magazine*, being completed early in 1835, the late Earl of Kintore, one of the keenest and most popular sportsmen of the day, thought of something to keep our author's pen going, which he propounded to Nimrod in the following letter. We should, perhaps, premise that Nimrod had thus spoken of his lordship in the field in his characters of crack riders.

"But when we speak of enthusiasts, where is the knight, much less the squire, who could have outdone Lord Kintore on horseback; not for 'God and the ladies,' as in olden times, but to enable him to be close to his darling hounds in chase? I cannot think he has ever yet seen the light; for, making allowance for the strongest passions which actuate the human mind, I cannot conceive the daring of any man carry him further, in a favourite pursuit, than his lordship's zeal has carried him in fox-hunting. The *furor venaticus*, however, of this sporting nobleman, is visible in every act of his life. See him in a run, how ecstatic he is!—pardon me, reader, I can think of no other word—how straight he goes!—how he rides at places, not with the expectation, but with the *hope* of getting over them. In a run over the vale of White Horse, he once came upon a fence which he saw no horse could clear.

'*Catch my horse!*' cried he, to a countryman on the opposite side, and, riding at it, tumbled neck and crop over it. But he is as hard as flint. A muddy ditch is a bed of roses to Lord Kintore, provided it be on the same side of the hedge with his hounds. Then mark him in the evening, how joyously he speaks of them! How his soul is wrapped up in the doings of the day and the anticipations of the morrow! Perhaps I may add, few men have been better mounted; and as a proof that he thought so, he offered Lord Lynedoch four hundred guineas for one horse his lordship had purchased at his sale, and bought in the brother to him at more than three hundred! Lord Lynedoch afterwards refused eight hundred pounds for his horse.

Now for Lord Kintore's letter. It is a real galloping, off-hand style of writing, and yet shows by the finish that there is a good deal of method and arrangement in the movements of a fox-hunter.

"Gask Kennel, Turriff, N. B.

"June 15, —.

"Dear Nimrod,

"What will you do now your alphabet is finished? What would you say to come and take a look at the most rural of all provincials, eh? As far as an enthusiast, you do me but justice; but come, and I'll be happy to show you that I can TIME that enthusiasm too. If you'll come to me then about the first week in November, and work your way up, I'll

be too happy to *shepherd you* this side of Tweed, and do what I can for you; and after you have been with me, I'll take you to the shop of the man* "vot valk'd" the thousand miles in the thousand successive hours over Newmarket. He'll also be delighted to see you, and he'll give you a ride, and, perhaps, ask you to work also "this here" said Defiance coach of his. I travelled up by her lately, and, as far as the coach is concerned, I think she'd go as steady without a load as with it. They have just got three London-built coaches. They perform their hundred and twenty miles in thirteen hours, and keep their "time" well (but will admit of a good many improvements yet.) Still our friend THE captain deserves great praise for having established the *best* coach this side of Tweed. Here I am, still hanging to the trade, and as fond on't as the day I went to hounds; a very good rural country for *its* extent, but it's but a narrow strip, bounded on one side by the hills, and on the other by *mare Atlanticum*, and, barring two, without a sportsman. Still what SHOULD I do without them? The Duke of Buccleuch's *large* pack, FEW BETTER this side of *Newark*, about eight packs in all, your humble servant's about the fourth; for mind you, *preceptor meus*, although they are very correct in their work, they would never stand the flags inspection; and how could you imagine *this* when they are at best but *Beaufort DRAFTS*? How the old un† gets on without them I can't tell you, and time must occasionally hang heavy with him. He thoroughly knows the difference between *meum* and *tuum*, rarely, if ever, making a remark with old Villebois, further than observing, in the hearing of some exquisite swell unknown to him,

"Foster! I thought I heard a hound BARK there!"

"What vulgar, unsportsmanlike man was it who dared to address Foster in such cockneyfied lingo, eh? All I can say is *this*, that at one time I hunted with them *all*, barring South, East, and the West of England packs, from Johnny Groats to the *Foret noir*, and I did not see his equal; and take all and all, England will be some time before they witness his like again. But the old school, I deplore to say, have *now the drag on* going down hill, and some of them without it; for instance, poor old Johnny,‡ and that stamp; they, like the three-parts-bred good English hunters, resemble the *black swan*, rarely to be met with. There is no doubt if you could BUT have the *substance* and *action*, that there's "nought" like thoroughbred horses; but they are *not to be got*; and as to hounds, I do think the LARGE, strong, bony dog the most *docile* and *tractable*, as also the *stadiest*. But country and *circumstances* always must be considered, for with old John Warde's hounds here, the imperviousness of the gorse coverts would *choke* them; a middle-sized hound *smeuses to his fox* much quicker, the former sort giving a wide-awake Charley, fully a quarter of an hour's lead sometimes, unless you are a fool, and ride to *two* couple of hounds without your body; as for me, I never can enjoy it unless they crowd pretty well to head.]

"Elcho§ has just taken part of a country that formerly belonged to

* Captain Barclay, of Ury.

† Mr. Nichol, whose property Lord Kintore's hounds formerly were.

‡ The late John Warde, Esq., of Squerries, in Kent, called the father of fox-hunters, and spoken of in the early part of this memoir.

§ Viscount Elcho, son of the Earl of Wemyss.

William Hay,* and will, depend on't, make a *first-rate workman*, the flash being over, and having become a *close, patient hunter*. I am also certain he'll be truly glad to see you, and do his best amidst the *southern swells* for you;—William Hay likewise. The duke's† establishment ought to have been in Northamptonshire, where you are aware he's a considerable proprietor; if HE is not, his brother is, I think. They have got a boy out of Pembrokeshire there. How will he take *after* old John Warde, Jack Musters, et cetera, eh? Rome was not built in a day, and it requires an apprenticeship, as you know too well. I wish you could say of me what Will Marshall, once whipper-in to the Duke of Cleveland's father, said to my father, whilst in *the grays*, and quartered at York,

“‘It's a nation pity, sir, thou wert born a lord, for thoudst ha made a *rare good huntsman*!’

“But come down and see this rural concern, and begin with the most rural first. I'll do my endeavour to please you as far as fox-hunting fare and a hearty welcome goes, with as much or as little *gargle* as you like. But I'm obliged to put the muzzle on now-a-days, for I can't work and enjoy it; nor can any man, if he goes to the lush crib over night.

“*Think of this*, and if you think it will suit your book ‘by it mail,’ as they say in Yorkshire, is the best conveyance that time of year. I've dispensed with S——e, the best countenance, and in *manner* as respectful a servant as ever took off his hat to his master, but an odd file for all that, and I've put on your old friend Joe Grant. If he don't make a kennel huntsman now he never will; but as he is a capital hand outside of it, and knows well the hounds in all their work, I've little doubt he'll do right well.

“Williamson, with the duke, killed his fifty brace of foxes, and Mr. Walker, in Fife (poor Tom Crane's successor) a very fair, good season, your humble servant about as bad a one as he has had these ten years. As long as Walker was my first-lieutenant a better never put on hound to his master, and I do believe he's now as good a huntsman as any going in England at the present day, though I fear he's been a little spoilt in Fife. Still, if quickness, patience, and perseverance, have aught to do with fox-hunting, Walker's got his share.

“If, as Paddy says, the ‘rint’ comes in on the 20th of this month, I mean to have a lark for three weeks, and *deo volente*, I purpose being in London on the 1st of July; with old Sam,‡ at Alresford, on the 5th; on the 7th with Billy Wyndham; on the 9th with old Codrington; on the 11th with Horlock; on the 12th with John Colley; on the 13th and 14th with Pryse Pryse; on the 15th with old Mills; on the 16th ditto; on the 18th at Greenwich with Lord Panmure, reaching, in all probability, the HOME kennel at Keith Hall, N.B., a sufficient direction, on the 22nd. To this place let me have the pleasure of hearing from you, and believe me, dear Apperley,

“Very truly yours,
“KINTORE.”

* Mr. Hay, of Dunse Castle, Berwickshire. † The Duke of Buccleuch.
‡ Mr. Nichol.

We need scarcely say that Nimrod jumped at this offer, for, independently of being hard up for matter, he had a strong natural inclination for moving about and enacting the character of Nimrod. He did more than jump at it, for he arrived at a conclusion that the letter hardly warranted.

He construed it into an offer to mount, feed, and "do for him," as lodging-house people say, and under that impression he wrote to the proprietors of the *New Sporting Magazine*, dilating on the advantages likely to accrue to the work from the publication of his tour, and asking if the proprietors would give him twenty pounds to take him to the border where the proffered "shepherding" was to commence.

Of course there was no difficulty on that point, and when the proper time arrived, Nimrod left Calais for Scotland. The twenty pounds, however, were exhausted before he reached Newcastle-on-Tyne, when an application for a further advance caused an inquiry to be made as to the foundation of his expectations. Nimrod "vouched" the foregoing letter, and asked, "if it didn't mean what he expected—mounting, keeping, and money—what else it could mean?" The respondent replied, that he thought it was a mere figure of speech, but finding that horses and servants had been hired from Edinburgh to meet Nimrod at Coldstream, the proprietors of the *New Sporting Magazine* deemed it advisable to have a distinct understanding who was to pay for them; accordingly, Lord Kintore was communicated with, and recommended, if he did not mean his "shepherding" to include what Nimrod expected, to undeceive him at once. His lordship replied, that he did not mean any thing of the sort, but whether he had engaged the horses for a time certain, or did not like to disappoint Nimrod and paid for them, or Nimrod guaranteed him against expense, or how the matter was arranged, we know not.

"The Tour," which commenced in October, 1834, did not begin to make its appearance in the *New Sporting Magazine* until the October following, just as another hunting season came round. The reason of this was, that Nimrod, when in Edinburgh, had met with Professor Napier, the editor of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, who engaged him to write the article on the "Horse and the Hound," that subsequently appeared in that work, and which have since been collated and published in one volume by Messrs. Adam and Charles Black. The part on "The Horse" was already in existence, having been written for another publication, from whence Nimrod obtained it for the *Encyclopedia*. He got about three hundred pounds for these articles.

Of the "Northern Tour" little need be said. It is of too recent performance to require any lengthened description from us. Nimrod did all the work cut out for him in Lord Kintore's letter, and a great deal more. The Edinburgh horses were good for nothing, but he was liberally mounted by the sportsmen of the different countries through which he passed; the Duke of Buccleuch, we believe, having ordered a horse to be at the cover side for him every day while he was in his grace's country. Lord Elcho, Mr. Hay, Mr. Ramsay, Captain Hay, Mr. Dalrymple, Lord Kintore, Lord Kelburne, and others, also mounted him. It is quite clear "Touring" was his hobby, or he never would have risked the delicate obligations such an unprepared visit necessarily imposed. Lord Kintore, we believe, rather repented having asked him; for Nimrod, expatiating

on his lordship's occupation of the "Vale of White Horse" country, asserted that his lordship's butcher's bills averaged ninety pounds a month; upon which his lordship wrote off in great dudgeon, begging the press might be stopped until he communicated with Nimrod, the only apparent result of which communication was altering the amount to seven hundred a year, though there might very likely be a private intimation "to stick to sporting," and leave domestic matters alone.

Nimrod was upwards of five months from home, during nearly the whole of which time he was an inmate of the houses of the various sporting noblemen and gentlemen of the countries that he visited. "The Tour," however, did not take. Whether the interest had evaporated owing to the delay in the publication, or the sporting world was tired of "touring," we do not pretend to say, but neither as it passed through the pages of the magazine, nor when it came to be published as a volume, did it meet with any success. Indeed, the greater part of the separate edition was sold for the value of waste paper; though Nimrod, in an article in *Fraser's Magazine*, asserted that it sold well at sixteen shillings, and thought himself badly paid with three hundred pounds for it. The greatest curiosity about the "Tour" in our mind is, how he ever made it, seeing that he landed in Scotland with something under five pounds in his pocket, and he said two hundred did not bring him out again.

The volume was taken from the magazine types, as the matter passed through the work, a fact that Nimrod overlooked when he subsequently found fault with the proprietors for not giving him thirty pounds for writing a preface, alleging that it was for correcting and revising as well, an operation that could not well be performed on a "struck off" work.

On the heels of the "Northern" one followed a "French Tour"—indeed, they travelled together in the magazine, the French one giving the English one good start, and beating it by a number or two. It contained a good deal about French travelling, French living, French customs, French horses, and a little about French racing and hunting at Chantilly.

The "Northern Tour" dragged on its long length till November, 1837, and the same month that saw it close, took Nimrod to Count Duval de Beaulieu, at his chateau near Brussels, to "assist," as they call it, in the celebration of the fête of St. Hubert—a reclaimed sportsman of the eighth century; of which ceremony Nimrod gives a long account, well spiced with dinners and dons, but the sporting part—as all foreign sporting must be—was dull and tedious compared to English. Indeed, the "set out" seems to have furnished most food for the pen, the day's sport being abruptly cut short by a countryman shooting the stag as he was leaving the cover.

Nimrod, at this time, was evidently getting weak, his descriptions began to savour more of the chronicling of the *Court Circular* than the amusing adventures of an observing traveller. Sporting writing and sporting subjects are, however, so little understood by the generality of literary men, that he might have gone on for long by a judicious fraternisation with those who were equal to exposing him, which, however, as will be subsequently seen, he was not discreet enough to manage.

A very excellent paper, called the *New York Spirit of the Time*, a

"Metropolitan Gazette of the Sporting, Literary, and Fashionable World," edited by Mr. Porter, in a glance at English sporting literature, gives the following observations and amusing mistaken guess respecting Nimrod and another author with whom Nimrod shortly after came in collision.

We give the extract entire :—

"We have upon our table, at this moment, a very large number of English magazines and newspapers, and have been amusing ourselves with their examination, and endeavouring to see how three exclusively sporting magazines could find materials for their monthly issues.

"The racing season in England closes by the first of November, and from about that date, the periodicals are crowded with reports and communications upon the chase, which may be called emphatically the favourite pastime of English gentlemen. Whole pages and sheets are devoted to the bare technical details of hunting appointments, but not unfrequently a 'brilliant run' with this or that pack, affords a theme for a truly brilliant article. In this department of literature, Nimrod stands confessedly at the head of English writers. He has recently brought to a close his famous 'Northern Tour,' and is now engaged, as we suspect, upon 'Sporting Lectures,' under the *nom de guerre* of 'Jack Jorrocks.' This is but a suspicion of our own, which is not sustained by the opinions of many gentlemen with whom we have conversed. But whoever may be the author, we like the 'Lectures' mainly, and would rather have written the second one, than any number of the 'Tour,' so full is it of wit and pleasantry, and such practical shrewdness, and such knowledge of the science of 'unting and 'osses, does it indicate. Unless Nimrod should be the author of the 'Lectures,' we should say that he is fast exhausting his stock of reminiscences, and is growing tame as he grows older. Some recent communications from Belgium are dull and tedious. It is unfortunate that Nimrod has so little fondness for the turf. With his knowledge of horses, and strength in composition, he would find an inexhaustible theme for his pen in the great race meetings in England."

Boulogne and St. Omer races followed the Brussel's trip, and are only remarkable for procuring an estrangement between Nimrod and the proprietor of the *New Sporting Magazine*. Before adverting to it, however, we should premise that a change had taken place in the editorship and proprietorship of the work, which had now become vested in Mr. Spiers, of North Audley-street, a talented and deserving tradesman, who had long stood high in the confidence of the original proprietors, and had printed the work ever since its commencement. Mr. Spiers, upon becoming proprietor, commenced publishing as well as printing; and, between him and Nimrod an amusing game at cross purposes now ensued. Having seen Nimrod tried in all ways—at home and abroad—on sporting and on general subjects, without an advantage to the magazine equivalent to the expense, Mr. Spiers might fairly have told Nimrod that he was not worth his pay, but a delicacy, arising principally from the exertions Nimrod had made, induced Mr. Spiers to go on without alteration of terms, though with a somewhat more rigid scrutiny of papers.

Nimrod, too, though apparently in full employment from the magazines of general literature, it seems had, so long back as during the publication of the "Northern Tour," become dissatisfied, and sounded parties as to starting a third magazine, of which he wanted to be editor. No one responded to his call; but, in the course of the summer of 1838,

it transpired that certain parties had arranged for bringing out what was christened the *Sporting Review*. These sort of things, of course, are known in the trade long before the public hear of them, and Mr. Spiers, therefore, was not much surprised at receiving the following letter from Nimrod:—

“ Calais, September 7, 1838.

“ Sir,

“ It was only this morning that I had leisure to read my notice of ‘ Boulogne Races,’ in the magazine ; and found, to my no small mortification, that by the word ‘ trotting’ being substituted for ‘ bolting,’ I am once more made to appear to have written *nonsense*, which I am resolved no longer to submit to, as the remedy is so easy.

“ From the number of proper names which the article on ‘ My Horses’ contains, more errors will ensue ; I have, therefore, come to the resolution of withholding that article, unless proofs shall be sent to me, or until I come to England, and correct the press there. Let me hear from you on this subject at your earliest convenience ; and my conduct shall be regulated by that of the editor of the *New Sporting Magazine*, whoever he may be.

“ Yours, truly,

“ C. APPERLEY.

“ You will see I have noticed the error in *Bell’s Life*.”

The following is what appeared in *Bell’s Life*:—

“ NIMROD MISREPRESENTED.

“ *To the Editor of Bell’s Life in London.*

“ Sir,

“ Such of your readers as look into the *New Sporting Magazine*, must think that I am in my dotage, from the various errors in my late contributions to that periodical. For example, in one place *stables* are called *stakes* : in another, I am said to make a horse sit upon a perch (*vide* announcement of ‘ Boulogne and St. Omer Races’); and, in the last number, I appear to express my surprise, that a horse absolutely *trotted* in walking over for the money, whereas I, of course, wrote *bolted*. This comes of my being refused proofs of my manuscript ; but there must be an end to such proceedings.

“ But, sir, whence the necessity for a *Sporting Magazine*, *New or Old*? In the last number of the latter, which I saw by accident last week in London, there are twenty-six pages taken from that excellent paper called *Bell’s Life in London*!”

“ I am, sir, yours obediently,

“ NIMROD.”

“ Calais, September 6, 1838.”

This gratuitous appeal to a stranger, coupled with the knowledge of what was going on elsewhere, of course decided Mr. Spiers to accommodate Nimrod with the quarrel he sought. Accordingly he returned the following answer:—

“ 10th Sept., 1838.

“ Sir,

“ No one regrets more than myself the occasional errors that occur in the *New Sporting Magazine*, the liability to which all works are subject, as you must yourself have experienced from those that are to be found both in ‘ The Chase,’ ‘ The Turf,’ and ‘ The Road,’ and, in ‘ Nimrod

on Sporting.' I was certainly surprised to see your letter in *Bell's Life in London*, for I supposed I might have reasonably expected that a contributor to the *New Sporting Magazine*, if he did not endeavour to advance that work, would, at least, refrain from doing any thing calculated to injure it; the concluding remarks of which letter have evidently no other intention on the part of the writer. With respect to proofs, you have already my decision; it, therefore, rests with yourself, whether you send the manuscript or not.

"Your obedient servant,

"W. SPIERS."

"To C. Apperley, Esq., Calais."

Nimrod jumped at the chance, and replied as follows:—

"Calais, September 12, 1838.

"Sir,

"Your letter is conclusive. I will no longer write for a work, the proprietors of which refuse me proofs of my manuscript.

"As for the *New Sporting Magazine*, I have no desire to do it an injury, but do not consider myself to be its debtor by any means. I made one journey to Scotland, two to Paris, two to Belgium—to say nothing of St. Omer, Boulogne, &c.—in its service, all at my own expense, bating twenty pounds, so I think I have done my part towards its support; and I am quite sure, that, in the step I now take, I have got the right end of the stick.

"Yours obediently,

"C. APPERLEY."

There seems to have been a little further correspondence, to which the following was the closer.

"St. Pierre, Calais, October 5, 1838.

"Sir,

"I consider your presuming to comment upon any literary engagement of mine, an act of *extreme impertinence*. Your charge against me of making 'arrangements to oppose the *New Sporting Magazine*,' is equally false. I have had nothing to do with such arrangements. It is true, I have been applied to, to write on sporting subjects for three proposed works, and, I dare say, I shall write for them all. At the same time, I am ready and willing to continue my contributions to the *New Sporting Magazine*, provided I am furnished with proofs, but I will have no more horses made to 'sit upon perches,' and such-like nonsense, appear under my signature.

"You have now, then, nothing to accuse me of; and, I think the less you say on the subject the better. With respect to the 'Northern Tour,' when I asked for thirty pounds, it was not for writing a preface, but as proposed by yourself, for correcting it for the press, making index, &c.

"This is what Mr. Ackerman gave me for 'Mytton's Life,' and Mr. Murray gave me one hundred pounds for 'Turf,' 'Chase,' and 'Road.' The preface which you say Mr. — 'knocked off in five minutes,' is exactly thirteen lines, and your shop-boy could have done as much, for it merely announces the publication.

"Yours, &c.

"C. APPERLEY."

"When you say, I received three hundred pounds for the 'Northern Tour,' you forget that I spent two hundred pounds in the course of it, and received only twenty pounds from the proprietors of the *New Sporting Magazine*.

"Mr. Spiers, Printer, London."

And here we may observe, that putting good feeling aside, it was injudicious of Nimrod to appeal to a total stranger about such a trifling matter as printers' errors, because he was throwing a stone that he might have been pretty sure would be returned. Up to this time, ever since his commencement with the press indeed, save a letter to *Bell's Life*, exposing the turf errors of the *Quarterly*, Nimrod had been wholly exempt from the ordinary course of criticism. While writing for the old magazine, there was no opposition—consequently, no one to observe on any thing, and while engaged on the new magazine, the old one did not choose to advertise a rival by doing so, a feeling that the new magazine did not participate in with regard to the *Sporting Review*.

The next number of the *New Sporting Magazine* that appeared after the publication of Nimrod's letter in *Bell's Life* contained a copy of the letter with an intimation that *time* would throw a light on Nimrod's *real* motive in writing it, and the writer then proceeded to show by many errors in an almanac just then published under Nimrod's auspices, that he could not be relied upon for correcting the press if he had proofs of his articles.

Unused to censure, Nimrod waxed wrath, and fired a violent letter off in *Bell's Life*, attributing the errors in the almanac to the publisher, declaring that the notice of them was produced in consequence of his having transferred his contributions to a forthcoming periodical which offered him better terms and more money, and concluded with personal abuse of the supposed author of the article.

This letter was also copied into the *New Sporting Magazine*, the serious charges were gravely replied to by the editor, while the personalty was referred to that distinguished sporting citizen Mr. John Jorrocks, then residing at Handley Cross, who had long done the rough department of the work with an apparently very smooth tongue. Mr. Jorrocks then took Nimrod through hands, commencing his letter—

"Dear Daddy,

"You're goin it! I've just been a readin of the *Life*, as usual, and, upon my life, I couldn't have believed you'd have written sich a letter, only I know'd you'd got out of our coach again, and taken the situation of cad to Mr. Craven. And talking of Mr. Craven, dear dad, reminds me of a verry instructive letter I once had the pleasure of writing him respectin the werry matter I have to find fault with you about—bein too personal, or not sufficiently anonymous in your inuendoors."

In a similar strain Mr. Jorrocks proceeds telling Nimrod he should have reported the errors to the printers of the work and not to *Bell's Life*, that it looked foolish for him to declare that *Bell's Life* was all the record the sporting world wanted while he and his cronies were starting a "*Sporting Review*," and that it was very unfortunate the oracle of rural life (the almanac) was so full of blunders. Respecting his personalities, Mr. Jorrocks says:—

"Wot I wants to give you is a bit of advice—wholesome, rational, and

good—never indulge in personalities—there's nothin so vulgar as callin of names—any blackguard can do that. You say you may call yourself 'a successful writer,' I may say 'ditto' for myself, but never was John Jorrocks caught trippin with his pen. Always smooth, always hilegant, always quite the lady. If a man hangers me, I doesn't break out in Billingsgate abuse, call him a lanky lamplighter or a lubberly lout, but I waits my time, which is never long of comin, and then I rubs him hup and down with the strong huckaback towel of plain sense and hargument."

Mr. John Jorrocks concluded by saying that Nimrod doubtless knew he was master of the Handley Cross foxhounds, and invites him down to have a day, so that Nimrod may have something new for the *Sporting Review*—offering him bed, board, and horse.

The same month that contained this letter in the *New Sporting Magazine* saw the birth of the *Sporting Review*, and with it a second dose of the "Fête of Saint Hubert," by Nimrod, stretched into some twenty pages.

A memoir of John Warde, and a review of a pamphlet on the abolition of the bearing rein then follow, and in the fourth number Nimrod commenced a hunting tour in the midland counties, consisting of what he saw in his visits to the Duke of Beaufort, Earl Fitzhardinge, Lord Ducie, Lord Suffield, and others, during the winter of 1838—1839.

Though interesting to sportsmen, it is too much like the ground we have already travelled over to allow of our following Nimrod step by step. He had no horses, but seems to have been mounted wherever he went, and says, that in the course of the tour he rode twenty-three good horses, the property of his friends. It was the middle of April, 1839, ere he retraced his steps to Calais. Some one asked him, why he continued to live there; his answer was, that he got a good house and every convenience for twenty-six pounds a year, drank good claret at two shillings a bottle, could keep a horse and carriage without paying a heavy tax, could be in England in three hours, and in London in twelve. Beau Brummel on being asked a similar question replied, that it was odd if a man couldn't spend his time pleasantly between Paris and London.

In December, 1839, he commenced publishing the papers "My Horses," of which he spoke in his letter to Mr. Spiers, respecting the misprints in the *Magazine*. Indeed, the papers were written, at the suggestion of the first editor of the *New Sporting Magazine*, for that work. They were very good, containing much original, amusing, and useful matter, written with much more spirit than any thing that had proceeded from Nimrod's pen for some time. According to his own account, he had had nothing but good horses, and like all gentlemen dealers—had "made a vast of money by them."

He was not so fortunate in all his speculations. Notwithstanding his prediction that in joining the *Sporting Review*, he "had got hold of the right end of the stick," he soon found out his mistake. Nimrod, however, was a trifling sufferer compared to the unfortunate proprietors, his interest being merely that of a contributor, while there was a constant heavy expenditure going on.

It was a most ruinous affair, the work never clearing its expenses. The printers failed, the first publisher kicked it out of his shop, adver-

tising the discontinuance of his connexion with it, and ultimately all parties were bundled into the Court of Chancery. Many thousand pounds were swamped in the speculation. Nimrod chopped over before the grand *finale* (as far as the first publisher was concerned at least), and January, 1841, saw him back again in the *New Sporting Magazine*—back, we should add, at little more than half what he had before been paid. The return must have been humiliating to him, for the new magazine, since his secession, had been edited by one of the cleverest and wittiest men of the day, the reputed author of “Bunbury’s Letters,” who had lashed him in a way that one would have thought placed the idea of a reconciliation quite out of the question.

Mr. Jorrocks, too, had worked them in his peculiar style, and the invitation he gave Nimrod, produced the scene in “Handley Cross,” where Pomponius Ego (Nimrod) visits his brother fox-hunter, and writes the account of his visit for the *Sporting Review*. Nimrod was also severely handled in his examination before the commissioners on Mr. Jorrocks’s lunacy case when the papers passed through the magazine, though this was greatly softened when the work came to be published in volumes.

How the reconciliation with the *New Sporting Magazine* was effected we know not. All parties seem to have been of opinion that the less said the better; for in opening his budget for the new year, 1841, all the editor (another new one) said, that could in any way apply to Nimrod was, “the past is past.” While Nimrod just turns up—like a nicking sportsman in a run—at page 10, with “A Few Days with the Quorn, the Badsworth and Mr. Foljambe’s Hounds,” looking as if he had never been out of his place, and as if nothing whatever had happened!

He says in a note to the second part of this article, that it was written the preceding spring (1840), and intended to have been the conclusion of the “Month in Leicestershire” in the *Review*, but that circumstances had occurred some months back—and subsequently to his sending the other part of the MS., which rendered his withdrawing from that work indispensable—and that he had in consequence “transferred his contributions to the *New Sporting Magazine*.” He should have said *re-transferred*—for transferring was the term he made use of in quitting it.

We have stated that Nimrod came back on greatly reduced terms, but we must add, that if the pay was poor, he accommodated the performance to it. Having finished the “Few Days with the Quorn,” &c. in the two numbers, he commenced a series of sketches called “Masters of Hounds,” the material of which was almost all plagiarism from himself, and much of the matter had already appeared in the very work through which he was again passing it.

During the suspension of his contributions to the *New Sporting Magazine*, Nimrod joined a work called *The Sportsman*, originally a cheap rival of the *Sporting Magazines*, but which, after a quiet unostentatious career, swallowed up two of its opponents—in other words, the proprietors brought up the *Sporting Review* and *New Sporting Magazine*, and by this master-stroke of policy secured to the subscribers of each the united talent of all, insuring themselves a fair remuneration, and relieving their opponents from the loss they were incurring while the patronage of the public was divided among three.

THE NEW TIMON.*

In politics to all intents and purposes a Whig, but with a heart and intellect possessed of

* * "The rare valour that confronts with scorn
The monster shape, of Vice and Folly born,
Which some 'the World' and some 'Opinion' call."

The misanthrope of the nineteenth century. opens upon his contemporaries with manifest indications of an eye that can see, and a resolution that dares to follow nature.

"O'er royal London, in luxuriant May,
While lamps yet twinkled, dawning crept the day.
Home from the hell the pale-eyed gamester steals ;
Home from the ball flash jaded Beauty's wheels.

* * *
From fields suburban rolls the early cart ;
As rests the revel, so awakes the mart,
Transfusing Mocha from the beans within,
Bright by the crossing gleams the alchemic tin ;
There halts the craftsmen ; there, with envious sigh,
The houseless vagrant looks and limps foot-weary by."

And a truly graceful opening it is. In that particular street,

"Where the grim palace wears the prison's frown,"
there sat upon the threshold stone—herself as stone-like—a homeless wanderer and orphan child, but young and beautiful.

• "Tho' wan the cheek, with hunger or with care,
Yet still the soft fresh child-like bloom was there ;
And each might touch you with an equal gloom—
The youth, the care, the hunger, and the gloom."

The misanthrope passes by and pities, and takes the orphan girl home with him, premising

* * "No tempter let thy penury fear ;
We have a sister, and her home is here."

And who is the man who dares thus to lift humanity above prejudice ? His sire, the offspring of an Indian maid and English chief, had, it is said, for his sins been cursed with an English wife. Young Morvale—for such his name—from childhood fatherless, was abandoned by his mother, and by his playmate sister-child, but sister by an English stepfather. A father's friend comes, however, by the caprice of a will, to the rescue of the young Pariah, and he seeks the country of his mother and sister at a moment when

* * "Conscience, that sad star
Which heralds night, and plays but on the bar
Of the Eternal Gate,"

had awoke a mother's heart to remorse, and she had, with a last breath, committed "the lorn Calantha to a brother's care." Such is the history of the misanthrope. The house in which he dwelt is a picture familiar to most.

"O'er that house there hung a solemn gloom ;
The step fell timid in each gorgeous room,
Vast, sumptuous, dreary as some Eastern pile,
Where mutes keep watch—a home without a smile.

* The New Timon : a Romance of London. Parts I., II., III., and IV. Henry Colburn.

Noiseless, as silence reign'd there like a law,
 And the cold luxury sadden'd into awe;
 Save when, the swell of sombre festival
 Jarr'd into joy the melancholy hall."

In this cheerless house the stranger guest found a home, and was privileged to share Calantha's hours. Calantha had claimed her as a sister and a friend, and when the "young soother" spoke, she oft wept tears that came from a heart seared by an early, untold grief. Although "each seemed to each still dear," a strange mystery kept brother and sister apart, and Calantha pined away in silence till her charms were already those "with which Death steals into his arms." At length, as she sat one summer's day at the open casement, her sad eye roving listless on the passers-by, a vision threatens to snap the frail cord of life at once, and throws her on a bed of sickness.

The living panorama which had preceded that painful vision, is sketched with truthful ease and great art.

The Pariah misanthrope's haunting curse, is to believe in the brand of *caste*; and when, with the noiseless step of affection, he seeks his sister's sick-room, and is repulsed with a wild cry, he utters his agony to Lucy:

"Thou see'st the daughter of my mother, now,
 Shrinks from the outcast branded on my brow."

And his soul is so wrapt up in that dark and hopeless conviction, that he does not even mark aught but pity, in the tender gaze by which Lucy conveyed that which words withheld. The modern Timon is not, however, perfect in his misanthropy, he has a friend in Arden, a nobleman of high birth and large possessions, and equally large humanity.

"Simple himself, but regal in his train—
 Lavish of stores he seem'd but to disdain;
 To art a Medici—to want a God,
 Life's rougher paths grew level where he trod."

This Arden narrates a long tale of secret love, of guilt, and sorrowing grief and remorse, upon which the new Timon justly remarks,—

"Man of the sleek, far-looking prudence, which
 Beggars life's May, life's autumn to enrich;
 That the deed doing, halts not in its course,
 But the deed done, finds comfort in remorse;"

but which promise us in the misguided lord, a lover betrothed to Calantha, and a father to Lucy.

It is not an agreeable, as it is probably also a dangerous task, for literary men to blow cold upon the parsimonious pensions granted to their contemporaries; but the case alluded to in the two following lines—

"Tho' Theban taste the Saxon's purse controls,
 And pensions Tennyson, while starves a Knowles."

is too glaring, that the author who appears to be guided solely by a feeling of literary and charitable justice, should not be quoted at length in his animadversions upon this subject.

"I have no blind enthusiasm," he says, in a note to the above lines "for Mr. Knowles, and I allow both the grave faults of his diction and the somewhat narrow limits within which is contracted his knowledge of character and life; but no one can deny that he has nobly supported the British drama—that he has moved the laughter and the tears of thousands; that he forms an actual, living, and imperishable feature in the

loftier literature of his time—that the history of the English stage can never be re-written hereafter without long and honourable mention of the author of ‘*Virginius*’ and the ‘*Hunchback*.’ The most that can be said of Mr. Tennyson is, that he is the favourite of a small circle; to the mass of the public little more than his name is known—he has moved no thousands—he has created no world of characters—he has laboured out no deathless truths, nor enlarged our knowledge of the human heart by the delineation of various and elevating passions—he has lent a stout shoulder to no sinking but manly cause, dear to the nation and to art; yet, if the uncontradicted statement in this journal be true, this gentleman has been quartered on the public purse; he, in the prime of life, belonging to a wealthy family, without I believe wife or children; at the very time that Mr. Knowles was lecturing for bread in foreign lands, verging towards old age, unfriended even by the public he has charmed! such is the justice of our ministers, such the national gratitude to those whom we thank and—starve!”

With the third part the plot ripens, and incident and situation mix themselves up in graphic boldness with the terse thoughts and language so characteristic of the author. Lucy, as before opined, finds a father, and Calantha a lover, in Arden, but the frail nature of the latter gives way before the discovery, and leaves the “savage,” as the unfortunate Morvale is designated, to revenge a sister’s death upon the father of his betrothed! The conduct of the maiden and of the father are, however, under such painful circumstances, marked by the same noble emphasis that breathes throughout every sentence of this masterly poem.

“Take back thy child! (thus the ‘savage’ spoke,) earth’s gods
to thee belong!

To me the iron of the sense of wrong
Heaven makes the heart which earth oppresses—strong!”

“‘Not so,—not so we part! *O husband!*’ cried
The girl’s full soul—‘Divorce not thus thy bride!
Yes, father, yes! in woe thy Lucy won
This generous heart;—shall joy not leave us one?’

“A moment Arden paused in mute surprise
(How charm’d that outcast beauty’s blinded eyes?)
Then with the impulse of the human thought,
Which smiled atonement for the evil wrought,
‘Hear her!’ he said, ‘her words her father’s heart
Echoes—not so—nor ever may ye part!
Nobly hast thou an elder right than mine
Won in this treasure;—still its care be thine;
Withhold thy pardon if thou wilt,—but take
The holiest offering wrong to man can make!’”

The fourth part contains as many beautiful and vigorous passages as its predecessors. The Lord Arden follows Calantha to an early grave, and love and peace are cemented between the savage and the maid over his tomb.

“Sudden rose up, above the funeral yews,
The moon; her beams the funeral shade suffuse;
Thus in that light the tender eccents cease,
And by the grave was Love, and o’er creation Peace!”

SOME PASSAGES IN THE PRIVATE HISTORY OF MY POODLE.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

PART II.

HAD the victims of Azor's roguery been selected only from among such as a trifling sum of money could recompense for any harm done, all would have been well, and I might willingly have compounded for the mischief wrought by him in consideration of the amusement derived from his cleverness. Thus, when at a period subsequent to the escapade in the Rue d' Alger, he jumped through the skylight and committed unheard-of depredations in the larder of the Ship Hotel at Dover, the amount of which was duly entered in my bill, I could not but forgive the act for the boldness with which he perilled life and limb in the pursuit of mischief. But the case was materially altered when he became not only a hungry picker-up of household waifs and strays, but an unmitigated domestic robber; when he shivered not only crockery but ties of consanguinity; and trampled not merely on beds of auriculas and hearts-ease, but on some of the heart's best affections.

I pass over minor instances of turpitude to arrive at the circumstances which have led me to deplore the day when it first entered into my head to become the *suzerain* of so great a *vilain* as Azor. There are few characters, which a man assumes impromptu that are ultimately of advantage to him. To begin to dance at the age of forty; to speculate on the possibility of acquiring a seat on horseback, or achieve celebrity in the art of skating at the same mature age; to invoke the Muses, on the strength of a private opinion that the gods have made one poetical; to attempt public speaking simply because an extra glass of champagne enabled one, at a friendly supper, to return thanks without stammering; to turn sportsman because of an accidental succession to an estate in a sporting country; all these are fallacies which the experimentalist very soon discovers; but suddenly to become dog-master to a vicious French poodle is an act of folly that not only brings its own immediate punishment with it, but of which the consequences are more enduring than those of any of the absurdities above enumerated.

It was the fortune of Azor to be what our neighbours would call a "*chien incompris*;" that is to say, you were always taken in by him in the first instance; it was his pleasure to be misunderstood, for the sake of the change which he afterwards invariably took out of his admirers. It was denied to Azor to mystify by words, he therefore deceived by actions.

Numerous as were the peccadilloes which he daily committed, I confess, when I returned to England, I was proud of being the owner of a dog so clever. He was, moreover, of service to me, for in the absence of any particular merit of my own, or, as I rather fancied, from the fact of that merit not being so speedily discovered as it ought to have been, the poodle's master was certainly more welcome with than without the poodle. Many coveted my right of proprietorship, but though ordinarily somewhat prone to give away after the fashion of "the good lord Timon"

—"taking no account how things went from him"—I turned a deaf ear to every hint at a gift, and briefly repelled every proposition to purchase. This arose, less from the infatuation that makes men often cherish the thing they should get rid of, than from a design I had formed of bestowing the poodle in a quarter where he should earn me gold, and good opinion. My disinterestedness was in the end, fully rewarded.

I never had any rich relations. Though belonging to a family which claimed connexion with more than one noble house—in some instances not unaccompanied by broad acres—all those from whom I might, by blood, have inherited anything, never had anything to leave, and the remoter kindred had heirs direct in plenty. The "extraordinary reverse of fortune" one reads of in the papers—by which the blacksmith at the forge or the carpenter in his shed, is rescued from indigence just as he is going to turn soldier or emigrate to Australia, never was my lot or within the range of likelihood. As Yorick says, "If the sky were to rain down mitres not one of them would fit my head." But for all this, I was not without expectations, or as Sir Hugh Evans would say, there were "possibilities," though I had no legitimate hopes.

At a watering-place on the coast of Kent, three or four years before the time of which I am writing, I had made the acquaintance of an elderly lady, one of those "gifted creatures" whose merits even a stock-broker or a lawyer would not deny. She was largely endowed,—not with mere feminine accomplishments, but with substantial, useful Three per Cent. stock. Circumstances had ripened our acquaintance into intimacy; I was always a welcome guest both at her place in Berkshire and her house in Wimpole-street,—and so closely were the links of regard drawn that united us, that she soon looked upon me rather in the light of a relative than that of a simple friend. There was affinity in our mutual position which strengthened the tie; good Mrs. Trumpington had no one to care for: a nephew there was, but he held a lucrative post in India, and when she spoke of him she used often to say, "My neevy"—her dialect was rather countrified—"my neevy has a good fortin of his own; I can leave my money to any body I like, and I mean to please myself. He does'nt care for me half so much as you do, I'm sure. Oh no! when I die I'll leave what I've got to them as do show some regard for me." I am no lawyer, but it always struck me—and my opinion is not changed upon that point—that these remarks were tantamount to a declaration in my favour. They were not precise enough, perhaps, to recover upon, or to establish an incontrovertible claim of heirship, but they quite satisfied me that when Mrs. Trumpington was no more, I should find myself, for the first time in my life, a person of substance, and therefore of consideration.

Mrs. Trumpington's habits were peculiar, and how I ever came to accommodate myself to them is more than I can say. A leading trait in her disposition was a fondness for animals, and she seldom moved anywhere without being accompanied by a small menagerie, of which a Persian cat,—a macaw,—two or three spaniels, and a piping bullfinch were invariably a part. It rarely happens that people whose minds are occupied with objects out of themselves bestow much care on their own personal appearance; but this was not the case with Mrs. Trumpington. She had as much vanity as her own macaw, and was as careful of what she considered charms, as if she deemed that she was the sole monopolist of beauty, which would become an unknown quality in the world if she neglected to preserve it. A vain old woman, addicted to dogs and cats,

does not seem the best person to have formed an intimacy with,—but these, as I imagined, were but blemishes on the surface,—for she was kind and hospitable, amusing in her conversation, shrewd in her estimate of character, and lively in her disposition. I was also, perhaps, under the magnetic influence of the Three per Cents.

Be this as it may, Mrs. Trumpington and I were the best friends possible,—and by way of rivetting her good opinion I decided upon making her a present of the accomplished Azor, and when I wrote to her to announce my return to England, I did not omit to say that I had brought with me a *cadeau* which I thought would not prove unacceptable. As I intended that Azor should be a surprise,—(indeed, he invariably proved one) I refrained from being more specific. Mrs. Trumpington was curious on the subject, but I kept my secret, and waited till she came to town.

In a few weeks she was installed for the season in Wimpole Street, and I received an early intimation of her arrival in an invitation to breakfast. Azor accompanied me, and I gave him in charge to the butler, until the moment when I wished to produce him. I found Mrs. Trumpington seated in state, surrounded by her favourites. As usual, she was dressed *point-device*, the appliances of art having been called in to improve her appearance where nature had failed. The red and white were laid on with sufficient skill, and the coiffure very artistically arranged, so that there was no very violent outrage on truth in declaring that she looked perfectly charming. This, at least, was what she expected to hear, and the readiness with which I uttered it diminished nothing from the warmth of my reception. Our mutual greetings, however, were scarcely over, before the old lady manifested her impatience to know what it could be that I had brought for her from Paris. Was it a *statuette*, or a *toque*, or a cornet of *bonbons*;—the latest *objét* from the Rue du Coq or the newest caricatures of Gavarni? In reply, I rang the bell and desired the butler to deliver up his charge. I saw by the smile on his countenance that Azor had already ingratiated himself, and I drew a happy augury from his first success. The door opened, I pronounced the word “DEBOUT,” and the poodle came in on his “back legs” (as the correct young ladies say in America) with a rapidity of movement and steadiness of *aplomb* that would have done honour to his countryman Coulon, whom, by the way, he rather resembled in feature.

It would require the practised pen of a modern novelist to write down, or the imagination of a parliamentary arithmetician to compute, the variety and number of golden opinions which Azor's *début* elicited from Mrs. Trumpington. He was pronounced not only “a love of a dog,” (a phrase which a Frenchman of my acquaintance translated “*un chien amoureux*”) but declared perfect in every respect. The silkiness of his fleece—the roseate hue of his skin—the quaintness of his tips and tufts—the oddity of his grimace—his wondrous docility and readiness of comprehension, were all applauded to the very echo, and showed beyond a doubt how complete was the hit I had made. Bank-stock glistened in the eyes of Mrs. Trumpington as she repeatedly thanked me, and the pressure of her hand was almost as convincing as her handwriting of my being named residuary legatee. Azor behaved admirably. No pupil of the school of Loyola could have masked his real character more effectually, or a first-rate Tartuffe have conducted himself more correctly. He threw into his movements just as much fun as redeemed him from the imputa-

tion of being merely a trained animal, and prudently kept in the background all propensity for mischief. Azor was, therefore, not only gladly welcomed to the establishment of Mrs. Trumpington, but it required very little discernment to see that he had already supplanted all her former favourites. The macaw looked grim, the blue-eyed native of Shiraz raised her back, the spaniels growled in a low tremulous key, as if a bark were not very remote, and the bullfinch piped lustily, either to express disapprobation or attract attention; but all those symptoms of jealousy were unheeded by the serene and self-possessed poodle. A prime minister, secure in his majority, could not have borne the taunts and reproaches of his parliamentary antagonists with greater philosophy or a more unruffled countenance. I took my leave of Mrs. Trumpington that day, not "a sadder and wiser man" than when I went—but, on the contrary, much happier, though, could I have looked into the seeds of time I should have learnt the wisdom of sadness, whenever the breeze of prosperity fills our sails.

It was not many days after this event that business of a very urgent nature obliged me to leave London. I dined with Mrs. Trumpington the evening before my departure, and learnt, to my satisfaction, that her delight in Azor continued unabated. He was still the *beau idéal* of a dog, and my only surprise was, that none of the real tendencies of his nature had yet manifested themselves. I began to flatter myself that good society had wrought its usual effect, and trusted that the axiom of Menander—quoted by St. Paul—was only in force so long as the "evil communications" existed. Removed from the atmosphere of Paris to breathe the same air as Mrs. Trumpington, I deemed that Azor would forget the demoralising lessons of the *Quartier Latin*, and become a poodle of propriety. I accordingly made much of the rascal that evening, and went on my way rejoicing.

The cause which took me into the country was an interesting one. It arose out of an engagement of some years' duration, and its object was certainly one of the prettiest and most loveable creatures that ever crossed a mortal's path to reclaim his downward footsteps. When and where I first saw Fanny G— matters little now; she had become the star that ruled my destiny, and whenever I thought of the future or pictured the reversion of Mrs. Trumpington's property, it was always associated with a charming cottage, in the most picturesque part of Derbyshire, and with the sweet smile and tender tones of its bewitching inmate.

Fanny and I both laboured under the same disadvantage—a common one in this close-fisted world; we neither of us had any money, and without something, to marry was impossible. In one respect, Fanny was better off than I, for she had a rich uncle, but then, was there not Mrs. Trumpington in perspective? The future was not altogether a blank, though subject to contingencies. One of these contingencies had just arrived. Fanny had written to me to say that her uncle—an unusual thing with him—had just been to pay her mother a visit, and had staid nearly two whole days at their cottage; that he had conversed much in private with her mother, having that on his mind which he was evidently very desirous to communicate; that he had relaxed from his habitual austerity of manner towards herself; and that she was sure there was something going on by which her position in life was likely to be affected.

I could not doubt it. My jealous heart at once suggested a rival and a

sacrifice. It was to see Fanny and learn from her, if possible, the precise nature of the threatened movement, that I hurried out of town.

My worst apprehensions were realised. There *was* a rival, and a sacrifice impended! Mrs. G—— had, with many tears, at length yielded to Fanny's solicitations, and imparted her uncle's intentions. He was an ambitious man, and late in life had been stirred by the desire to represent the borough in which most of his property lay. There was one man, wealthy like himself, and about his own age, whose interest was absolutely necessary for success. This person had accidentally seen Fanny at the county-ball and been much struck with her, and learning that she was the niece of the rich Mr. Meredith, he had been the first to break ground in the affair.

Before Mr. Meredith's eyes arose the vision of parliament and a capital alliance, and he took his measures accordingly. I must do Mrs. G—— the justice to say, that she opposed her brother's project, and even went so far as to allude to Fanny's engagement. He was not a man to suffer any thing to thwart a favourite plan, especially when all he most coveted was at stake; hence the earnest nature of his conversations and the length of his stay at the cottage. One of the arguments used by Mr. Meredith to enforce compliance with his wishes was, the threatened withdrawal of the small stipend which he allowed his sister to eke out her slender means.

Such was the state of affairs when I was called to counsel. As generally happens on these occasions, we could come to no decision; protestations of unalterable fidelity abounded *de part et d'autre*, and a thousand schemes were planned, all ending in nothing. At the end of a week—perhaps, after all, the pleasantest in my life, for I was scarcely away from the cottage all that time—we came to the determination of being guided by that plural and “unspiritual” divinity called Circumstances. It was agreed that Fanny should write to me again, in case the state of affairs became imminent, and with some heaviness of heart, though not without a ray of hope gleaming in the region of Wimpole-street, I took my seat on the famed vehicle that was wont to glide through “romantic Ashbourne”—thence acquiring parliamentary celebrity, and made the best of my way back to London. I had of course told Fanny all I thought about Mrs. Trumpington, including the episode of Azor, and Fanny agreed with me that we might at least expect to find in her a friend in need.

On my way up to town, I pondered over the difficulties of our position, and made up my mind that I would see Mrs. Trumpington early the next day, and make an appeal to her generosity.

“I am no friend to legacies,” I mentally exclaimed; “it is far better to witness the happiness that money creates than to make people wish for one's death; if she thinks so too, I am made a man.”

On the following day I rose betimes, and in good spirits, for I had been dreaming all night of Fanny. While I was shaving—it is the moment when the intellect is clearest—I arranged my plan of attack, and had just brought both operations—the physical and the mental one—to a conclusion, when I heard the sound of wheels before my window—(I lodged on the ground-floor), and at the same moment a carriage drew up. I peeped through the blind, and instantly recognised the well-known panels and hammercloth of Mrs. Trumpington.

“What on earth can have brought her so early,” I cried, dashing off

my dressing gown and struggling on a coat ;—it certainly is her carriage! And Azor is with her," I added, as I peeped again, "I see him grinning at the window." A loud knock cut short my cogitations, the carriage steps were let down, the street door was opened, I heard a kind of rustling and scuffling in the passage, and in another moment the poodle rushed into my dressing-room, followed—not by Mrs. Trumpington, but by her very prim lady's-maid, who, it seemed to me, looked primmer than usual.

"Good morning, Mrs. Frost," I said, "I hope your mistress is quite well. Down, Azor, down ;—the poor fellow seems overjoyed to see me!"

"Belike he is, sir, it's more than we can say for he. If ever there was a limb, that hanimal's one."

"Why, what's the matter, Frost?"

"Mrs. Frost, if *you* please, sir. That there dog's a scandal to his sect. I'm sure no gentleman ought for to have gone for to make sich a present to a lady. He's took and went and eat up two pair of the coachman's boots,—he's berried my best stays at the bottom of the garding,—he's broke Misseses dressing-glass, killed the macaw and the Muscovy duck, frightened the old spannel into fits, and, worser than all, he's gone and tored to hattoms as helegant a cawfoor, as ever came out of Mister Troo-fit's establishment. Them as know'd his perpensities had no right for to wictimise the confidingness of others, but them as is always a looking after their own interests," added Mrs. Frost, with a toss, "can't be expected to be too tender of the feelings of the defenceless."

These words,—full of meaning in the midst of their absurdity, came forth like a torrent, sweeping away my day-dreams like cobwebs ; I stood aghast, and only stared at the voluble and vindictive messenger.

"I begs your parding, sir," she continued, with an air of superciliousness, "perhaps, at your leesure, you will be good enough to piruse this note. I wishes you a good mornin', sir ;"—and, so saying, Mrs. Frost sailed out of the room, the door closed behind her, the carriage drove off, and I was left alone with Azor.

"Demon of a dog !" I ejaculated ; "but stay, let us see if it really is as bad as Mrs. Frost would make it out :—that woman always seemed spiteful to me. What says Mrs. Trumpington herself?"

What she said was very little, but that little was to the purpose. The note was short and cold, and written in the third person. She presented her compliments, regretted that I should have selected *her* as the object of a practical joke, begged to return "a creature that had done her *much injury, though she forgave it*," and wished that I might be more fortunate in "*my next speculation*."

I was frantic, and in the first impulse of my rage bestowed a kick on the unhappy poodle that sent him howling through the air to the opposite side of the room. By degrees my fury abated, and though I cursed Mrs. Trumpington by all her gods, I became mollified towards the whimpering wretch that now sat begging in a corner, the image of repentant roguery.

I was too proud to make any reply to the old lady's note, but I at once sat down and wrote to Fanny, giving her an account of the whole affair, and begging her to answer me by return of post.

In the meantime, while I continued in anxious expectation, the poodle conducted himself like a dog conscious of crime, and did his best, mildly, to ingratiate himself with me again, though I was not disposed to say, with Sir Isaac Newton, "Oh, Diamond, Diamond, thou little knows't the

mischievous thou hast done!" I gave Azor credit for not being aware of the extent of the harm he had perpetrated. I reflected on poodle-nature, and once more consented to smile at the gambols with which he sought to amuse me. He soon became familiar, followed his bent almost uncontrolled, and went in and out exactly as it suited him.

The fourth day after I had written to Fanny arrived, and I looked for her reply, but the morning passed without my receiving a letter. I thought this strange, but conceiving there might be a sufficient reason for not answering, I waited, though impatiently, till the following day. Still no answer. Then I wrote again, conjuring her to tell me the worst, but a whole week of dreary silence ensued. I sent a third letter, which met with the same fate. I now became desperate, and resolved to go down into Derbyshire and ascertain the cause. While I was waiting in the coffee-room of the hotel from which the coach was to start, I took up the *Morning Post*, and my eye accidentally fell upon a paragraph headed "Marriage in High Life." Every thing seemed to have turned the colour of fire, as I distinctly read the following lines :

"On Tuesday, the 13th inst., at Belper, Derbyshire, the beautiful Miss Frances Emily G——, only daughter of the late Colonel G——, and niece of W. Meredith. Esq., M.P. for Barterly in the same county, was led to the hymeneal altar by Sir John Ruggles, Bart., of Barterly Court. The happy pair &c., &c.—"

The paper dropped from my hands, and I dropped upon the floor. The waiter picked me up, got me into a cab, and I was driven homewards. Preferring the fresh morning air, for it was still early, I soon discharged the driver and walked the remainder of the distance. The general postman was going his rounds as I drew near my own door, which stood open, for the housemaid was scrubbing the step, and in the door-way sat Azor. The postman felt for a letter; he found one; the housemaid looked up and laughed, and he put the letter in the mouth of the dog, who speedily disappeared with it.

It flashed across my mind that this might be an habitual service performed by Azor, and, rushing forward, I passed the girl into my own room, the door of which stood ajar. Azor was nowhere to be seen, though I knew he had entered the room. I hunted round and round, and at last bethought me of lifting the folds of a heavy cloth which covered a table in one corner. I raised it, and there I beheld the poodle, intent on tearing some pieces of paper into fragments, quantities of which lay strewn around, undisturbed by any housewife's search. I made a dash at the heap, for I thought I saw a handwriting that still was dear to me. Horror of horrors! They were the mutilated shreds of the letters written to me, in her despair, by Fanny, now the wretched Lady Ruggles. I learnt afterwards that Azor had been in the habit of going every morning to receive the letters from the postman, and as regularly as he received did he demolish them. It was thus that I remained in ignorance of the events that took place in Derbyshire. It was thus that my peace of mind was sacrificed by a French Poodle.

Little more remains to be said. Lady Ruggles still pines in splendid misery. Azor, who did not meet his end by a well-deserved rope, went (for twenty guineas to a distinguished French nobleman,) and had his portrait painted by Landseer. Mrs. Trumpington died, but did not forget me in her will, which, the funeral ceremony over, I was invited to hear read. She bequeathed me—the mutilated wig torn by the Poodle.

HOW A CHARADE WAS SOLVED BY A CODICIL.

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS.

AUTHOR OF "OUR NEW GOVERNESS," &c.

SOMEBODY said of Coleridge, that such was the philosopher's anxiety to give the completest possible answer to an inquiry, that if he were asked the character of a footman, he would begin his reply with a history of domestic servitude among the ancients, touch upon slavery as it existed with Judaism, and then, after alluding to the squires and pages of the middle ages, the feudal system of serfdom, the "following" of the Highland chief, and the "help" in the United States, would introduce a compliment to Mr. Wilberforce, and a stricture upon the Society for the Protection of Families, and so gradually taper off his discourse into a treatise on the individual merits of the John Thomas in question.

Modern French writers are similarly encyclopædic, though, we fear, the pecuniary advantage of extensive *feuilleton* making has material influence upon their style, a consideration which never actuated the venerable sage of Highgate. The Parisian writer who undertakes to criticise a new *danseuse* begins with a remark that all nations, in all ages, have delighted in exhibitions of saltation. We are told of the festive dances of the Greeks, and the war dance of the Americans, and are reminded of King David before the ark, and the daughter of Herodias at the court of the Tetrarch—it is remarkable, by the way, how "well up" (as they say at Cambridge) these gentlemen are in scriptural history. We have next an account of the fatal *divertissement* at which Charles Seize was nearly burned alive,* and the gorgeous *ballets sous Louis Quatorze* are revived in their heavy splendour. At last we begin to see land, and the names of Vestris, Deshayes, Angiolini, and Taglioni appear as stepping-stones until we arrive at the Mademoiselle Flora, or Rosalie, whose *débüt* at the Gymnase, the night before, is the real business of the ingenious critic.

But perhaps, after all, this adoption of Dogberry's advice, and letting one's reading and writing appear when there is no occasion for such vanities, belongs to the "easy writing" which the poet swears at as "hard reading." When you eagerly ask a bumpkin, "which way did the fox go?" you do not expect a history of field sports in reply, or a laudation of the manly and invigorating exercise of hunting. And we remember, in our more youthful days, having been directed by our instructor in the divine science of the law, to prepare a marriage settlement, and gaining no great praise on being found reading Daniel De Foe on the "Use and Abuse of Matrimony," much as we alleged touching its bearing upon

* Celui qui réclamait l'entrée du bal était un chef sauvage, conduisant, avec une corde, cinq de ses sujets, liés les uns aux autres, et cousus dans des cottes de toile, sur laquelle on avait, à l'aide de poix-résine, collé du lin fort délié, auquel on avait donné, par la teinture, la couleur des cheveux. * * * M. le Duc d'Orléans venait imprudemment d'approcher une torche de l'un des masques; au même instant les cinq sauvages se trouverent en feu. L'un fit entendre ces mots terribles, —*Sauvez le roi, &c.*—ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

the subject which ought to have been in hand. So having hinted at what we *could* do by way of introduction to a little history of a certain charade, we will pretermitt our intended analysis of dramatic representations from the days of Thespis down to those of Miss Charlotte Cushman, and go on to Great Coram-street, where we have previously had the pleasure of accompanying our readers.

Our friends Mr. Malmsey and his pretty wife "had expectations," as it is called, from a cousin of the former, named Herbert Tilbury, who lived in one of those towns in Shropshire which the Wrekin is supposed especially to patronise. The town would seem to have been proud of its gigantic neighbour, having actually incorporated his name with its own, as a certain deceased trader in the Strand engraved upon his cards, "next door to his Grace the Duke of Northumberland." Here Mr. Tilbury resided, and consequently many little barrels of oysters, many newspapers containing queen's speeches, new budgets, and other important novelties, and many dutiful letters of congratulations because old years were gone and because new years were come, and the like strange phenomena, found their way from Coram-street to Shambleford-under-Wrekin. The expectations in question were founded upon the usual grounds of such hopes, namely, that cousin Herbert was rich, had neither child nor chick (barring certain inflammable bantams), and behaved rather worse to the Malmsey's than to any other of his relations. Human nature is sometimes charitable, and it seems reasonable and kind to believe that a person who has treated one through life with unprovoked insult, will make a handsome testamentary apology. Mr. Tilbury availed himself of this faith, and when he had game to send up to town, it did not go to the attentive Malmseys, but to the Bertons, who usually received him stiffly and coldly, or to the Potters, who had fourteen children, and to whom game was of no use, or to the Briggs', who once refused to take in a hare because the carriage was unpaid. But then, on the other hand, if the people at the Bull and Mouth had to be lectured for some overcharge by a coachman, or a disagreeable fellow-townsmen came to London to see the lions, or a scarce pamphlet was to be hunted up and hurried down, or any other troublesome or difficult affair required attention, Mr. Tilbury intrusted the lecture, or the lout, or the *livraison* to poor Malmsey. So it was fair to believe that all these items were to be settled hereafter by one large cheque drawn upon "my executors before-mentioned," and we know a good many worthy people who have erected their *Chateaux en Espagne* upon the same foundation.

Now there had been a very serious breach between old Tilbury and the Malmseys, which had been a heavy blow and a great discouragement to the aforesaid "expectations." Upon his last visit to town, Herbert had, as usual, made Coram-street his home, for breakfast and sleeping purposes, but had availed himself of the hospitality of his relations, only "when he had nowhere else to go." His constant acceptance of all invitations, whether his hosts were included or not, his disarrangement of the family hours, his obtaining boxes at the theatres for other people and taking them, his quarrels with the servants, and other selfishnesses and singularities, had somewhat wrought upon Caroline, who had two or three times given him the benefit of some observations of an irritating character. It happened, that among the physical attractions of Herbert was something which friends call a slight cast in the eye, doctors call *strabis-*

mus, and enemies call a squint. And when any thing occurred to annoy him this peculiarity was increased in a remarkable manner. One morning, at breakfast, pretty Mrs. Malmsey had delivered such a very well-directed poke at her affectionate cousin, that when she looked up to see whether he "took," he was squinting even more horribly than the Spanish gipsies did when Mr. Borrow tried to convert them—and though Caroline did not laugh, Herbert saw that she was actually pinching herself to avoid such an explosion. As for Malmsey, he crammed his mouth quite full with the crumb of a roll, and defied himself—and cousin Herbert saw that, too. But this was nothing to what followed.

There is a game—we have not seen it lately—(perhaps it has been abolished by the Domestic Police we had the honour of inventing), called "How did Mrs. Mackenzie die?" The unlearned will take notice that this question is answered by a row of players who stand opposite to the querist. The first replies "with one finger up and one shut eye," and imitates the attitude and gesture, all the rest in turn doing the same. The previous question is again put, "Mrs. Mackenzie, how did she die?" Preserving the first attitude, but adding the new gesture described, the first player says,—

"With one finger up and one shut eye,
And her foot sticking out and her mouth awry."

And this passes along the line, and then other curious distortions are suggested, the fun consisting in preserving them all, no easy matter towards the end of this intellectual game. Now it happened that Mr. Walter Pyng, and Mr. Blackburn, and the Walkington girls, and one or two other *habitués*, came into Coram-street about lunch-time on the day Caroline had elicited the exaggerated squint. And whether it was the demon of mischief who entered into the bottled ale, or whether it was only the bottled ale, or whether it was only Walter Pyng, is of little consequence—he suggested a game at Mrs. Mackenzie. Bonnets were taken off—the laughing party was drawn up in a row, and Pyng undertook the duty of fogleman. Fanny Walkington put the questions, and to the inquiry,—

"Mrs. Mackenzie, *how* did she die?"

Mr. Walter Pyng replied,—

"Squinting just so with her little brown eye,"

and executed a hideous squint, every body following suit.

At this moment the door opened and in came Mr. Herbert Tilbury.

His astonishment at finding seven or eight people all standing up, and squinting pertinaciously, gave place to unutterable rage. He felt convinced that Caroline had been teaching them all to imitate him. Nobody would move, because a move incurs a forfeit, and so for some minutes the party was at a dead lock. Suddenly Caroline recollected her cousin's peculiarity, and the blood rushed over her face and neck—which confirmed Herbert's belief. He rushed from the room, and in ten minutes had booked his place for Shambleford-under-Wrekin.

This caused a sort of *hiatus* in the friendship of the cousins, and for some months no oysters went down, and no yokels came up. But even cousins sometimes come to terms of civility, especially where it is their interest to do so. The railways, which are vaunted as tending to

humanise men by promoting their intercourse, did the work of peacemakers between Tilbury and Malmsey, but not in the precise way indicated by the moralist. Herbert, one morning, found upon his breakfast plate a pleasant letter, in which Messrs. Pounce, Harpy, and Clutch, solicitors, Gray's Inn, requested the immediate payment of 2947*l.* 11*s.* 8*d.*, incurred as engineering expenses in the survey of the Direct Isles of Sky, Rum, and Egg Railway, of which he was a director, together with five shillings for that application. Tilbury was about to fly to one of the eleven attorneys of his town, but luckily recollecting that at various times he had quarrelled with every one of them, he bethought him of his London cousin, whose legal skill had been proved by a long string of verdicts, to the records of which Malmsey was wont to point with somewhat the same glee a Red Indian feels when dangling his scalps before you. So Herbert wrote to Malmsey, regretting that they had not recently corresponded, and promising to be in town in two days.

"Squintum's come to his senses, Carry," was the shorthand into which Malmsey reduced the letter, for his spouse's benefit.

"*Dieu soit loué*, for that and all smaller mercies," said Caroline, "I wonder whether he has been looking at his nose all this time."

"He is in some mess, I suppose. He will be here by dinner-time to-morrow."

"Is there to be a scene,—reconciliation, embracing, and all that between you, William, because, if there is, I wish you would oblige me and do it in the charade in the evening."

"I consider you a very heartless young person, to jest at the clinging affections of a pair of second cousins. I may feel it my duty to burst into tears when he comes in. That voice!—that squint!—those unmentionables!—it is, it is my Tilbury!"

"But are we to apologise—to—"

"To nothing—the fewer words the better, except when one is paid for them. Treat him as if nothing had occurred, only, if you play Mrs. Mackenzie, let the *strabismus* be omitted by particular desire."

Our public opinion, formed upon a good deal of private experience, is, that amateur theatricals are very "slow." And in proportion as the acting becomes tolerable—and we have seen some more than tolerable acting even in back drawing-rooms—the performance becomes a bore. All the real fun is derived from the shifts, failures, and hitches. There is no particular pleasure in seeing Mr. Brown and Mrs. Green doing indifferently what one can see Mr. Farren and Mrs. Keeley do inimitably. And such exhibitions are foreign to the English character. The men are too stiff, and the ladies (God bless them for it) are too shy to strut and fret upon the stage with much effect. Here and there one sees an amateur who would make a first-rate actor, but the majority of amateurs, of the fair and the unfair sex, are—and their *friends* know it—"sticks."

But though being accessory to the murder of a well-known play, or a good farce, makes one feel guilty, we think a charade a very happy invention. There you have no brilliant dialogue to spoil by flat delivery or want of comprehension; no situations to "mull" by coming on in the wrong place; no odious comparisons to excite between your feebleness and the power of the trained actor. You have no quarrelling about important parts, for every body can make his or her character prominent or not at pleasure. And as all is new to the spectators, and their wits are

at work as well as your's, they have no time to note your defects. He that can act, or thinks he can, let him—~~she~~ that cannot, or thinks she cannot, let her smile and look pretty—and the drama succeeds.

Cousin Herbert came, like Sir Gilbert Norman, "quick upon his note." How he, under Malmsey's advice, bade defiance to Messrs. Pounce, Harpy, and Clutch, not only refusing to pay the two thousand odd pounds, but even to recognise the anti-climax—the five shillings, does not belong to our story—all we need record is, that Herbert was delighted with the shield cast over him by his legal Ajax, and the "expectations" were restored to something like their former footing. So Herbert Tilbury dressed himself for the charade party, and congratulated himself that he had quarrelled with the eleven lawyers in the country.

Modern houses seem built expressly for charade-acting. You have only to take down the folding-doors of the back drawing-room, and hang a pair of curtains, from any bedroom-window, in their place, and your theatre is erected even faster than Mr. Beazley can build one. Your spectators arrange themselves in the larger room; and it is kind to the younger folks to let the sofas be placed in the front, for the dowagers and *chaperones*. The dressing-room is upstairs, the stairs are the green-room, and every body is his own call-boy.

So Herbert Tilbury was planted in a comfortable easy chair, commanding a capital view of the bed-room curtains, and all the world found couches, or chairs, or corners, awaiting the performance. And one very facetious young gentleman endeavoured to get up a laugh, by exclaiming, "Apples—oranges—biscuits—ginger-beer—porter, gents?" but as this was supposed to relate to the practices of low society at low theatres, nobody would notice it—the affair was a *fiasco*. And then the curtain divided, and gathered itself up with commendable celerity, considering that it was pulled by red tape strings, which *gave*, and then the first charade began.

Little Laura Earnshaw, being somewhat plump and short, and crowned with a gilt-paper coronet, and holding an ivory ruler, stepped majestically on, and sat down in a large chair. Mr. Blackburne, with a crown-piece fastened by a red ribbon to his left button-hole, followed, bowed to Laura, and stood, with an affectionate regard, behind her chair. Then Polly Wilkinson, with an enormous feather in her back hair, came on with a profound curtsy to Laura, and introduced Fairy Teale, whose feather was still larger. Miss Earnshaw received them with much graciousness, extended her hand for the fairy to kiss—and the curtain fell.

"Oh, *Queen!*" said half-a-dozen voices.

"*Present!*" risked a voice.

"*Levee!*" said somebody.

"*Court!*" said Mrs. Malmsey; but then, she had heard the arrangement, so no wonder she was right.

The curtain rose, and Malmsey, with very loose trousers and no coat or waistcoat, swung on, and with divers "Yo-hos" and "Heave-hos," worked furiously at an imaginary windlass, occasionally blowing like a grampus, and pretending to wipe his forehead. Then Dr. Blarney, with a cocked-hat, stalked about, and gave very stern directions to invisible sailors: he really looked much like the captain who very much applauded what the young lady had done to Billy Taylor. Then Miss

Lucy Morgan came on sadly, with a white pocket-handkerchief, with which she alternately wiped her eyes, and waved signals to some lover supposed to be desponding on the beach, only the effect was somewhat marred by her laughing at Walter Pyng, who was making faces at her from the landing. Then on came Mr. Pyng, as a pantomime dandy, with a great eye-glass, and paper collars, and he affected to be unable to keep his legs, and to be terrified at what was going on, and appealed to Dr. Blarney, who repulsed him with disdain, and finally, clapping his hand to his mouth, he rushed to the side, and went through contortions such as may frequently be witnessed in steamboat-life off the Nore.—Curtain.]

"*Sea!*" said some.

"*Sick!*" laughed others.

"*Farewell!*" speculated somebody, rather wildly.

"*Ship!*" suggested Mrs. Malmsey, again; but it was not fair.

When the curtain rose for the "whole," Louisa Waring was seated in a chair, and Mr. Blackburne, gazing earnestly into her eyes, was holding her hand, and pointing to her wedding-finger: and he was doing it so naturally, that Mr. Waring looked displeased, which Louisa saw, and "rejoiced therefore." This settled the question—the word was of course "Courtship"—and the spectators applauded.

"How do you like our actors, Mr. Tilbury?" asked Caroline.

"Oh! very well—very well—but the word seems very clear, and easy to make out. I find no difficulty."

"Well, the next is to be French; so that will perhaps tax your cleverness a little more."

Mr. Tilbury smiled a self-sufficient smile, which provoked Caroline to say—

"Now, nobody mention what this next is, until Mr. Tilbury has spoken. Mind, now."

Mr. Tilbury put himself into an attitude of elaborate attention, and looked like *Cedipus*, when the *Sphynx* asked him if he gave it up.

A large table was seen, on the rise of the curtain, with papers and maps; and Mr. Blackburne, with a pair of enormous whiskers and a splendid waistcoat, sat near; Mr. Earnshaw, with an architect's measuring rod and a note-book, stood near; and Malmsey, in a barrister's wig and gown, and Walter Pyng, with a thick stick in his hand and a red handkerchief round his neck, were also "on." They appeared to be in high glee, as if expecting a victim. Presently the victim appeared in the form of Dr. Blarney, as a jovial country gentleman. He looked about, and seeing Mr. Blackburne smiling so amiably at him, he shook hands, and inquired what those papers meant. He was told that they referred to a railway, which would make his fortune.

Tilbury fidgetted on his chair.

The doctor appeared to be convinced, and with great heartiness began to sign his name to every thing. As soon as he had done so, Earnshaw and Malmsey picked his pockets; and Walter Pyng arrested him, demanding money. The poor man turned his pockets inside out, to show that he was penniless.—Curtain again.

"Do you know what that is?" asked Caroline.

"I fear I do, madam," returned Herbert, sternly; "and if so, I think—I will not say what I think, madam."

"Ah! screamed several voices; "that is only an escape—what is the word, Mrs. Malmsey—your cousin can't tell."

"Come, Herbert," said Caroline. But Tilbury was compressing his lips, and getting ready for an explosion. Luckily, the curtain went up again; so Caroline said, hurriedly, to the audience,

"It means *sans sous*—penniless—you know."

Dr. Blarney, in a dressing gown, sat in an operating chair, and counted his foes. A knock. A patient is supported into the room—it is Earnshaw; he holds his hands over his eyes. The doctor inquires what is the matter with him. The patient explains, that he has something wrong about his eyes—he can see nothing—and wishes the doctor to operate. The doctor places him in the chair, and takes an enormous carving-knife out of a drawer. He proceeds with much parade to operate upon one eye; the patient kicks and struggles, but the man of science is firm, and, after a flourish or two, he asks,

"Can you see?"

"A little," says the patient, whose left eye is now open, and is squinting horribly—but not half so horribly as Mr. Herbert Tilbury's. That estimable person is actually foaming with passion. He glares round upon the audience, but the storm is concentrated upon the head of Mrs. Malmsey.

"Now, madam, I suppose the measure of insult is full. You have chosen, or your husband has chosen, in defiance of all professional etiquette, to explain what brought me to town, and to hold up my misfortunes for the amusement of your guests; and you have also thought proper to repeat the outrage which drove me from your house several months ago. I wish you a very good night, madam—I shall never trouble you again—be sure of that."

This oration, of course, stopped the charade, and astonished the auditors, and it was useless for Mrs. Malmsey to explain that no such offence could have been meant, as the charade had been arranged a week ago—or that the operation scene was intended to imply a pun, which should make *sans sous* into *sans souci*, or to beg Tilbury to stay for the "whole;" he was deaf to argument, and for the second time rushed out of the house.

"Whereas in my last will and testament, to which this is a codicil, I have bequeathed to William Malmsey, of London, the sum of six thousand pounds, I hereby revoke such bequest, and bequeath the same sum between the Royal Humane Society, and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

Such was a codicil which would have been proved at Doctors' Commons about six months after the evening we have mentioned, but for a trifling accident. The testator, in his indignation, forgot to *sign* it—and so the will stood good—and the Malmseys, though it was "a close thing," realised their expectations."

THE LADY ALICE KYTELER.

BEING A SECOND CHAPTER FROM THE HISTORY OF SORCERY AND MAGIC.

BY THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A.

CHAP. II.—THE LADY ALICE KYTELER.

It was late in the twelfth century when the Anglo-Normans first set their feet in Ireland as conquerors, and before the end of the thirteenth the portion of that island which has since received the name of the English Pale, was already covered with flourishing towns and cities, which bore witness to the rapid increase of commerce in the hands of the enterprising and industrious settlers from the shores of Great Britain. The county of Kilkenny, attractive by its beauty and by its various resources, was one of the first districts occupied by the invaders, and at the time of which we are speaking its chief town, named also Kilkenny, was a strong city with a commanding castle, and was inhabited by wealthy merchants, one of whom was a rich banker and money-lender named William Outlawe.

This William Outlawe married a lady of property named Alice Kyteler, or Le Kyteler, who was, perhaps, the sister, or a near relative of a William Kyteler, incidentally mentioned as holding the office of sheriff of the liberty of Kilkenny. William Outlawe died some time before 1302; and his widow became the wife of Adam le Blond, of Callan, of a family which, by its English name of White, held considerable estates in Kilkenny and Tipperary in later times. This second husband was dead before 1311; for in that year the Lady Alice appears as the wife of Richard de Valle, and at the time of the events narrated in the following pages, she was the spouse of a fourth husband, Sir John le Poer, or Power. By her first husband she had a son, named also William Outlawe, who appears to have been the heir to his father's property, and succeeded him as a banker. He was his mother's favourite child, and seems to have inherited also a good portion of the wealth of the Lady Alice's second and third husbands.

The few incidents relating to this family previous to the year 1324, which can be gathered from the entries on the Irish records, seem to show that it was not altogether free from the turbulent spirit which was so prevalent among the Anglo-Irish in former ages. It appears that in 1302, Adam le Blond and Alice his wife intrusted to the keeping of William Outlawe, the younger, the sum of three thousand pounds in money, which William Outlawe, for the better security, buried in the earth within his house, a method of concealing treasure which accounts for many of our antiquarian discoveries. This was soon noised abroad; and one night William le Kyteler, the sheriff above-mentioned, with others, by precept of the seneschal of the liberty of Kilkenny, broke into the house *vi et armis*, as the record has it, dug up the money, and carried it off along with a hundred pounds belonging to William Outlawe himself, which they found in the house. Such an outrage as this could not pass in silence; but the perpetrators attempted to shelter themselves under the excuse that being dug up from the ground it was *treasure-*

trove, and as such belonged to the king, and, when Adam le Blond and his wife Alice attempted to make good their claims, the sheriff trumped up a charge against them that they had committed homicide and other crimes, and that they had concealed Roesia Outlawe (perhaps the sister of William Outlawe, the younger), accused of theft, from the agents of justice, under which pretences he threw into prison all three, Adam, Alice, and Roesia. They were, however, soon afterwards liberated, but we do not learn if they recovered their money. William Outlawe's riches, and his mother's partiality for him, appear to have drawn upon them both the jealousy and hatred of many of their neighbours, and even of some of their kindred, but they were too powerful and too highly connected to be reached in any ordinary way.

At this time Richard de Ledrede, a turbulent intriguing prelate, held the see of Ossory, to which he had been consecrated in 1318 by mandate, from Pope John XXII., the same pontiff to whom we owe the first bull against sorcery (*contra magos magicasque superstitiones*), which was the ground-work of the inquisitorial persecutions of the following ages. In 1324, Bishop Richard made a visitation of his diocese, and "found," as the chronicler of these events informs us, "by an inquest in which were five knights and other noblemen in great multitude, that in the city of Kilkenny there had long been, and still were, many sorcerers using divers kinds of witchcraft, to the investigation of which the bishop proceeding, as he was obliged by duty of his office, found a certain rich lady, called the Lady Alice Kyteler, the mother of William Outlawe, with many of her accomplices, involved in various such heresies." Here, then, was a fair occasion for displaying the zeal of a follower of the sorcery hating Pope John, and also perhaps for indulging some other passions.

The persons accused as Lady Alice's accomplices were her son the banker William Outlawe, a clerk named Robert de Bristol, John Galrussyn, William Payn of Boly, Petronilla de Meath, Petronilla's daughter Sarah, Alice the wife of Henry the Smith, Annota Lange, Helena Galrussyn, Sysok Galrussyn, and Eva de Brounstoun. The charges brought against them were distributed under seven formidable heads. First, it was asserted that, in order to give effect to their sorcery, they were in the habit of denying totally the faith of Christ and of the church for a year or month, according as the object to be attained was greater or less, so that during the stipulated period they believed in nothing that the church believed, and abstained from worshipping the body of Christ, from entering a church, from hearing mass, and from participating in the sacrament. Second, that they offered to the demons sacrifices of living animals, which they divided member from member, and offered, by scattering them in cross-roads, to a certain demon who caused himself to be called Robin Artisson (*filius Artis*), who was "one of the poorer class of hell." Third, that by their sorceries they sought counsel and answers from demons. Fourth, that they used the ceremonies of the church in their nightly conventicles, pronouncing, with lighted candles of wax, sentence of excommunication, even against the persons of their own husbands, naming expressly every member, from the sole of the foot to the top of the head, and at length extinguishing the candles with the exclamation of "Fi! fi! fi! Amen." Fifth, that with the intestines and other inner parts of cocks sacrificed to the demons, with

"certain horrible worms," various herbs, the nails of dead men, the hair, brains, and clothes of children which had died unbaptized, and other things equally disgusting, boiled in the skull of a certain robber who had been beheaded, on a fire made of oak-sticks, they had made powders and ointments, and also candles of fat boiled in the said skull, with certain charms, which things were to be instrumental in exciting love or hatred, and in killing and otherwise afflicting the bodies of faithful Christians, and in effecting various other purposes. Sixth, that the sons and daughters of the four husbands of the Lady Alice Kyteler had made their complaint to the bishop, that she, by such sorcery, had procured the death of her husbands, and had so infatuated and charmed them, that they had given all their property to her and her son, to the perpetual impoverishment of their own sons and heirs; insomuch, that her present husband, Sir John le Power, was reduced to a most miserable state of body by her powders, ointments, and other magical operations; but being warned by her maid-servant, he had forcibly taken from his wife the keys of her boxes, in which he found a bag filled with the "detestable" articles above enumerated, which he had sent to the bishop. Seventh, that there was an unholy connexion between the said Lady Alice and the demon called Robin Artisson, who sometimes appeared to her in the form of a cat, sometimes in that of a black shaggy dog, and at others in the form of a black man, with two tall and equally-swarthy companions, each carrying an iron rod in his hand. It is added by some of the old chroniclers, that her offering to the demon was nine red cocks, and nine peacocks' eyes, at a certain stone bridge at a cross-road; that she had a certain ointment with which she rubbed a beam of wood "called a cowltre," upon which she and her accomplices were carried to any part of the world they wished, without hurt or stoppage; that "she swept the stretes of Kilkennie betweene compleine and twilight, raking all the filth towards the doores of hir sonne William Outlawe, murmuring secretlie with hir selfe these words :

'To the house of William my sonne,
Hie all the wealth of Kilkennie towne ;'

and that in her house was seized a wafer of consecrated bread, on which the name of the devil was written.

The Bishop of Ossory resolved at once to enforce in its utmost rigour the recent papal bull against offenders of this class; but he had to contend with greater difficulties than he expected. The mode of proceeding was new, for hitherto in England sorcery was looked upon as a crime of which the secular law had cognisance, and not as belonging to the ecclesiastical court; and this is said to have been the first trial of the kind in Ireland that had attracted any public attention. Moreover, the Lady Alice, who was the person chiefly attacked, had rich and powerful supporters. The first step taken by the bishop was to require the chancellor to issue a writ for the arrest of the persons accused. But it happened that the Lord Chancellor of Ireland at this time was Roger Outlawe, prior of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, and a kinsman of William Outlawe. This dignitary, in conjunction with Arnald le Power, seneschal of Kilkenny, expostulated with the bishop, and tried to persuade him to drop the suit. When, however, the latter refused to listen to them, and persisted in demanding the writ; the chancellor informed him that it was not customary to issue a writ of this kind, until the parties had

been regularly proceeded against according to law. The bishop indignantly replied that the service of the church was above the forms of the law of the land ; but the chancellor now turned a deaf ear, and the bishop sent two apparitors with a formal attendance of priests to the house of William Outlawe, where Lady Alice was residing, to cite her in person before his court. The lady refused to acknowledge the jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical court in this case ; and, on the day she was to appear, the chancellor, Roger Outlawe, sent advocates, who publicly pleaded her right to defend herself by her counsel, and not to appear in person. The bishop, regardless of this plea, pronounced against her the sentence of excommunication, and cited her son William Outlawe to appear on a certain day and answer to the charge of harbouring and concealing his mother in defiance of the authority of the church.

On learning this, the seneschal of Kilkenny, Arnald le Power, repaired to the priory of Kells, where the bishop was lodged, and made a long and touching appeal to him to mitigate his anger, until at length, wearied and provoked by his obstinacy, he left his presence with threats of vengeance. The next morning, as the bishop was departing from the priory to continue his visitation in other parts of the diocese, he was stopped at the entrance to the town of Kells by one of the seneschal's officers, Stephen le Power, with a body of armed men, who conducted him as a prisoner to the castle of Kilkenny, where he was kept in custody until the day was past on which William Outlawe had been cited to appear in his court. The bishop, after many protests on the indignity offered in his person to the church, and on the protection given to sorcerers and heretics, was obliged to submit ; but it was afterwards reported to throw discredit on the authors of this act of violence, that one of the guards was heard to say to another, as they led him to prison, "The fair steed which William Outlawe presented to our lord Sir Arnald last night draws well, for it has drawn the bishop to prison."

This summary mode of proceeding against an ecclesiastic appears to have caused astonishment even in Ireland, and during the first day multitudes of people of all classes visited the bishop in his confinement, to feed and comfort him, the general ferment increasing with the discourses he pronounced to his visiters. To hinder this, the seneschal ordered him to be more strictly confined, and forbade the admission of any visiters, except a few of the bishop's especial friends and servants. The bishop at once placed the whole diocese under an interdict. It was necessary to prepare immediately some excuse for these proceedings, and the seneschal issued a proclamation calling upon all who had any complaints to make against the Bishop of Ossory to come forward ; and at an inquest held before the justices' itinerant, many grievous crimes of the bishop were rehearsed, but none would venture personally to charge him with them. All these circumstances, however, show that the bishop was not faultless, and that his conduct would not bear a very close examination is evident from the fact, that on more than one occasion in subsequent times, he was obliged to shelter himself under the protection of the king's pardon for all past offences. William Outlawe now went to the archives of Kilkenny, and there found a former deed of accusation against the Bishop of Ossory for having defrauded a widow of the inheritance of her husband. The bishop's party said that it was a cancelled document, the case having been taken out of the secular court ; and that William had had a new copy made of it to

conceal the evidence of this fact, and had then rubbed the fresh parchment with his shoes in order to give his copy the appearance of an old document. However, it was delivered to the seneschal, who now offered to liberate his prisoner on condition of his giving sufficient bail to appear and answer in the secular court the charge thus brought against him. This the bishop refused to do, and after he had remained eighteen days in confinement, he was unconditionally set free.

The bishop marched from his prison in triumph, full-dressed in his pontifical robes, and immediately cited William Outlawe to appear before him in his court on another day; but before that day arrived, he received a royal writ, ordering him to appear before the Lord Justice of Ireland without any delay, on penalty of a fine of a thousand pounds, to answer to the king for having placed his diocese under interdict, and also to make his defence against the accusations of Arnald le Power. He received a similar summons from the Dean of St. Patrick's, to appear before him as the vicarial representative of the Archbishop of Dublin. The Bishop of Ossory made answer that it was not safe for him to undertake the journey, because his way lay through the lands and lordship of his enemy, Sir Arnald, but this excuse was not admitted, and the diocese was relieved from the interdict.

Other trials were reserved for the mortified prelate. On the Monday after the Octaves of Easter the seneschal, Arnald le Power, held his court of justice in the judicial hall of the city of Kilkenny, and there the Bishop of Ossory resolved to present himself and invoke publicly the aid of the secular power to his assistance in seizing the persons accused of sorcery. The seneschal forbade him to enter the court on his peril; but the bishop persevered, and "robed in his pontificals, carrying in his hands the body of Christ (the consecrated host) in a vessel of gold," and attended by a numerous body of friars and clergy, he entered the hall and forced his way to the tribunal. The seneschal received him with reproaches and insults, and caused him to be ignominiously turned out of court. At the repeated protest, however, of the offended prelate, and the intercession of some influential persons there present, he was allowed to return, and the seneschal ordered him to take his place at the bar allotted for criminals, upon which the bishop cried out that Christ had never been treated so before since he stood at the bar before Pontius Pilate. He then called upon the seneschal to cause the persons accused of sorcery to be seized upon and delivered into his hands, and upon his refusal to do this he held open the book of the decretals and said, "You, Sir Arnald, are a knight, and instructed in letters, and that you may not have the plea of ignorance in this place, we are prepared here to show in these decretals that you and your officials are bound to obey my order in this respect under heavy penalties."

"Go to the church with your decretals," replied the seneschal, "and preach there, for here you will not find an attentive audience."

The bishop then read aloud the names of the offenders, and the crimes imputed to them, summoned the seneschal to deliver them up to the arm of the church, and retreated from the court.

Sir Arnald le Power and his friends had not been idle on their part, and the bishop was next cited to defend himself against various charges in the parliament to be held at Dublin, while the Lady Alice indicted him in a secular court for defamation. The bishop is represented as having narrowly escaped the snares which were laid for him on his way to Dub-

lin; he there found the Irish prelates not much inclined to advocate his cause because they looked upon him as a foreigner and an interloper, and he was even spoken of as a truant monk from England, who came thither to represent the "Island of Saints" as a nest of heretics, and to plague them with papal bulls of which they never heard before. It was, however, thought expedient to preserve the credit of the church, and some of the more influential of the Irish ecclesiastics interfered to effect at least an outward reconciliation between the seneschal and the Bishop of Ossory. After encountering an infinity of new obstacles and disappointments, the latter at length obtained the necessary power to bring the alleged offenders to a trial, and most of them were imprisoned, but the chief object of the bishop's proceedings, the Lady Alice, had been conveyed secretly away, and she is said to have passed the rest of her life in England. When her son, William Outlawe, was cited to appear before the bishop in his court in the church of St. Mary at Kilkenny, he went "armed to the teeth" with all sorts of armour, and attended with a very formidable company, and demanded a copy of the charges objected against him, which extended through thirty-four chapters. He for the present was allowed to go at large, because nobody dared to arrest him, and when the officers of the crown arrived they showed so openly their favour towards him as to take up their lodgings at his house. At length, however, having been convicted in the bishop's court at least of harbouring those accused of sorcery, he consented to go into prison, trusting probably to the secret protection of the great barons of the land.

The only person mentioned by name as punished for the extreme crime of sorcery was Petronilla de Meath, who was, perhaps, less provided with worldly interests to protect her, and who appears to have been made an expiatory sacrifice for her superiors. She was, by order of the bishop, six times flogged, and then, probably to escape a further repetition of this cruel and degrading punishment, she made a public confession, accusing not only herself but all the others against whom the bishop had proceeded. She said that in all England, "perhaps in the whole world," there was not a person more deeply skilled in the practices of sorcery than the Lady Alice Kyteler, who had been their mistress and teacher in the art. She confessed to most of the charges contained in the bishop's articles of accusation, and said that she had been present at the sacrifices to the demon, and had assisted in making the unguents of the intestines of the cocks offered on this occasion, mixed with spiders and certain black worms like scorpions, with a certain herb called millefoil, and other herbs and worms, and with the brains and clothes of a child that had died without baptism, in the manner before related; that with these unguents they had produced various effects upon different persons, such as making the faces of certain ladies appear horned like goats; that she had been present at the nightly conventicles, and with the assistance of her mistress had frequently pronounced the sentence of excommunication against her own husband, with all the ceremonies required by their unholy rites; that she had been with the Lady Alice when the demon, Robin Artisson, appeared to her, and had seen acts pass between them, in her presence, which we shall not undertake to describe. The wretched woman, having made this public confession, was carried out into the city and publicly burnt. This, says the relator, was the first witch who was ever burnt in Ireland.

The rage of the Bishop of Ossory appears now to have been, to a

certain degree, appeased. He was prevailed upon to remit the offences of William Outlawe, enjoining him, as a reparation for his contempt of the church, that within the period of four years he should cover with lead the whole roof of his cathedral from the steeple eastward, as well as that of the chapel of the Holy Virgin. The rest of the Lady Alice's "pestiferous society" were punished in different ways, with more or less severity; one or two of them, we are told, were subsequently burnt; others were flogged publicly in the market-place and through the city; others were banished from the diocese; and a few, like their mistress, fled to a distance, or concealed themselves so effectually as to escape the hands of justice.

There was one person concerned in the foregoing events whom the bishop had not forgotten or forgiven. That was Arnald le Power, the seneschal of Kilkenny, who had so strenuously advocated the cause of William Outlawe and his mother, and who had treated with so much rudeness the bishop himself. The Latin narrative of this history, published for the Camden Society by the writer of this paper, gives no further information respecting him, but we learn from other sources that the bishop now accused him of heresy, had him excommunicated, and obtained a writ by which he was committed prisoner to the castle of Dublin. Here he remained in 1328, when Roger Outlawe was made Justice of Ireland, who attempted to mitigate his sufferings. The Bishop of Ossory, enraged at the justice's humanity, accused him also of heresy and of abetting heretics, upon which a parliament was called, and the different accusations having been duly examined, Arnald le Power himself would probably have been declared innocent and liberated from confinement, but before the end of the investigation he died in prison, and his body, lying under sentence of excommunication, remained long unburied.

The bishop, who had been so great a persecutor of heresy in others, was at last accused of the same crime himself, and the cause being laid before the Archbishop of Dublin, he appealed to the Apostolic See, fled the country privately, and repaired to Italy. Subsequent to this, he appears to have experienced a variety of troubles, suffering banishment during nine years. He died at a very great age in 1360. The bishop's party boasted that the "nest" of sorcerers who had infested Ireland was entirely rooted out by the prosecution of the Lady Alice Kyteler and her accomplices. It may, however, be well doubted, if the belief in witchcraft were not rather extended by the publicity and magnitude of these events. Ireland would no doubt afford many equally remarkable cases in subsequent times, had the chroniclers thought them as well worth recording as the process of a lady of rank, which involved some of the leading people in the English Pale, and which agitated the whole state during several subsequent years.

THE COBOURG PENINSULA AND PORT ESSINGTON.*

"ENTERPRISE IN TROPICAL AUSTRALIA" is, in reality, the history of the foundation of settlements on the Cobourg Peninsula at the most northerly point of Australia, and of the prospects held out by those settlements. This is a subject upon which information has been long wanted. No satisfactory account has yet appeared of the expedition and doings of her Majesty's ships *Alligator* or *Britomart*, and to which much interest was attached at the time of their departure; public attention has also, from a variety of circumstances, been much directed latterly to these settlements on the north coast of Australia, to their availability for purposes of commercial and steam navigation, the influence upon the pirates of the adjacent seas, the opening of the Eastern Archipelago, the promises held out to colonists, and especially to the overland communication with the other Australian settlements, and valuable and satisfactory information will be obtained upon all these topics from Mr. Windsor Earl's brief, but sensible, book.

The harbour of Port Essington was discovered by Captain King in or about 1819. It was at once perceived that from its commanding situation with respect to Torres Straits, and its being in the direct line of communication between Port Jackson and India, it must at no distant period become a place of great trade and of very considerable importance.

Sir J. Gordon Bremer was despatched in 1824 to occupy the north coast of Australia, and a settlement was formed on Melville Island; but this settlement was unfortunate from its commencement, the natives persevering in their hostilities; and a second settlement was formed at Raffles Bay, on the Cobourg Peninsula, by Captain Sir James Stirling, in 1827, but both these points were abandoned to give way to the supposed superior advantages of the Swan River, to which station a French expedition was further known to be on its way at the very moment that we took possession of it.

The inadequacy of the Swan River settlement for opening commercial intercourse with the Eastern Archipelago was, however, soon made manifest, and in 1837, it becoming known that a French expedition was preparing at Toulon for the express purpose of taking possession of some port on the north coast of Australia, the *Alligator*, Captain Sir J. G. Bremer, and the *Britomart*, Captain Owen Stanley, were despatched at once, if possible, to forego the inconvenience of the establishment of a rival nation midway between our Indian and our Australian possessions. It was evident that such a position ought never to have been abandoned, and it is to be hoped the lesson will not be lost for the future.

Mr. Earl details at length the journey of her Majesty's ships, and the first steps taken on their arrival at the Cobourg Peninsula. This part of the narrative is well told. From the period of the settlement at Port Essington, up to the date of the latest news, every thing has prospered. Civilised man has been brought into close communication with the savages without any of those violences which had followed the first two settlements on the north coast of Australia. Of the garrison only seven have died dur-

* *Enterprise in Tropical Australia*. By G. Windsor Earl, M.R.A.S. Madden and Malcolm.

ing seven years, but several more have been invalidated; while the state of the adjacent seas, with regard to the safety of merchant ships, has presented a striking change. Previous to the occupation of Port Essington every English vessel that had resorted to the islands lying between Timor and New Guinea had been attacked, and when successfully, the crew massacred. But no sooner had it become known that the British possessed a settlement in the neighbourhood (and this occurred within an exceedingly short space of time) than these aggressions suddenly and totally ceased.

It is remarkable that the attempts made to reach the Cobourg Peninsula, where now stands the town of Victoria, by land, have hitherto failed. The colonists of South Australia were the first to make the attempt to reach the shores of the Indian seas, the limited extent of habitable country within their boundary rendering it an object of even greater importance to them than to the people of New South Wales. The colony had scarcely been in existence three years, when a well-organised expedition was sent out to the north under Mr. Eyre, an experienced colonist, to cross the continent to Port Essington. At a distance of a few hundred miles in the interior, the country was found to be of so impracticable a nature that the party was forced to return.

The Cobourg Peninsula, being a tropical climate, is not adapted for European colonisation. It is evident in the far east China is now looked to by all for the supply of free labour necessary to the cultivation of tropical lands. Strange destiny of a nation of three hundred millions of inhabitants—a nation that if it only possessed a civilised government might, by the industry and intelligence of its people, and their adaptation to tropical climates, become one of the first powers of the earth, to be only looked to as an outlet for manufactures, or an inexhaustible supply of voluntary servitude!

Australia looks with a jealous eye at every movement made by the Americans towards the west; but when the industry of the Chinese is brought into action, and new pasture lands are gradually explored on the great continent of the Eastern Ocean, the triumph of free labour under British protection will soon be asserted over that of slavery under the United Statesmen. Combined labour suited for tropical culture is absolutely necessary for the welfare of the United States, but the Anglo-Americans have not, like the Anglo-Australians, the densely populated countries of Asia lying at their door. The prosperity of the southern states of America is dependent upon the amount of natural increase of the slaves—for they have ceased to import them from Africa—and this increase is far less than that of the Anglo-American population, which is not adapted for tropical agriculture.

We would gladly have made some extracts from Mr. Earl's valuable observations on the subject of colonisation generally, but are prevented by want of space. There is no doubt that the interest of joint-stock companies and that of the colonists are not identical. The object of the one being simply to force out as many people as possible, and to obtain land by means too often productive of collision and bloodshed. If a governor is sent out to a joint-stock company colony, and he presumes to oppose the views of so powerful a body, he is irretrievably lost. That such a colonial tyranny exists, New Zealand has afforded lately a strong practical proof.

PIQUILLO ALLIAGA;
OR,
THE MOORS IN THE TIME OF PHILIP III.
AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY EUGENE SCRIBE,
MEMBER OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAP. I.—THE CHARTER OF THE NAVARRESE.

It was market-day at Pampeluna, and the crowd on its way to the principal square was attracted by a proclamation affixed to the gate of the *gefatura*, or mansion of the corregidor, till it so increased in numbers as to stretch over to the other side of the street, shutting out the windows of the barber Gongarello; the barber, surprised by this sudden eclipse, was obliged to stop in the act of shaving a customer from actual want of light.

Aben-Abou, known in the quarter by the name of Gongarello, was a little, brown man, Moor by origin, and lively, intelligent, and industrious; no other barber in Pampeluna had as many customers as he; and hence he was every month denounced by one of his rival professional brethren to the Inquisition for crimes of sedition, impiety, or witchcraft.

Gongarello made his way with difficulty through the crowd, and reaching the other side of the street, began, without waiting to be asked, to read aloud the red and black placard that decorated the corregidor's door. The proclamation ran as follows:—

“Faithful citizens of Pampeluna! our well-beloved lord, Philip III., king of all Spain and of India, wishes, on attaining to the throne, to visit the Basque Provinces and his good towns of Saragossa and Pampeluna; he will make his solemn entrance this night by torch-light, and we hereby give orders to the corregidores, alguazils, and familiars of the holy office, to make all necessary preparations in their respective quarters for the reception of the royal procession.

(Signed)

“The Governor,
“COUNT DE LEMOS.”

And below this,—

“His Majesty's carriage, that of his excellency the Count of Lerma, and the court carriages preceded by the regiment of the infanta, and followed by the regiment of guards, will enter by the gate of Charles V., and will pass by the street of Tacconera to the palace of the viceroy.”

Scarcely had Gongarello finished, when the corregidor himself ap-
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peared at the balcony, and raising his hat, adorned with a large black feather, he exclaimed, "Long live Philip III. ! long live the Count of Lerma, his glorious minister !" The crowd repeated the cry like a faithful echo, with the exception of a few murmurs that came from a group beneath the balcony. A tall thin man, who, by his dark moustache, might have been taken for a soldier of the old Spanish infantry, and who was no other than Gines Peres de Hila, landlord of the Golden Sun, took up the word.

"That we should receive at Pampeluna our new king, his court, and especially the Count of Lerma, whose suite is said to be more numerous than the king's, is all quite right. It will benefit the Golden Sun."

"Yes, and they will require new habiliments for the festivities," added Master Truxillo, the rich tailor, who had just arrived.

"But," continued Gines Peres, in a louder tone, "what do we want with the regiment of guards and that of the Infanta ?"

"That of the Infanta ?" said Truxillo, getting suddenly very pale.

"Precisely so," answered the barber Gongarello, "the same that was quartered here last year when Don Fidalgo d'Estremos lodged at your house ; I used to meet him sometimes giving his arm to the Senora Pepita Truxillo, your wife."

"Fidalgo d'Estremos !" exclaimed the tailor, irritated, "whatever he said to you was false."

"I never said he had uttered any thing," quietly replied the barber.

At this moment a broad-shouldered man with a thick red beard and a fierce eye, jumped upon a corner-stone, and addressed the crowd from his extemporised pulpit.

"When the deceased King Philip II., under pretence of pursuing Antonio Peres, destroyed the charter of Aragon, he had only one regret, which was that he was not able to treat in a similar manner the charter of Navarre, and what Philip II. did not dare to do, his son and successor is about to attempt, but you will not permit it if you are Navarrese !"

"We are all !" exclaimed the innkeeper.

"All !" repeated the crowd, which began to be agitated.

"What say our chartered privileges ? That the town shall judge and take care of itself by its own citizens, and that no armed stranger shall be admitted within the walls ! That is the text."

"Precisely so !" exclaimed the landlord, who had never read the charter.

"But," ventured the barber in a low tone of voice, "the king's soldiers are not strangers."

"They are Castilians !" shouted out the orator indignantly ; "what is there in common between the kingdom of Navarre and that of Castile ? We are not like the rest of Spain ; we have never been conquered ; we surrendered upon condition that Navarre should preserve the rights and privileges which it had possessed from olden time. Stronger and more skilful than our neighbours the Aragonese, we will guard jealously the rights which they knew not how to defend, and we will say—"

"The king shall enter into our walls with no other guard than that of the citizens !—or—"

"Long live Captain Juan-Baptista Balseiro !" shouted out a few persons in the crowd, who appeared to know the orator, and the crowd responded by loud and reiterated shouts that filled the streets. The worthy corregidor Josue Calzado hastened again to the balcony ; he liked

to harangue a multitude or to manifest his zeal in a public manner, but he was destined on this occasion to be sadly disappointed. He had scarcely collected the whole strength of his lungs to enunciate "*Faithful Navarrese*," in an efficient and sonorous manner, than he was met by "*Down with the Corregidor!*"

"Long live the king! long live his glorious minister!" he continued, as an appeal which he thought was unanswerable.

"Down with the minister, down with the king, if he makes an attempt against our charter," shouted a hundred voices.

"That is what I meant to say, brave countrymen, our charter for ever!"

The crowd, excited by Gines and Truxillo, had already torn the proclamation to pieces and were treading it under their feet, while the magistrate, interrupted in his attempt to make a speech by apostrophes and reproaches, was beginning to consider upon the best way of operating a safe and honourable, but expeditious retreat from sundry missiles which occasionally reached even his exalted position, when even this was also prevented by the Captain Juan-Baptista, who had clambered up the balcony with the dexterity of a sailor, and seized the magistrate in his vigorous arms, as if about to hurl him into the street.

The terrified corregidor exclaimed,

"You will not hear me—I am with you. Inhabitants of Pampeluna, I think like you! The charter for ever!"

"Long live the corregidor!" cried out the people.

"Yes, he will die hard in the defence of the charter," ejaculated the captain, "he will conduct us himself to the governor, and will speak for us, it is himself who proposes it."

And so saying the captain bore the worthy magistrate away in his arms with such vigour, that he could not even extend a hand as a final asseveration. Popular enthusiasm now knew no bounds. The corregidor was lifted up by a hundred arms and carried in triumph. Gines Peres and Master Truxillo leading the way towards the palace of the governor. As to the captain he had disappeared, and the barber also prudently retired to his shop, remarking, as he took up his razor for the benefit of a Moorish customer,

"Let the people or the king carry the day, we Moors, baptised by force, shall gain nothing by the victory, and perchance may we be called upon to pay the expenses of the war."

CHAP. II.—PIQUILLO ALLIAGA.

Whilst these events were taking place in the centre of the town, a poor boy, apparently ten or twelve years of age—I say apparently, for no one, not even himself could have told his age—was wandering in the street of Saint-Pacome, a narrow and tortuous street. His thin, pale face, bore traces of late illness, and his clothes all in tatters indicated the deepest misery. An air of infinite sweetness and mild resignation dwelt in his features, and a beam of intelligence sparkled in his black, but lustreless, eye. He walked, or rather he drew himself along, with difficulty; the disease of which he was dying, was hunger. He had traversed two or three streets, which to his great astonishment he found deserted, when he

saw coming towards him a Castilian counsellor, walking with a quick step ; he did not dare to beg, but he stretched forth his hand towards him. The counsellor did not look at him, but passed onwards.

An instant afterwards an hidalgo appeared, walking slowly, wrapped in his mantle. The poor child timidly lifted his hat and saluted him ; the hidalgo for all charity returned the salutation. The young mendicant, trembling with weakness, leaned against a door, and he heard a woman's voice, which gave him hope.

"Pablo! Pablo!" cried a mother, "come here, your soup is ready."

"Alas!" he said to himself, "I who have no mother to call me, no repast that awaits me!"

And he continued his route towards the river Arga, expecting apparently nothing from men, for his eyes were raised towards Heaven. At this moment, the sun bursting forth from behind a cloud, fell upon the wall on the opposite side of the street; he ran to bask in the sunshine, and, as he warmed his wasted limbs, an expression of melancholy joy played, in testimony of gratitude, upon his discoloured lips; he smiled to the sun: the only friend who had deigned to smile upon him!

Lowering his eyes, unable long to bear so vivid a light, he saw near him, at the corner-stone of the street, two or three skins of melons that had been thrown away. He stooped to pick them up, and was conveying a piece hurriedly to his mouth, when he perceived a child about his own age, a kind of gipsy, as miserably clad as himself, coming towards him singing.

"You are happy, in being gay and able to sing," he said to him.

"Carrajo! I sing because I am hungry, and I have not wherewith to eat!"

Without uttering a word, and by an impulse of pure generosity, he held out to his companion the melon-skins that he had just picked up. The gipsy looked at him with an astonished and grateful look.

"What have you no other dinner than that?"

"Happy in having found it. Come let us divide."

And the two friends sat down by the side of the stone, and began their repast. Their dining-room was vast and spacious. It was a street, unlike the generality of streets in Pampeluna, that was wide, and thanks to a neighbouring fountain clean, so that water was not also wanting to their repast. Opposite to them was a house, which an inscription intimated to be the residence of "Truxillo, tailor." They were themselves leaning against the wall of a handsome hotel, that of the Golden Sun. Intimacy grows apace at table, and the gipsy hastened to inquire of his entertainer what was his name.

"Piquillo! At least I was so called by the monks with whom I dwelt. And you, what is your name?"

"Pedralvi. Thy parents?"

"I have none."

"Like me. Did you know your father?"

"Never."

"Just like me also. And your mother?"

"My mother," said Piquillo, trying to collect his memory, "must have been a great lady. There used to come to her house noblemen, who wore rich doublets and feathers in their hats; she had a beautiful room, decorated with tapestry. I still see a table with a mirror, with which I used to

play. It was gilt, and had a drawer always full of sugar-plumbs. That is all that I remember of the affectionate cares of a mother; one morning I awoke alone at the gate of a great building, which they called a convent; they kept me there—I cannot say how long—and then they sent me away, saying, ‘Go, seek your livelihood!’ I was hungry—I begged—and then I was ill; every one said to me: ‘Get out of the way, you have the fever—it is catching!’ every body shunned me.”

Pedralvi held out his hand hastily towards him, and Piquillo seized it gratefully.

“And to conclude,” he continued; “I have nothing; I do not know where to go. That is my history.”

“I,” said Pedralvi, “I remember my mother. I still see her; she was strong and tall, and carried me on her back. One day we were coming from Grenada, when some men in black garments seized me, notwithstanding her cries and mine. They threw cold water on my head, ejaculating barbarous words that I could not understand; and my mother was exclaiming, ‘He is not a Christian—he never will be one—nor I either!’ and she tried, by wiping my forehead, to efface what she called a stain; and then they killed her!”

“Killed her!” exclaimed Piquillo, with horror.

“Yes; calling her a heretic.”

“Heretic!” repeated the child; “what is that?”

“I do not know; but her blood flowed; I saw it; and she said to me, pointing to it, ‘Pedralvi, my son, remember this!’ suddenly her limbs grew stiff, and she spoke no more; what followed I do not remember. I only know that, in a wood, I met some gipsies, who took me with them. One day they were attacked; it was also by men in black, whom they called Alguazils. Every mother fled, carrying away its child. I had no mother, I was left behind. From that time I walk wherever fancy or want impels me. I sing, and I beg. That is my history.”

The two orphans, the two friends, again shook hands, saying to each other my brother! And, indeed, there was in the outline of their features, in their dark expressive eyes, and in their sun-burnt tint, an appearance of relationship at all events of race or tribe.

“Now,” said Piquillo, looking sorrowful, “our dinner is finished.”

“Alas, yes,” said the gipsy, “and no hope for any more.”

“Perhaps,” said a soft voice from above, and a young girl in Moorish costume appeared at a window. It was a little servant of the hotel of the Golden Sun, called Juanita, and she said to them, “Here, children,” and threw them a large piece of white bread.

Never had royal banquet, nor ministerial dinner, guests half so gay or joyous. All their misfortunes were for the moment forgotten, neither at that moment would have exchanged his lot for that of the King of Spain, but the gratitude of the stomach did not exclude that of the heart, and from time to time they stopped to raise their eyes full of tenderness towards the little servant-girl who, seated on the window-sill, joyfully contemplated their appetites and their happiness. This charming picture, that Pantoja de la Cruz, first painter of Philip III. would not have thought unworthy of his pencil, was suddenly interrupted by a shriek uttered by the girl, and to which Piquillo answered by another, as he felt himself vigorously pulled by the ear. It was Gines Peres de Hila, landlord of the Golden Sun, whom Juanita had first espied from her observa-

tory, and whom, so absorbed were our epicureans in their happiness, they had not noticed on his approach.

"Ah! ah! it is thus that I am robbed," exclaimed the landlord with an terrible voice, and as he cast a threatening look towards the window Pedralvi bolted away hurriedly, whispering to his companion, "To-night behind the church of Saint Pacoma."

Piquillo would have followed, but he was held back by the ear.

"Beat me," he at length said resolutely to the ferocious landlord, "beat me if you like it, but do not scold the young girl."

"Juanita!" exclaimed the landlord, "she is a little cheat whom I shall send back to her uncle, Gongarello, the barber. I had agreed to take her for nothing, but she is dear at that price I find. The whole race of Moors is not worth the cord that is used to hang them, or the wood that is purchased to burn them!"

"Pardon her!" exclaimed the orphan, "and I will serve you and obey you in all things."

"Let it be so," replied the innkeeper. "I will pardon you and Juanita; nay, I will even give you a real."

"A real!"* exclaimed Piquillo, who had never possessed such a sum, "what must I do to earn it?"

"You must walk from this to sunset in the streets of Pampeluna, calling out 'The charter for ever!'"

"Nothing else? That is not difficult; and I shall have the real?"

"I swear it to you; here, this very evening," and he let his captive go.

Piquillo no sooner felt himself free than he threw himself gaily into the streets, and disappeared, shouting with a loud voice, "The charter for ever!"

CHAP. III.—THE INSURRECTION.

In an ancient and noble mansion of Pampeluna, the windows of which opened upon the Taconnera, sat in a rich apartment, and in a great Gothic arm-chair, sculptured with the arms of the house of Aguilar, an old soldier, of the time of Philip II., absorbed in melancholy reflections. A young and handsome officer stood by his side, in a respectful attitude. The carelessness of youth breathed through his eyes, redolent of sweetness; Spanish gallantry characterised his manners; and Castilian pride sat on his brow. Every mother would have wished him for a son, and every maiden for a lover.

Don John d' Aguilar, for such was the distinguished veteran before us, broke the silence.

"Ah!" he said, "they despise our advice; they do not listen to us old soldiers, who have served under Don John of Austria. Spain was great and glorious then!"

"And," interrupted the young man, "surely, uncle, Spain has not degenerated?—a new reign may restore its splendour."

"A new reign!" muttered the old warrior; "what with the Count of Lerma for a minister! Where, I wonder, did Gomez de Sandoval y Royas, now Count of Lerma, learn the science of government? Was it in the adventures of his youth?—in the tricks that he played his creditors? or in the ante-chamber of the Infanta, where he first came into favour?"

* About twopence halfpenny.

With the death of Philip II., all was over with us, his ancient counselors, and the Count of Lerma became not only minister, but absolute sovereign over all Spain! Imagine," exclaimed Don John, whose indignation rose with the subject, "a King of Spain, a descendant of Philip II. and of Charles V., abdicating the empire to a subject!—for now, upwards of a year, a Sandoval signs himself '*Yo el Rey!*' It is a disgrace to the nobility of the kingdom. I think so, and have said so; and it is for that that the favourite detests me."

"You see, nevertheless," said the young man, pointing to a parchment, sealed with the royal seal, that lay upon the table, "that he gives you command of the expedition to Ireland."

"Yes, he would rather see me in Ireland than in Pampeluna. Everything is arranged that we should not succeed. It is an useless, imprudent enterprise. Instead of attacking Elizabeth and her English openly, to go and place six thousand troops under the command of the revolted Irish! that is not what ought to have been done; but there are dangers, and I shall go."

"Well but, uncle, you will let me go with you?"

"No, Fernand; you have not yet been to war. I would wish you to begin with a victory. We shall be beaten. Martin Padilla, who commands the fleet, is my enemy; Occampo, whom they have given me for lieutenant, is my enemy."

"More reason why I should be near you."

"And who would defend my memory?—who would sustain the honour of our house?—who would protect Carmen, my daughter, whom I shall leave an orphan—still so young, and with only her aunt, the Countess d'Altamira, in whom I have so little confidence, for a protector. Fernand, you know my projects for my child and for you—you will not betray them—you promise me?"

"No, uncle, I swear it to you," exclaimed the noble young man, extending his hand, which his uncle seized and shook with warmth.

"And when," added the old warrior, "you are of age, as Baron d'Albayda, peer of Spain, to take your seat in the council, remember to defend our weak monarch against his favourites. The king himself, whatever he does, is our lord, our father."

At this moment the conversation was interrupted by a distant noise.

"What is that?" inquired the old man.

"Nothing, uncle, but the festivities for the entrance of the king and his minister into Pampeluna."

Gradually the noise increased. Threats and vociferations were heard, and the exclamations of "Justice! justice! death to the Count of Lerma!" made themselves heard over all.

"Already!" said the old man, coldly; "go and see what is the matter."

Fernand was about to go out, but, at the moment that he opened the door, a person stepped in, whose rich dress was in disorder, and who assumed a proud and haughty air to disguise his fear and anger.

"The Count of Lemos!" exclaimed D'Aguilar, surprised.

"The governor of Pampeluna!" repeated Fernand respectfully.

The Count of Lemos was brother-in-law to the Count of Lerma, who had appointed him viceroy of Navarre, and his visit surprised D'Aguilar, who, being no friend to the minister, was not on terms of intimacy with his family.

"Why, yes; it is me, strange enough to say;" exclaimed the count, trying to laugh, "There never was such a mad freak. They have all gone crazed, even Josue Calzado, the corregidor whom I believed to be a reasonable and peaceful man was carried on on the shoulders of the populace to my hotel, where they began by breaking the windows."

"And what did they want?" exclaimed D' Aguilar, getting impatient.

"Absurdities. They will not let the king come in except with a civic guard."

"What, close the gates against the King of Spain!" ejaculated D'Aguilar, with profound indignation. "I hope, count, you immediately took rigorous measures."

"Seeing it was impossible to come to an understanding with them, I had my carriage brought to the rear of the palace, hoping to join the Count of Lerma and the two regiments that accompany him and then we should have seen!"

"You the governor!" said Don John D' Aguilar, with unfeigned astonishment. "You abandoned the town!"

"To come back again. But I was not able, they recognised me. My carriage was assaulted with stones, I was obliged to descend, and they pursued me to the door of your mansion, where I was too happy to seek a refuge."

At this moment the tumult redoubled without, and a servant ran in terrified, saying that the people asked with loud cries and with horrible threats that the governor be given up to them.

The Count of Lemos grew pale.

"Tell the people who are before my door," said Don John D' Aguilar, with true Castilian haughtiness, "to retire. The count shall remain in my house so long as he shall think fit."

The servant went down instinctively to deliver the message, which, however, he was not able to do, for the other domestics, frightened by the aspect of the crowd, had hastened to barricade the door. The unfortunate corregidor, unwittingly at the head of a movement which he could not stay, and of an army which made him tremble with fright, was making vain attempts to speak. The people, who saw his gestures but could not hear his words, believed that their magistrate was encouraging them and animating them, and they cried out—"The corregidor is in the right To the assault! To the assault! Long live the corregidor!"

Stones began to fly, and windows to fall to pieces. Out of the tumult, ever and anon, arose the cry—"Death to the governor!" The perspiration came upon the count's pale face. The old soldier glanced obliquely at him.

"Do not be afraid;" he said, "you have some time yet."

"What time?"

"The time till my house shall be demolished or burnt, and that we shall be all killed. Is it not so, Fernand?"

"Yes, uncle! It will be my first campaign, and I shall be delighted to enter upon it under your orders. We can defend this house, and sustain a siege against the whole population of Pampeluna."

A new noise, louder and more threatening than ever, was heard; it was that of beams of wood and iron crow-bars, by means of which the mob was attacking the principal door. At the idea of an assault; the old Don

John D'Aguilar became sublime, like an old war-horse, that neighs and raises its head at the sound of musquetry and the trumpet, he threw himself forward with a firm step, he had forgotten his gout, and recovered all the ardour of his youth.

"Bring pick-axes, crow-bars, whatever you can lay your hands on!" he exclaimed, "I will cast down the upper part of this house upon the besiegers below."

"Right, uncle;" repeated Fernand, "I understand."

Suddenly there was an interval of silence among the multitude below. A horseman was seen galloping forward. In one hand he held a white flag, in the other a large letter, with the state seal. He stopped before the door of the mansion D'Aguilar, and called out, "Open, in the name of the king!"

At this summons the mob gave way, and the brigadier of the regiment of the Infanta, Fidalgo d'Estremos, was admitted.

"I have been told," he said, "that the governor of Pampeluna is in this house."

"It is me, sir," said the Count of Lemos, stepping forward.

"A letter from the king, my lord."

"You are not disposed, I hope," said Don John, "to give way to the citizens?"

The brigadier for answer carried his hand to his sword.

"Right!" said the old man; and then turning to the count he said, "Well, has the Count of Lerma taken the necessary steps for asserting his majesty's dignity, and to enter the town by force?"

"No, sir," replied the governor, looking much embarrassed as he handed over the letter to the veteran; who read as follows:

"The king having learnt that slight disorders had been occasioned by his arrival, after having deliberated in his council, and by the advice of his ministers, considering the privileges granted to the faithful inhabitants of Navarre, by the king his predecessor, his majesty declares that it is his pleasure and goodwill to have no other escort in his solemn entrance into the good city of Pampeluna than its own citizens; and, further, his majesty delegates to them the sole honour of guarding his person and his palace, during his stay in their town."

This decree bore no other signature than the following:

"For the king, our lord and master, the Count of Lerma, prime minister."

It was evident that this decision had been taken at once by the favourite. Several memoirs of the time assert that his majesty knew nothing about it till the next day.

Pale, and trembling with indignation, Don John read the decree twice over before he handed it back to the governor, who hastened to communicate this glad intelligence to the now triumphant populace. The veteran, left alone with his nephew, looked at him some time in silence and then said,

"Well! Was I right to tremble for Spain and for my king?"

He then hurried away to the apartments of his daughter Carmen, and took her to his bosom.

"Carmen, dear, have you been alarmed?"

"Yes, I was afraid you would go out without kissing me!"

The old gentleman pressed his beloved daughter to his heart; the char-

ter, the revolt, the Count of Lerma, were all forgotten in a moment; then giving her a last embrace, he hastened away to the governor's palace to await the arrival of the king.

CHAP. IV.—INCONVENIENCES OF PATRIOTISM.

THE news of these events spread in a moment through every quarter of the town. The citizens of Pampeluna who had not taken a part in the affray now filled the streets, walking about with an air of triumphant satisfaction. Coffee-houses and all public places were filled with visitors. The hotel of the Golden Sun could scarcely meet the demands for refreshments; nothing increases the appetite so much as a victory. Gines Peres de Hila had exchanged his black hat, his threatening aspect, and seditious language, for a white cap, an engaging smile, and honeyed words. Already was he calculating the tax to be levied upon such a crowd of consumers, when the brave corregidor, Josue Calzado de las Talbas, appeared in the vestibule; he was followed by a dozen citizens who had assumed a martial air, and were endeavouring to march with military precision.

"Honour to the conquerors!" exclaimed the landlord.

"Honour to you," answered the corregidor, "who first raised your voice in defence of our rights! Also do we, your fellow-citizens owe you a reward, and we have unanimously elected you serjeant of halberdiers; we come to call you to your post."

"I!" said the landlord, turning very pale. "I . . . feel the honour, but really my presence just now is necessary here."

"What, concede the honour of escorting the king, and guarding him in his palace! Consider our privileges!"

"Go, master, go! I will take charge of every thing," exclaimed the head-waiter, Coello, an Asturian, whose morality was any thing but proverbial.

"Let us go! Let us go!" exclaimed the halberdiers, proud of such a leader. And Gines Peres, cursing his eloquence and the charter also, and casting an agonising look towards Coello, whom the unfortunate landlord dreaded more than the Holy Inquisition, he put on a scarf, seized the proffered halberd, and issued forth to watch over the safety of the houses of Pampeluna, while he left his own to certain plunder.

In the meantime, faithful to the instructions which he had received, and anxious to earn the promised reward, Piquillo was parading the streets, crying out with all his might, "Long live the Charter!" No one said no, as at that time it was not known what turn affairs might take; but two or three boys who were wandering in the streets as amateurs, ready to follow the first drum or noise of any kind, joined him in his exclamations, and the procession increasing at every corner, the young general was soon at the head of a juvenile army, when, on turning into a new street, they fell in with another brigade of about the same numbers and age, but of a different opinion, their cry being "Down with the Charter! Down with the Charter!" War appeared inevitable between parties so opposed, when, to the surprise of the juvenile belligerents, the two generals advanced to embrace each other.

"Is it you, Piquillo! What do you do here?"

"I shout."

"And I also," answered Pedralvi, "I am paid three reals by the followers of the Count of Lemos to cry 'Down with the Charter!'"

"And we are only to have one real," said Piquillo.

"The other party is the best," exclaimed the troops; and they all to a boy went over to Pedralvi. And the two coalesced armies, now making only one, continued its march to the reiterated shout of "Down with the Charter!"

But suddenly they came upon a company of real halberdiers, with a real sergeant and real halberds. It was Gines Peres, who advanced with intrepidity, and without being alarmed at the numerical superiority of the enemy.

"Down with your arms!" called out the valorous host of the Golden Sun; an order the more readily obeyed, as the opposing force was not in possession of weapons of any kind; but thinking that they could best beat the real soldiers in racing, they took to their heels with all possible despatch. Unfortunately, in their haste, they turned into a blind alley—a street without a thoroughfare, in which they were soon captured by the civic guard, Piquillo and Pedralvi being detained as prisoners and hostages for the remainder. Peres being obliged to proceed to his position in the escort, deputed two halberdiers to convey the prisoners to a cellar under the Golden Sun, till he had time to see them to a place of security. Our two heroes were thus led away conquered but not discouraged. Piquillo thought of nothing but of the means of delivering his friend, and profiting by a moment when his guard was looking another way, he suddenly stooped, took up a handful of dirt, and threw it into the eyes of the halberdier who walked by the side of Pedralvi, crying out, "Away, save yourself!" Nor did the latter wait to hear it a second time. This generous act earned a severe beating for poor weak Piquillo, after which he was conducted, without a chance of escape, into the cellar of the Golden Sun, the key of which was twice turned upon him.

The royal procession had in the interval entered the city of Pampeluna by the sound of bells, the shouts of the multitude, the light of torches, and the illumination of the windows. Philip III. answered the acclamations of the people by gracious salutations but with an absent expression of countenance, as if he was a prey to some inward care, yet he had none. Philip was of short stature; well made; his face round and pleasing. He was at this time in his twenty-second year, but his physical powers had so slowly developed themselves that he knew neither the vivacity of youth, nor its hopes, nor its passions.

On descending from his carriage, he leant upon the arm of Don John D' Aguilar, who awaited at the palace his sovereign's arrival. Don John having heard the king express his satisfaction to the Count of Lemos, wished to hazard a few respectful observations upon the actual condition of Pampeluna, but Philip listened to him with visible embarrassment, in which there was not so much displeasure manifested, as fear at being obliged to maintain a serious conversation. He looked anxiously around, and perceiving the Count of Lerma, made signs to him to approach and take part in the conversation.

The King of all Spain and of India had gone to sleep. The minister alone was awake, studying the various reports which had been presented to him of the events of the day. First, the corregidor, Josue Calzado, was spoken of, as the idol of the people—a person who had raised and

appeased the tumult by his own will, in a few moments. "This is a man who must be won over," said the minister to himself, "there is a vacancy at Toledo;" and he made a note in his memorandum-book.

All the reports agreed in tracing the revolt to the barber Aben Abou, otherwise Gongarello, the Moor, who had first read aloud the proclamation, and accompanied the reading by seditious observations.

"Ah!" said the minister, with a look of proud satisfaction, "I have always said so. It is this Moorish population that foment disorder in the kingdom. They are our natural enemies, who possess our finest provinces, and so long as they shall not be driven out of them, there will be neither repose nor prosperity for Spain. That which no statesman has yet dared to attempt, I will do it; I, Don Sandoval y Royas;"—and he stopped, smiled proudly, and added—"I, King of Spain!"

And he wrote in his memorandum-book, "To make the Moors of Navarre pay this expense of the insurrection . . . to have the barber Gongarello watched by the Inquisition, and, on the first possible occasion, expelled from Navarre. He has accomplices; the rapidity of the insurrection proves it." Then, in another report, he read that, during the ferment, an audacious attack had been made upon the house of the treasurer, Victoriano Caramba, and a man whose person resembled very much that of a certain suspicious Captain John Baptista Balseiro, had been seen issuing out of the garden, accompanied by another person, and carrying together the treasurer's strong-box. "Lucky," said the minister, on reading this report, "that the evening before I had a hundred thousand ducats from the treasury for the expenses of my castle at Lerma. I have saved that money to the state." And thus applauding his political and financial abilities the minister retired to rest.

All this time the worthy citizens of Pampeluna were walking to and fro before the doors of the palace, ashamed to own how much they would have preferred their beds. Master Truxillo appeared to bear the weight of his honours with the greatest impatience.

"What do you complain of?" said a well-known voice, "my honours were forced upon me, as well as you, and I submit without a murmur."

"Yes; but Master Gongarello, you have not, like me, a wife, who awaits you at home; and consider the dangers that threaten my house!"

"Oh! do not make yourself uneasy on that point. You have friends who will take charge of it for you, the brigadier Fidalgo d' Estremos has gone to his old quarters."

Truxillo uttered a shriek of horror, and wished to rush out of the palace, but the gates were closed, and he was obliged to walk about with his battle-axe on his shoulder, sighing, all night.

CHAP. V.—THE CAPTAIN OF BANDITS.

MASTER TRUXILLO was not the only one who passed a bad night. Piquillo had been now many hours shut up in the subterranean bedroom that had been allotted to his especial use, in the hostelry of the Golden Sun. He had already travelled several times round his apartment, but the result of his investigations had been only to discover two empty barrels, once full of good Benicarlo wine, which had helped the landlord to make many a bottle of Malaga and Alicanti; a door well barred, and

a narrow vent, closed by a massive iron bar, through which a gleam of light and an occasional gust of fresh air came into the cellar below. Piquillo sat down upon one of the barrels, and no hero is without momentary weakness, he wept; but he had had no supper, and the exercise of the day, and the military manœuvres he had gone through had done much towards making him forget the breakfast of the morning.

He was aroused from his painful reflections by a loud noise. It was Coello, who, in his master's absence, was feasting all the waiters and servants of the hotel upon the relics of the day. They were served by Juanita, with whom we have already made acquaintance, a young girl about twelve years of age, lively, quick, affable, without pride; serving every body, and scolded by every body.

"Go!" exclaimed the head-waiter, in a majisterial tone, "and fetch us the two partridges which were brought down untouched from No. 9. The guests must have been in love, for they eat nothing."

The most diminutive Amphitryon has his flatterers, and it was the loud laughter and applause that followed upon this sally of the head-waiters that reached even the supperless prisoner. The latter opened his ears, when suddenly the light that came down the narrow vent was eclipsed, and the moment afterwards a partridge ready roasted, rolled down at Piquillo's feet.

"I assure you, sir," said a minute afterwards the soft voice of a young girl, "I assure you, sir, that there was only one."

When Piquillo had devoured his partridge, he felt his courage rapidly return. He again examined the vent, it was very narrow, but he was very thin and skinny, and he thought that although he had supped, he might get through; so he placed one of the barrels upon the other, passed his head, not without many scratches, between the bar and the wall, and drew his body after him. In a few minutes he was in the yard of the hotel. But this yard was surrounded by such lofty walls, that he had little hope of being able to get over them, and he once more allowed himself to be discouraged, and sat down to weep. Suddenly he saw a shadow upon the top of the wall, and a moonbeam lit up a brown head that was looking down into the yard with a scrutinising eye. Oh, joy! it was Pedralvi!

The gipsy also perceived Piquillo, and made signals to be silent. In a few moments he was astride upon the wall, dragging a ladder after him, which he passed over into the yard, and Piquillo hastened to ascend. When the two friends met upon the top of the wall, they lost much precious time in embracing and congratulating one another.

"How did you get the ladder?" inquired Piquillo.

"At the tailor's opposite," answered Pedralvi. "It came down by itself out of a window, a moment afterwards a man wrapped in a mantle followed. I heard a female voice say, 'Take care!' but I shouted out, 'To the Sainte Hermandad!' the window was closed in an instant, the gallant ran away, and I got the ladder."

The two friends now lifted the ladder out of the court of the Golden Sun, and placed it in the street. Pedralvi wishing to do the honours of his ladder, made Piquillo descend first, and at the moment when he was about to follow, a strong hand pushed the ladder down, and at the same instant seized Piquillo.

"What, rivals in the field?" exclaimed a rough voice. "Where do you come from, my youngster?"

That voice belonged to Captain John Baptista Balseiro, the same who at the meeting of the morning had spoken so strongly in favour of upholding the charter.

"Oh, sir," exclaimed Piquillo, "let me go. I am not a robber."

"Well, and what if you were! You must follow me."

"I cannot; I have a friend waiting for me on the top of the wall."

"Help!" cried out Pedralvi.

"Help!" re-echoed Piquillo.

The waiters, scullions, and helps of the Golden Sun were rushing out just as the captain disappeared, dragging his captive with him.

John Baptista Balseiro, who had also been known during his lifetime by many other names, had an origin as little known as were his means of existence; some said he was a Moor by birth, others a Neapolitan; he himself cared little for either the ties of family or of country; he had visited many of the latter, but found none in which he could effect a permanent stay, for reasons well known to himself. He had been now for some time in Spain, which he found to be of all the European governments, that which offered the greatest facilities to persons of his profession. And, truth to say, he more or less belonged to this country, for Don John was, in reality, of Portuguese origin; the offspring of an amour of the Count of Santarem, whose fealty to Philip II. had so materially contributed to the subjection of Portugal, with Geronima, the young and coquettish wife of a smuggler who dwelt in the mountains of Alentejo.

John Baptista had, however, never had any relations with his noble parent, whom, in other respects, he much resembled, being tall and well made; but he who stood as a father to him, took him into the mountains almost as soon as he could walk, and taught him to fire a gun, and use a dagger with equal dexterity. The young Balseiro made such astonishing progress, as to beat his mother before he was twelve years of age, after which he robbed his father, and fled from his family house and Alentejo at the same time, and never returned to either.

It would be difficult to follow him in the life that he led afterwards; a joyous and thoughtless life, for the captain liked wine, the table, and the sex; all the enjoyments of life, and especially the doubloons and the bars of gold and silver by which they are to be obtained; an adventurous life made up of good and bad days, intermingled with incidents of alguazils, judges, and tribunals, adorned by evolutions and combats by land and by sea, interspersed with ingenious and audacious expeditions in towns, plains, and mountains. Such an existence would, indeed, have been the most varied, the most philosophical, and the most instructive book of the epoch, if the captain had thought, like so many others, of leaving us his memoirs; but he was so deeply engaged every day in making the materials, that he had not time to write them down.

Under Philip II., at the time of the first insurrection of the Moors, when the king, the Inquisition, and all the clergy, had declared that they must be converted or exterminated, the captain, still young, had speculated in conversion, and by a skilful move, no doubt inspired by the memory of his patron saint, he travelled from province to province, describing himself as an Arab, descendant of the Moors of Grenada, a poor infidel, brought up in idolatry, whose eyes only asked to see the light!

Priests, bishops, members of the holy office, great ladies, devout and zealous Catholics, hastened to instruct him, making a first beginning by lodging him, clothing him, and feeding him in their palaces; every one considered it an honour and a duty to conduct the neophyte to the baptismal font. The captain numbered among his godfathers and godmothers, the greatest lords and ladies of the kingdom. Enchanted by a contrivance at once so pious and so easy, he had renewed it in all the most distant points of Spain; he had carried baptism to an abuse, and the Inquisition, astonished at this eternal heresy, always converted, and always springing up again, began to institute inquiries, which the captain thought proper to avoid; so he retired to the mountains, to recommence his hereditary commercial pursuits. There is in his history, at this period, an interval that has never been filled up—what is called, in the history of all people, a dark epoch. The captain disappeared, without any one knowing what had become of him—his enemies pretended that they had seen him rowing on board of a Catalonian vessel; but the captain never acknowledged this fact; but what is certain, is, that he and his companions found themselves, no one knew how, masters of the Catalonian ship, the crew of which had perished suddenly of scurvy, typhus, or some other disease to which sea-faring people are liable. What was also certain, was, that John Baptista Balseiro assumed from that day the title of captain, and began to rove the seas, as a defender of the faith, pursuing and plundering all the vessels of Tunis or Algiers. If, by accident, among the ships of the barbarians, any rich Christian merchantman was also met with, the fault of such an accident could not be attributed to the captain, who, when there was a doubt in the matter, always captured all, imitating therein the pious prelate, who, in a massacre in which it was difficult to distinguish the heretics, exclaimed to the soldiers, "Kill away, God will know his own!"

Several events of this kind having been badly interpreted by some casuists of the Admiralty, the captain was pursued by the king's vessels as a pirate, and not wishing to discuss the question with people whose chief arguments were the number of their guns, the captain gave up the naval service, sold his ship, kept his crew, who were devoted to his person, and, re-entering into civil life, established himself for the time being in a rural and picturesque situation, between the Sierra d' Oca and the Sierra de Moncayo, chains of mountains which separate Navarre from Old and New Castile. A great road traverses them, and all those who go from Pampeluna to Burgos, or to Madrid, are obliged to pass by the Sierra de Moncayo, the savage aspect of which, its steep rocks, and sombre forests, excite the admiration of travellers and artists. These advantages, and others besides, had seduced the captain; he had remarked an hostelry, of modest appearance, very well situated, isolated, solitary, shaded by a thick wood, not far from the great road. He purchased and paid ready money for this remote inn, to which he had all the embellishments and additions made that he judged necessary. He became landlord for his amusement, but this did not prevent him making excursions often of twenty or thirty leagues' distance, for purposes of commerce, or any other speculation; and we have seen him, the very day of the memorable insurrection just described, play at Pampeluna an important part in the affair of the charter of Navarre.

It was in his hands that poor Piquillo had fallen. The captain had a

deal of forethought ; he had often thought that an intelligent lad, whose youth anticipated mistrust, might render great services to the troop which he had the honour to command, and Piquillo was just what he wanted. Piquillo's greatest regret was for his companion. What would become of poor Pedralvi, who had exposed himself on his account ? But he was obliged soon to think of himself. John Baptista and his friends left town before daybreak. Horses were awaiting for them without the walls, as also two loaded mules, besides one that carried nothing, which the captain eyed with a grim expression.

"That rascally treasurer of Pampeluna certainly forestalled us," remarked the captain.

"Why, captain," observed a man of short stature but strong and well-knit frame. It was Martin de Barallo, generally called Carallo, the confidant and friend of the captain. "You know that the Count of Lerma never leaves any thing in the public chests."

"True ; he is a great financial minister ; luckily we shall have to do with him yet upon other grounds ; but come, let us be off, and mount the urchin upon the spare mule. He is not what ought to have been there, but no matter, we must teach him to be useful."

The cavalcade started at a trot, continued its way all night, traversed, in the middle of the day, a beautiful river, the name of which Piquillo only learnt afterwards—it was the Ebro ; and some hours afterwards they began to ascend the mountains and penetrate into the forests.

When Piquillo arrived at the posada de buen Socorro—"the inn of good help," he could not imagine what sort of customers frequented such a spot. He thought of the hotel of the Golden Sun, where it rained roast partridges, as something magical in comparison, and he almost wished himself back again in the cellar. The memory of Juanita, so kind and so pretty, and of his friend Pedralvi, so devoted and so gay, rendered the terrible society in which he was now thrown still more repulsive ; not that any thing was wanting, the captain's table was well served, the wine was good, and there was abundance of *aqua ardentè*, but what he saw and heard confused his ideas, and troubled his young and inexperienced mind. The bacchanalian orgies finished most frequently in quarrels. "You cannot agree, my children," the captain would say, in a paternal tone, "fight it out, and let it be over." Knives were drawn, blood flowed, and Piquillo retired into a corner, trembling and crying. To a poor child who had never seen nor heard of any thing of the kind, this horrible tavern was like the ante-chamber of hell.

And yet Piquillo was forbidden to quit it : that was the captain's order, and woe to him who dared to disobey ! Piquillo feared the captain far too much even to think of quitting the posada, but one day the weather was so fine, the sun shining so brightly, no one but himself at the hostelry ; he could not resist the temptation of a walk in order to breathe a little fresh air. He had been out only a few minutes when he felt himself already refreshed, a feeling of gladness crept to his heart, and a smile played upon his lips, when suddenly his cheeks became pale and icy. He was even obliged to seek support from a tree!—for he had, on turning round a corner in the wood, found himself face to face with the captain.

CHAP. VI.—THE HOSTELRY IN THE WOOD.

JOHN BAPTISTA cast a terrible look upon Piquillo, and then, without uttering a word, carried his trembling victim back to the hostelry, where the lieutenant, Caralo, and several bandits, had just arrived. A signal from the captain was enough. In a second of time Piquillo was divested of his garments, laid on the ground, and Caralo, armed with a stout leather thong, began to belabour him with a zest, that fully showed how much pleasure he took in executing these particular orders. The other bandits sat down to breakfast, indifferent to the shrieks of poor Piquillo.

"Ten, twelve—fifteen, bravo Caralo!" exclaimed the captain, "that was well applied. But look, what is that? The sign at the top of the left arm."

"Nothing, captain," said Caralo, continuing to strike; "Arab characters, religious or diabolical symbols, that the Moors mark their children with."

"Why then, the urchin is not even a Christian. Strike on, Caralo!"

But Piquillo uttered a final moan, and fainted away; nor did he come to his senses till the smarting pain of vinegar, with which they were bathing his wounds, roused him to a painful consciousness.

From that day, Piquillo had no further wish to quit the posada. When he went out, it was by order of the captain, and terror had so paralysed his faculties, that he executed his orders without even seeking to understand their object. One of his occasional duties was to go as a poor boy to beg hospitality at a farm or a castle, and when he returned he had to relate all that he saw, the disposition of the place, and the number of inhabitants. There was, in the royal road itself, a deep furrow that was never mended, but sometimes filled with leaves and branches; when a postchaise happened to tumble into the trap, there was always a poor boy close by to intimate that there was an excellent inn in the neighbourhood, and who even offered to show the way. That boy was Piquillo. One thing always puzzled him in this business. It was that the travellers who came in at night always left very early in the morning, for he never saw them take their departure. The captain always received them with the greatest hospitality, did not even spare his beloved Jamaica rum on their account, and for such visitors there was also a beautiful apartment, hung with red damask, with a large bed and furniture to suit. It was the only room in the inn distinguished by so much magnificence. Piquillo had also remarked that when the guests retired to that room, the master of the house remained drinking an hour or two, and that then, instead of going to bed, he went down into the cellar, and came back without either bottle or jug. It was Piquillo's duty to prepare the room for the visitors, and, on one occasion, he perceived stains of blood on the furniture. The sight of this filled him with horror, but still, although he frequently watched the captain, he was not certain as to how these mysterious assassinations were accomplished.

One night the bandits were disturbed at supper by a loud knocking at the door.

"Can it be travellers?" said the captain, "if so, they are not worth putting ourselves out of the way for them. I heard no carriage, Carnego do you go—and see."

Carnego rose and went to the door and returned in a few moments accompanied by a little man, with a round, joyous face, his portmanteau under one arm, and a young girl leaning on the other, about fourteen years of age, a pretty lively brunette, who coloured at finding herself in such a large company.

"A poor traveller, gentlemen," said the visiter, "whose carriage has just broke down, come to ask hospitality for himself and his niece, Juanita."

Piquillo became so giddy as to be obliged to hold by the captain's chair, luckily his embarrassment was not seen, for all were busy examining Juanita, who had grown up to be a beautiful young girl.

"Take a place, sir! be seated," said the captain, in his most insinuating tone, "you and your niece will join these noble travellers, who, you see, have also done me the honour to sup and sleep in my house. Might I inquire your name, sir?"

"Aben-Abou, otherwise Gongarello, sir, barber of Pampeluna, enjoying an extended reputation; perchance some of the gentlemen present may have heard of me."

By accident, all the gentlemen present bowed simultaneously.

"Imagine, gentlemen," continued the loquacious barber, after emptying a tumbler of wine, "two years ago, on the occasion of the king's entry into Pampeluna, there was a kind of insurrection in favour of the charter, the origin of which nobody ever understood, even those who invented it, had you been like myself in the crowd."

"We were there!" said the captain, twisting his moustache.

The barber saluted him with an affectionate look. "Well, the weight of all this fell upon me. First of all a new tax was levied upon the Moors, because they are so much cleverer than the Spaniards. Talent is expensive in this country."

"You must in that case have been one of the most heavily taxed," said the captain, bowing to the barber.

"Precisely so. It is flattering, but ruinous; and then the Inquisition never gave me a moment's rest; always up for some imaginary crimes of heresy and witchcraft. So I resolved to quit. I have a relative at Madrid, Andrea Cazoleta, perfumer to the court, and taking my niece, Jaunita, from the Golden Sun, I sold my business, two hundred ducats, no less, I have them here in the portmanteau, and left the city of persecution."

"Your health, most worthy barber," said the captain "a successful journey to Madrid."

This was followed by other toasts chiefly in allusion to the events connected with the insurrection of Pampeluna, among which were some jokes referring to the treasurer's empty chest, which were lost, however, even to the sharp-sightedness of the barber. In the meantime the beauty of the Moorish girl, added to frequent potations of rum, had so inflamed the passions of the lieutenant Caralo, that he determined to be on this occasion beforehand with the captain, and pretending drowsiness, he left the room, only to enter by the window into the apartment of the red damask hangings, where he lay down on the bed, and overcome by drink, fell into a profound sleep. His departure had not been lost upon Piquillo, who stood in respectful silence behind his master's chair. At length the captain rose as a signal for bed-time, and bidding Piquillo see the travellers to their apartments, he retired with the other guests.

"Juanita!" whispered Piquillo, the moment the bandits were gone, "Do you not know me?"

"No," said Juanita, shuddering, for the girl had not been insensible to the looks of the cavaliers by whom she had been surrounded, and their lustful glances revolted her natural instinct.

"Have you forgot the two poor beggars, whom you prevented dying of hunger?"

"The friend of Pedralvi!" exclaimed the young girl, blushing.

"Yes . . . Pedralvi . . . my friend, my companion, what has become of him?"

"He remained from that time near me, as a servant in the hotel of the Golden Sun, and he wept when I went away. He said that some misfortune would certainly befall us on the road."

"No, Juanita, not so long as I am here; but you must listen to me, you are in the hands of banditti!"

The barber, who had been dosing during this brief conversation, was sufficiently aroused by the brief intimation to mutter, "Lost! lost!"

"They are all gone to bed," continued Piquillo, "and will sleep an hour or two. The captain will then, in all probability, as is his custom, get up and go down into the cellar. Come up into my room, in the garret, and we may then seek how to escape from this terrible house."

The barber and the niece followed Piquillo with as little noise as possible, but no sooner had they reached the garret than Gongarello, after fighting for a few minutes against the drowsiness that overcame him, fell upon a bundle of hay, and, to the horror of his niece and Piquillo, fell into so sound a sleep that nothing they could do would arouse him.

"Ah!" said Piquillo, "It is the pretended French wines; they were drugged!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Juanita, terrified, "What will become of us?"

At this moment a terrible noise was heard in the hostelry. A fearful fight was going on in the cellar, and in the darkness, between the captain and his lieutenant. The latter, although very tipsy, had awoke on feeling the bed being lowered, and although he had scarcely recovered his reason, he readily understood that he was about to be strangled. He cast himself at the throat of his assailant, who, not anticipating any resistance, was thrown down, and his lantern extinguished, by this vigorous and unexpected attack. The combatants were rolling on the ground, and all the bandits were aroused by the horrid cries and imprecations which they uttered. They had rushed down stairs, and were attempting to break open the cellar-door. Piquillo guessed what was going forward. Evasion by the house-door was now impossible. He opened the window of his garret, which gave access upon the roof. Below was a wooden beam to which a cord and pulley were attached, by means of which hay and straw were raised into the garret.

"See!" he said to Juanita, "there is still a means of escape."

"But my uncle," said the young girl.

"I will take charge of him," answered Piquillo.

He then fastened the rope round the young girl's body, and let her down slowly and cautiously. After the lapse of a few minutes, he felt that there was no weight at the end of the rope. He drew it in again. Without consulting the barber upon the matter, he next despatched him on a similar journey; he heard the noise of a heavy body falling on the

ground; Juanita loosened the rope, and, fastening it at one end, Piquillo had nothing to do but slide down to the ground. By a happy incident, solely attributable to the swinging motion which the barber had been subjected to, Piquillo found him restored to his senses when he reached the ground, nor did he lose a moment in impressing upon uncle and niece the necessity of an immediate flight. They accordingly hurried away into the forest, and walked for upwards of an hour as chance directed them. At the end of that time, they arrived at a point where there was an opening in the forest, and a road, along which they could distinctly hear the sound of horses' feet approaching.

"Listen! listen!" said Juanita, squeezing Piquillo's hand. "Do you not hear . . . it is them."

"Yes," said Piquillo, "it is the sound of horses' feet."

CHAP. VII.—THE SIEGE OF THE HOSTELRY.

CONVINCED that this time nothing could save them, Juanita and Piquillo leaned against one another, trembling with fear. Piquillo heard the young girl mutter, "Farewell Pedralvi!" The terror that overwhelmed them had prevented their remarking, that the horsemen were only two in number; as for the barber, he was in a state of helpless stupor and fright. One of the horsemen rode in advance; he was the master, a young man of noble aspect, but with a melancholy cast of countenance. A sabre, suspended by a golden chain, hung by his side; his dress did not resemble that of Spaniards, and he rode a splendid Arab horse, which he caressed as he went along, saying, "Kaled, do not hurry, there is far from hence to my father's house."

"Fear nothing," exclaimed Juanita, "he speaks the language of our countrymen; he is a Moor."

Piquillo threw himself out of the wood on his knees before the horseman.

"It is very late to beg," said the cavalier. "Go away! if your companions are in the wood, tell them that in the day-time I have gold for them, but at night iron."

The servant in the meantime had rode forward, and was in the act of levelling a pistol at Piquillo, when Juanita rushed forwards, exclaiming in Arabian,

"Friend! friend! and child of the same God!"

The young man jumped from his horse, and running towards Piquillo, said to him,

"Brother, I am here. What do you want of me?" and he embraced him. Juanita then related in a few words the dangers which, thanks to Piquillo, they had just escaped. At the conclusion of the narrative, the young Moor turned to Piquillo, and said, "It is well, child, continue, and you will become an honest man."

Piquillo trembled with delight; it was the first time that any one said to him, "Have courage you will do well."

"Ah!" he said, "if I had always been thus spoken to! But what must become of the poor beggar?"

"You shall be a beggar no longer. It is the Spaniards who beg. I cannot take you with me, but it will soon be daylight, and you can easily

find your way out of the forest. Here, take this card, and find me out. I shall expect you in eight days, and here is money for the journey," and he then placed a heavy purse in his hand.

"And now, young girl," continued the Moor, "you must let me place you before me; you are so light that Kaled will not feel the difference. Hassan will take your uncle Aben-Abou."

"By Mahomet!" exclaimed the latter, glad to use a proscribed oath, "I shall be as safe upon your servant's horse as upon the holy prophet's own mare. He will not throw a countryman, I am sure."

This he addressed to the horse as he approached it. The horse neighed, and the barber convinced that he had answered "Yes," felt no further apprehension.

Piquillo, left in the midst of the forest, followed the unknown with his eyes beaming with gratitude, his kind-hopeful words still sounding in his ears.

After about an hour's travel, Yezid, for such was the name of the young Moor, and his companions arrived at the village of Arnedo, in which it fortunately happened that a troop of cavalry of the Queen's, formerly the Infanta's regiment, was quartered that night on its way to Madrid. The voluble barber had not been in the village ten minutes, before he had related his misadventures to all who had been aroused by the arrival of new guests. The circumstances were so extraordinary, and the villagers had reasons to know so likely to be true, that they were glad of the excuse to rouse the queen's soldiers, and acquaint them with the facts, till from one to another it soon reached the ears of Fernand d'Albada, who commanded the troop, and who, after obtaining the necessary information from Gongarello, resolved upon an immediate attack upon the banditti.

In the interval, the bandits had succeeded in breaking open the door of the cellar of the hostelry of Buen Socorro, when a horrible spectacle presented itself to them. Their captain and lieutenant, disfigured, covered with blood, were still holding one another on the ground. When the light of the torches lit up the cellar, there was an universal expression of surprise.

"What thou!" exclaimed the captain, furiously, "thou, Caralo, dardest to raise thy hand against thy captain!"

"What you, captain!" answered the lieutenant, "why were you going to assassinate me? who did you take me for?"

"I took you for one of our guests," said the captain, holding out his hand; "it is all your fault. But where are the barber and his neice?"

It was in vain that Aben-Abou and the fair Juanita were sought for by the astonished robbers. There was a rush made to the room with the red-damask furniture, but no one was there; every room was examined in turn, no one was to be found.

"What does this mean?" exclaimed the captain, in a paroxysm of passion.

"The cursed Moor," said Carnego, "was a heretic and sorcerer!"

"And Piquillo, where is he? It was he who conducted the Moor into the red chamber."

Piquillo was sought for, but no where to be found. After an hour's fruitless search and inquiries, the bandits thought it would be only

making a bad job worse by keeping out of their beds, when a loud knocking was heard at the door.

"What can it be?" said John Baptista, evidently surprised, and putting his head out of a window, he inquired,

"Who goes there?"

"The Queen's regiment," was the answer.

"Welcome, gentlemen! You travel early, it appears, and wisely."

"And what is still more so, we wish to purge the road of the rascals that infest it, and to begin with yourself, master innkeeper."

"I am known," said the captain. "Caralo, get down and make our baggage ready for a start, let the others look to themselves."

"The whole house," answered the lieutenant, who had just come up, "is surrounded by horsemen; we had better accept terms."

"Never," replied Don John, and he levelled a pistol at the young officer, which, cutting the feather from his hat, hit the brigadier Fidalgo d'Estremos, who was behind him, in the shoulder. The latter feeling himself wounded, gave the order to fire and no quarter. The assault commenced at once, and the hostelry of Buen Socorro, the garrison of which defended itself vigorously, was soon attacked at every point.

CHAP. VIII.—CONFLAGRATION IN THE FOREST.

WHILST the siege of the hostelry was thus vigorously carried on, and the hostelry itself as vigorously defended, Piquillo, overcome by the fatigues of the day, and soothed by new and unanticipated hopes of the future, had, after selecting a dense quarter of the forest, gone to sleep on the grass, dreaming of the unknown. Pedralvi had been to him a friend, a companion, but the stranger appeared to his mind as much more, as a superior being, almost a divinity!

It was already broad daylight, when he was awoke by a rude hand shaking him violently. It was John Baptista Balseiro; it was the gallant captain himself! He was in frightful disorder, covered with blood, blackened by powder and smoke, and he held in his hand the purse and card which Piquillo had gone to sleep pressing against his heart.

"So, so, you thought to escape me, did you? You have learnt quickly to betray those who have fed you, to denounce them like a spy!"

"I!" exclaimed Piquillo, his blood running cold in his veins.

"Yes, that officer and his horsemen whom you and your accursed accomplice, the barber Gongarello, sent after us, have fired the hostelry of Buen Socorro, and then sabred my men as they attempted to escape from the flames. I am almost the only one who got away, and I shall not be hung! but thou, Piquillo, thou shalt be hung instantly, and that by my hand."

"I am not guilty, captain, I swear it to you!" exclaimed Piquillo.

But Don John had all the time he had been speaking, been also tearing from their parent stems sundry young and flexible twigs, and now throwing Piquillo on the ground, he sat upon him, as he plaited the twigs into a kind of extemporised rope, and as he worked, he hummed a Catalonian air.

"Spare me, captain! do not kill me!" murmured Piquillo, with a stifled voice.

"Spare you, yes, so far that you shall have the choice among all the

trees that surround us. Now, Piquillo," added the captain, as he had just completed a work in which he appeared to take considerable pleasure, "there is an oak that rises high, and spreads out its branches far and wide, there it is upon the borders of the highway ; will that satisfy you?"

Piquillo did not answer ; he felt he was about to die.

"If the officer or some of his friends should pass this way, they will have the pleasure of seeing you on their travels, and of learning how Captain John Baptista revenges himself."

At this moment the report of a gun was heard. It was not immediately close to where the scene we have just described was going on, but it was near enough to induce the captain to make an instinctive movement to see what danger was approaching. Piquillo was still sufficiently self-possessed to take advantage of the circumstance. When John Baptista turned round, the boy had jumped with the dexterity of a cat into the tree, and had ascended the extreme and frailest branches, aware that it was quite out of the power of the corpulent captain to follow him.

"Come down, you rascal !" exclaimed Don John, who had arrived furious and out of breath at the foot of the tree, and drawing a long pistol from his waistband, the last arm that remained to him, "come down," he said, "and I forgive you ; but if you do not, I will shoot you like a sparrow."

Piquillo saw at once all the danger of his position, but frightful as it was, it was less so than that which he had just escaped from. As to trusting to the mercy of Don John, such an alternative did not admit of a moment's hesitation. The captain turned round the tree, roaring like a lion disappointed of its prey ; while Piquillo, never taking his eyes from his terrible adversary, watched his slightest gestures, and sheltered himself behind the trunk of the tree, or some thick branch whenever he was about to take aim at him. At last the bandit discovered a weak point in Piquillo's position, the pistol was fired, a shriek followed, Piquillo fell, and John Baptista, triumphant, howled ferociously.

But the captain awaited his prey in vain ! The ball had broken the thin branch which supported the boy, but as he fell, the lower branches, spread out like a fan, had received him in their expanse, and he remained safe, at least, fifteen feet from the ground. To the fearful shouts uttered by the captain, Piquillo now answered as if by a prophetic inspiration,

"John Baptista, you have been without pity for a poor child, and that child will become a man, and will one day be without pity for you. In the meantime, go, for now you cannot hurt me, and till to-night—till to-morrow if necessary, my cries shall call travellers who will deliver thee over to justice. Thou assassin ! thou bandit ! art but a coward, for thou hast fought against a child, and art conquered !"

"War ! war !" exclaimed the brigand, with a burst of laughter that made the forest resound, "he declares war against me ! Well, I accept it, and you shall pay the expenses. This purse contains some good doubloons, and this address is that of one of the richest proprietors in Spain. I am happy in knowing that he protects you ; it shall be his condemnation to death !"

Piquillo uttered a cry of despair.

"So you have declared war against me, have you ?" continued the captain, as he began to pick up the dry wood that lay around. "You will not descend from that tree alive, I have sworn it. War, eh ? war !"

and he laughed with the laugh of a hyena. "Be quiet, it will soon be lit."

And with inexpressible delight at his happy and fertile inventive genius, he took from his pocket a tinder-box, and as he struck the steel, he whistled his little Catalonian air with extemporised variations. At length there was a spark.

Another moment and the dry wood and leaves were in a flame, and the fire began to rise in a waving spiral, which only the green branches and moist sap could resist, and that not long, for the sap began to boil and hiss as the bark fell off in black and red flakes. The smoke also ascended in dense clouds and enveloped the whole tree and foliage. The captain hoped that that alone would be enough to bring down his enemy. He thought indeed that he had succeeded, and stopped for a moment feeding the fire, for not a cry was heard, and he could not distinguish Piquillo.

"Dead!" said the captain quietly; "or if he is not dead the fire will soon finish my work, and destroy the traces of it at the same time."

He then cast a last look on the pyramid of fire, which kept increasing in power and extent, and raising his shoulders in contempt, "War to me!" he said, "war, indeed!"

Then turning away from the funereal pile, he departed without a regret, perhaps even without a sting in his conscience.

In the mean time Piquillo had ascended higher and higher up the tree. It was an oak of enormous height and dimensions, but the fire was increasing every moment, and the smoke was becoming more and more suffocating. He had seen his enemy take his departure, but he could not descend from his fearful position. He thought he might slip to the extremity of a branch that stretched out beyond the fire, but alas! they were twenty or thirty feet above the ground, and he must be killed in the fall. The oak, it is true, was near the highway, but no travellers appeared, and had such come by, it would not have been in their power to put out the fire. Nothing remained but terrible suffering, a long and horrible agony, which he saw no means of avoiding. The poor child looked around him, and seeing death inevitable began to cry, and then he remembered that Juanita had prayed to the God of his fathers!

"I will do like her," he said, raising his eyes heavenwards.

And he began to pray, while the flames were getting higher and higher.

"Gracious power!" he said, "to die so young! When life was only just opening before me, when this very night, for the first time, such sweet dreams visited me in my sleep, and all is finished, and I die! And this life is about to be taken from me; I have not been able to employ it in only one good action—one only! Let me continue to do so; let me live yet."

And the flames continued to ascend!

"You have refused me every thing. Gracious power! Even to the love and the embraces of a mother! Poor child abandoned by her, begging and wandering, having the street for a country, the pavement for a home, asking for work for bread, and obliged to receive it from a bandit;—if I have been guilty in following him, if through him I have done harm, if I have assisted in committing crimes, leave me the time to repair them; let me live! pity, gracious power; have pity on me!"

And the flames continued to ascend!

"Oh! if you permitted me to escape the danger that surrounds me, if you came to deliver me from the flames which already touch me, from these torrents of smoke that suffocate and oppress me I would believe in you, infinite being, and I would follow you! and the days that you would have preserved for me should be the days of an honest man. would employ them not for myself, but for my friends, for my brothers—I I would do for them what you would have done for me my arm should never be stretched out but to give them aid and to save them . . . I swear it, Father of Heaven, I swear it . . . receive my oath!"

And the flames continued to ascend!

CHAP. IX.—CARALO.

THE flames continued to ascend!

But the prayers of the poor child ascended still higher. It is probable that they were heard, and accepted; for the heavens, obscured since the morning, began now to be furrowed by lightning, which rent the dense clouds in twain, and in an instant all the cataracts of heaven were loosened, and the waters fell in overwhelming torrents.

"God has heard me," cried out Piquillo, in joyful gratitude. "God wishes that I should be an honest man."

The rain poured for upwards of an hour incessantly, and Piquillo blessed the storm! All the blazing branches of the tree had one after another gone out; their half-consumed arms looked like dark black lines in the midst of the foliage, and a pool of water already occupied the place of the fire below.

Piquillo began to descend one by one the slippery steps of the edifice of which he inhabited the summit. He had already succeeded in effecting about one-half of his descent when he heard some one walking in the forest—a man was advancing with some difficulty through the mud, occasionally helping himself by leaning upon a long double-barrelled carbine, which he held in his hand.

Wearied by his efforts, he leant for a moment against the oak, and took off his hat to wipe his brow, uttering at the same moment a horrible imprecation. That voice!—poor Piquillo knew it too well, it was that of Caralo, the bandit! The unfortunate boy squeezed himself in a paroxysm of fear behind a small clump of foliage. The bandit remained leaning against the tree, as if in the act of listening. Piquillo ventured to look around him, and he perceived through the half-denuded branches a carriage about to pass upon the highway, conducted by a postillion, and drawn by four good mules. Piquillo hesitated in his own mind if he would cry for help, but thought of the two barrels, one of which would be certainly for him. But in the mean time Caralo, who was not in the habit of losing much time in deliberation, had perceived that the carriage only contained three persons—two little girls and an old man, and that the trunks were numerous. There was, therefore, none but the postillion who could offer much resistance, but to disembarass himself of him Caralo, levelling his long carbine, shot him dead on the spot, while, keeping the other barrel pointed to the window, he cried out to the old man—

"Your purse! and the jewellery of these young ladies?"

The door opened: a gentleman with white hairs placed himself in front as if to make a rampart of his body, drawing at the same time a short sabre from its scabbard.

"Resistance is useless," exclaimed Caralo; "your purse, and down with your arms, or I fire."

"Fire if you like: Don Juan d' Aguilar will not yield to a bandit like you."

"It is you then, mark me, that so wishes it," said Caralo, levelling his carbine.

"My father! my friend!" exclaimed at the same moment the two young girls, affrighted, and about to throw themselves out of the carriage.

"The children are in the right," coldly answered the bandit. I do not ask morality nor reflections from you, but the gold and silver that you have upon you. Come, make haste, for I am in a hurry."

For all answer, the old gentleman made a step forward.

"Come!" said Caralo, "we must finish this."

And leaning against the tree, he was about to pull the trigger, when a heavy mass—it was Piquillo himself—fell from one of the branches upon the arm that held the carbine extended, and turned the shot away in a distant direction.

Astonished by the suddenness of the attack, and the place from whence his adversary came, the bandit was a moment or two before he recovered himself. Piquillo had seized the carbine, and was calling out to the old man, "Save yourselves! save yourselves!"

Caralo uttering a cry of surprise and rage at seeing Piquillo, exclaimed,

"It is him—him that the fiend sends back to interrupt me; this time at least he will not escape me!"

So saying, he threw him down upon the ground, and was about to break his head with the butt end of his carbine, when a hand, still vigorous in its old age, sent a sword up to the hilt into the body of the brigand. Caralo, struck to death, uttered a shriek of rage, and fell to the ground.

"Ah! ah!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "the wild beast is down! I have formerly hunted some of them in this wood, but none so wild as he; Carmen, my daughter—oh, she is fainted! Aixa, you are strong, help her, while I go to the assistance of this boy who has shown more courage in our defence than force;" and limping with his gouty foot, he approached Piquillo, who, albeit bruised, rose up, and offered his arm to Don Juan d' Aguilar.

"Ah! ah! I was going to help you, and it is you again who are coming to help me. Who are you?"

"Piquillo."

"Your business?"

"I have none."

"Your parents?"

"None either."

"Where do you come from?"

"From that tree."

"Do you live there?"

"Since morning."

Don Juan D'Aguilar looked at the oak, the trunk, and half the branches of which had been charred by the fire, and said, smiling,—

"Your house appears to be in a tolerably bad condition. I think you might have chosen a better. But I will offer you another, at my house at Pampeluna, if that is agreeable to you?"

Joy and gratitude lit up the eyes of Piquillo, who, for an answer, carried the hand of his new master to his lips.

Whilst this conversation had been going on, they had been gradually approaching the carriage. Carmen, who had recovered her senses, leapt at her father's neck, and kissed him, and looked at him again and again, and the old man so divided his paternal caresses between the two girls that no one could have told which was his daughter.

Piquillo contemplated in mute astonishment this scene so new to him, this sweet interchange of affections, these family delights, of which he had not even before had an idea. Neither, hitherto, had his eyes feasted on any thing so fresh, so graceful, or so pretty, as these two young girls. Juanita, who up to this time had been to him the type of beauty and elegance, appeared now to belong to another country, another world. Juanita was the earth, what he saw before him was of heaven.

And when the two young girls, fixing their eyes full of suavity and goodness upon him, began to thank him, and to felicitate him for his courage, to speak to him of their gratitude, Piquillo felt what he had never before experienced—a pride and self-satisfaction such as he could not have defined.

When they learnt that he was without parents, without resources, without home,—

"Ah! is not that fortunate!" exclaimed Carmen.

"Yes," said Aixa, "he will owe every thing to us!"

"We will take him with us," said Don Juan D'Aguilar; "he belongs for the future to the household; he shall be my page. But till that time comes," continued the old gentleman, looking at the postillion stretched upon the greensward, "our poor postillion will never get up again; could our young page take his place?"

"In a moment," exclaimed Piquillo, shutting the door, and jumping upon one of the mules; and animating them with his voice and gestures, he got them into a canter, soon cleared the forest, followed the high-way, and next day happier than the king of Spain had been three years before, Piquillo with a proud air, a glad heart, and a doublet in rags, made his triumphal entry into the city of Pampeluna.

"Where must I drive?" he inquired of his new master.

"To the palace of the Viceroy!" answered the two young girls.

HOW THEY MAKE LOVE OVER THE WATER.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

"La constance n'est bonne que pour des ridicules."—MOLIERE.

THE universality of what the world calls Love is unquestioned ; but the way in which it is made is not invariably the same. The confection of a plum-pudding requires certain ingredients ; these may be all duly mixed, but for want of a cloth to boil it in the pudding becomes a tasteless wash. So it is with love. Ardent passion, strong devotion, sighs, tears, hopes, fears, rapture, and torment, are the usual materials which light up the flame, but unless they are held together by constancy, the fire flickers, its heat evaporates, and an unseemly puff of smoke is its last and best characteristic.

Constancy, like Love, is the denizen of no particular country, but there is no place where the sentiment abides so little as in the breasts of our volatile friends, the gay, mercurial Parisians. It is all the same to them whether in love, war, or politics ; they are still "to one thing constant never." There are many things, no doubt, better ordered in France than in England ; but no young lady of eighteen,—and this paper is written chiefly for the edification of such—will admit that love is amongst the number.

French love is as much the creature of novelty as one of Herbault's *chapeaux*. As long as it is the mode *il siéd à merveille*, but it must not be worn an hour too long. It was never meant to last,—only to endure for a season. The passion of last year is no less *rococo* than an old bonnet.

Gustave Morel was the *beau idéal* of La Jeune France. He had made the campaign of Algeria, where he all but captured Abd-el-Kader with his own hands, and had returned in the costume of a Zouave, with a beard that excited the envy of the whole Boulevard Italien, from the Lion of the Café Richelieu to the magnificent barber near the corner of the Chaussée d'Antin,—as great a man,—in his own estimation—as any in Paris. Gustave, moreover, had handsome features ; white teeth, fine eyes, and a tall and graceful figure ; he rode less like a pair of tongs than the majority of his countrymen, which may account perhaps for his name being entered for a grand steeple-chase in the Bois de Boulogne ; his "*boghey*" (for so our neighbours term a tilbury) was unexceptionable, and his tiger really decent ; he was something of an artist, and the illusion was favoured by his wearing in the morning a dress *à la Raffaele* ; he sang romances and snatches of Arab verse, picked up amongst the Dellys,—so he said ;—his cheerfulness never flagged, and his voice never ceased. Is it therefore at all to be wondered at that he became what is called "*un fashionable* ?"

This is an achievement everywhere, and of no slight account in Paris. It was much, but not all ; for, at the period of which I speak, it was the height of fashion to be in love. So essential an adjunct to his reputation could not be neglected, and Gustave began to experience the "*besoin d'aimer*."

Other causes, besides those arising from custom or temperament, might conduce to this. In point of fact, he was not rich : not even rich enough to be long a Parisian "*élégant*," with whom a little goes a great way. His respectable "*papa*"—an endearing name which lasts longer than most

things in France,—originally a *roturier* (the fact remains, though the term may have fallen into desuetude) held an office under government, the salary of which, though it sounded formidable in francs, amounted to no very large sum in pounds sterling, and the allowance of Gustave was proportionate.

He managed his stipend to a miracle,—so well, that had he been in this country one might have thought he was in training for the administration of the Poor Laws, or qualifying for a Bank of England clerkship. But miracles, however frequent in France, and we know they were once so rife as to require a royal edict to put them down,—cannot endure for ever, and in addition to the “*besoin d’aimer*,” Gustave experienced some of the unmistakable indications of the “*besoin d’argent*.”

It is a singular fact, and may perhaps startle some of our countrymen who hear that when a man is ruined in London he goes to Paris to enjoy himself, that even in that available capital one cannot live altogether without money. There are, to be sure, those who do,—we find some of the tribe amongst ourselves,—but they are brilliant exceptions to the mass; the truth may be considered an universal one.

“*Bogheys*,” and prancing steeds, and well-cut coats are sad destructives of the rent, and where that rent is of moderate amount, they generally run away with it altogether. This conviction was forced upon the mind of Gustave one morning as he was pensively consuming a biscuit-ice at Tortoni’s, and as he gazed upon the empty glass he came to the conclusion that he must marry.

In addition to the fashion of being in love which, as I have said, prevailed at this time in Paris, it was also *de rigueur* to fall in love with Englishwomen. I shall not pause to inquire whether the golden locks of our fair countrywomen, or the golden coffers of their sires, had most weight in tending to this choice. It was almost a tradition in Paris,—the *garde du corps* of the old days of the former dynasty having originated the custom, which was facetiously termed, “*La Chasse aux Anglaises*.”

Gustave had no English acquaintance, but a friend of his, the *redacteur* of a journal noted for its bitter hostility to England, had married an English woman—(hence, some said, the Anglophobie of the journal in question)—and could furnish him with the necessary *renseignements*. To this friend accordingly he went.

“Tu veux donc te marier, mon pauvre Gustave?”

“Oui, mon cher Victor, il faut que ma destinée s’accomplisse!”

“Eh bien, si celà est, allons-y tout droit. Le mariage est un état tellement respectable, c’est la source où l’on puise tant de bonheur, c’est si doux d’être appelé un père de famille, que je ne puis m’empêcher d’applaudir à ta résolution.”

The fox had lost his tail: Gustave knew this, but the “*besoin d’argent*” carried the day, and the two friends took their measures accordingly. It was agreed between them that a reconnaissance should be made on the following Sunday at the chapel of the British embassy, where the English damsels of mark most did congregate.

On the day appointed the friends were early in attendance, and being made aware of the value of external decorum, Gustave had provided a volume of the songs of Béranger bound like an English prayer-book, which he ostentatiously exhibited, and to which, at intervals, he appeared to pay profound attention. The poet’s passion for Lisette was probably

necessary to remind him of his own purpose, but at other moments, his mind being wrapped, of course, in religious abstraction, his eyes would unconsciously wander over the chapel, as if they sought some object whereon to rest. The *embarras des richesses* was before them, and, if such were the motive, it was long before they could permanently settle.

At length, after a wide and deliberate survey, Gustave turned to one of the benches nearest to him, and feeling the pressure of his friend's hand on his arm, he directed his gaze towards a group of ladies who sat in a row, were evidently of the same family, and were separated by no male guardian or other intruder. Unlike many who surrounded them, their attention was constant to the service; they scarcely raised their heads, and it was not till the sermon began that Gustave could obtain a glimpse of their faces.

As he did not understand a word of English, it will not detract from French piety to admit that he paid more attention to the ladies than to the preacher. One of them, a tall, elegant, elderly woman, he rightly conjectured to be the *mère de famille*; but the degrees of relationship between the four younger ones he could not so readily determine.

Two were very fair, with those clear blue eyes and bright complexions which characterise the Saxon or northern beauty. A third was brilliant and dark, as though of Eastern race; and the fourth was pale, with a pensive cast of countenance, expressive of deep but tranquil thought; the colour on her cheek was as the tinge on the white rose-leaf; seldom she raised her eyes—those eyes of holy and calm expression—but once he encountered their glance. It was decisive: from that moment Gustave Morel was in love!

His friend the rédacteur knew the family, and when the service was over Gustave was introduced. In the course of a week he was an established visiter in the Rue Lepelletier, where Mrs. Beaumont resided. Gustave had forgotten the motive which first led him to the chapel of the embassy, and the love which he professed for the beautiful Mary was deep, fervent, and impassioned. I have said that he was handsome, and have adverted to his accomplishments, which now he fully displayed; and his manners were extremely fascinating. He sang his Arab melodies and the songs of his favourite Béranger with exquisite feeling (though he took care never to produce his *ecclesiastical* copy), and he exhibited his skill in drawing. Sometimes he would design Moorish costumes—would teach his fair friends how to wreath the Cashmere shawl into the true fold of the turban, adjust the haïck to his own manly figure, or narrate some stirring scene which he had witnessed in a *razzia* on the plains of the Beni-Boudouan. At others he drew tears from the large, lustrous eyes of her whose aspect betrayed her Ionian origin, as he chanted one of the boat-songs of rocky Scio—for he had wandered also in the Levant; or, drawing near the lady of his love, he would murmur those words so indistinct to others, so dear to those to whom they are addressed.

He neglected none of the family, but his devotion was paid to one; he interested all, but there was one who loved him and she was the favourite of his choice. It happened that the lovely Mary was the only one independent of the head of the family. There was relationship, but it was divested of control. No restraint, however, was proffered; the affection which the impetuous Gustave so eagerly declared was recognised and permitted.

His position and expectations were inquired into; the former was not

ineligible, the latter afforded room for encouragement. There was the promise of a place in reversion, that once in possession, the hand of Mary was to be his own. She had fortune, and though it might have sufficed for quiet life, it was deemed by her friends more prudent to defer her marriage till her lover was enabled to offer her something like an equivalent.

This arrangement was productive of no uneasiness to either : Gustave was full of *exaltation*, his spirits were even gay, his affection more warm, and Mary dwelt in the firm confidence of quiet hope ; she was happy and content, and completely realised the poet's description,

A soft landscape of mild earth,
Where all was harmony and calm and quiet.

I have often observed them together when we made those joyous excursions to the park of St. Cloud, to the woods of Montmorency, or to the charming seclusion of the Petit Trianon. It seemed as if that summer had been made only for enjoyment ; and that they were destined by nature to have the largest share. But while the summer was waning and autumn approached fraught with expectancy, the aspect of affairs suddenly changed. A death in Mrs. Beaumont's family summoned the whole party to England, and Gustave, per force, must stay behind. He was compelled to remain to secure his place, which was daily expected to become vacant. The lovers parted as lovers only part ; the oft-repeated vow,

The choking sighs,
The gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,

the hopes, the fears, the fond expressions of enduring love, all told of the grief which left them almost broken-hearted.

* * * * *

Gustave Morel remained alone in Paris ; in vain the "boghey" awaited him at the corner of the Rue de Rivoli ; in vain did the "petit jockey" expect his unhappy master ; for hours used Gustave to sit, as all Parisian lovers are wont to do, with his limbs extended in melancholy longitude on an extra chair in the Tuileries, beneath the spreading branches of that horse-chesnut sacred to all true lovers, which, on account of its precocity, received from Louis the Eighteenth the *sobriquet* of "Le Jeune Premier."

My appearance in the gardens was the only thing that woke him from his reveries. I was the friend of the family, and he delighted to talk to me of all and each, but especially of *her*. As long as he could get me to listen to him, he would descant upon her beauty, her virtues, and the depth of her affection *for himself* ! This seemed with him the culminating point of love. It was not enough to adore the divinity, but like a true Frenchman, or (what comes to nearly the same thing) a Pagan, he felt it more consolatory that the divinity should adore *him*. Like Malvolio, he thought there was "example for 't ;" the huntress-queen came down from heaven to watch her loved Endymion ; Cytherea worshipped Adonis ; and the blue-eyed Pallas herself decidedly made advances to the sage Ulysses. Of modern instances there were enough within his own experience, but had there been none, Gustave was vain enough to have consoled himself just the same.

"*Comme elle m'aime !*" he used to exclaim with prolonged emphasis on the verb, as if, like a telescope, the exclamation increased in value by being drawn out. "*Cette femme-là—comme elle m'adore ! ! !*" was the

At the moment the thought arose, Gustave raised his head towards the door; his glance encountered mine; with a napkin in his hand, which he waved like a flag of truce as he darted from his seat, he rushed towards me, and I was locked in his embrace.

"Ah, mon cher, vous me voyez bien heureux!—Venez donc que je vous présente à Madame Gustave Morel. Tiens, ma belle, voici un de mes amis Anglais!"

I had no time to reflect on his words, the lady rose and turned round and I beheld,—not, alas, the seraph countenance of sweet Mary Beaumont, but the gay, smiling, good-humoured features of a laughing brunette; with a Gascon accent, large dark eyes full of *espièglerie* and fun, and, as I soon discovered, with a flow of animal spirits second only to those of her husband.

I was struck, as the poet says, "all of a heap." To ask an explanation then was impossible; I intended to have deferred it till next day, but I was saved the trouble of waiting so long. The supper was gay and joyous in the extreme, and so infectious was the mirth, that I forgot all but the scene before me. I was recalled to the past by Gustave himself, who while madame was being shawled by one of the attendant cavaliers, put his arm in mine and led me across the room.

"Eh bien, mon ami," he said, suddenly pausing; "me voilà marié. Vous ne l'aviez pas attendu si tôt! N'est-ce-pas qu'elle est belle? Et, écoutez-moi,—quarante mille livres de rente."

"But,"—said I, and the expression of my countenance must have told him what I was going to say.

He interrupted me:—

"Ah! vous voulez parler de *cette affaire*! Eh bien, est-ce que vous en recevez de ses nouvelles?—Comment se porte Mademoiselle Marie? Comme elle était belle! Comme elle m'aimait!!!"

* * * * *

A year elapsed before I again encountered Gustave Morel. In the interval he had made another campaign in Algeria, and now wore the Legion of Honour—and his arm in a sling. He was as gay and high-spirited as ever.

I congratulated him upon his decoration, and asked after his wife.

At first he shrugged his shoulders,—a Frenchman's invariable resource when he is about to make an appeal to his philosophy; he then twisted his moustaches with the hand that was free, and looked me full in the face, with an expression half tigrish, half comic.

"Je vous dirai franchement. Ma femme m'a quittée. Il y avait un diable d'Irlandais ici à Paris; pendant mon absence,—vous devinez le reste. Nous avons échangé des coups de pistolets; il m'a fracassé le bras droit; aussi a-t-il emporté ma femme. Heureusement il n'a pas pu emporter son argent. Elle est jolie sans doute, mais prodigue comme une danseuse. Il aura beau entretenir sa parure! Ainsi ce n'est pas de moi qu'on rira? Mais," exclaimed he, breaking off,—"*cette famille*,—où est elle à présent? Pauvre Marie, *comme elle m'aimait*! N'est-ce pas qu'elle m'aime toujours?"

"I rather think not," I replied,—"*she was married some months since, to Colonel Gordon, the handsomest man in the British army.*"

"A la bonne heure," returned Gustave; "*si elle l'aime autant qu'elle m'aimait* il doit être bien heureux. Au revoir, mon cher."

THE COUNT OF MONTE CHRISTO.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF ALEXANDER DUMAS.

XXVII.—THE APPARITION.

It was on a bed of sickness that Valentine first heard of the arrest of Andrea Cavalcanti, or rather Benedetto, and of his being accused of murder. The rapid succession of alarming events which had cast so mysterious a gloom over her home, and the fatigue and anxiety which these events had entailed upon her, had been more than her delicate constitution could bear with, and she was now a weakly invalid. During the day-time old Noirtier had his chair rolled into his grand-daughter's apartment, and his presence cheered and consoled her in her affliction. M. de Villefort also spent an hour or two in the day at his daughter's bedside, and every night Dr. Avrigny himself brought the drink that had been prepared for the young girl.

The night following that upon which Valentine had first been made acquainted with the events that had taken place at M. Danglars', Valentine was lying, her mind busy in reproducing a series of strange thoughts and images which had been suggested by the extraordinary occurrence in question, and which mingled itself up in the feverish visions with the disastrous fatality that hung upon her own house, when by the glimmering flame of the rush-light, she thought that she saw a panel in the walls of her bed-chamber slowly separating itself from the face of the wall, and leaving an open aperture, through which the form of a man was distinctly visible. Passing through the aperture, the man advanced slowly towards the bed, appearing to listen attentively. During her illness, and the low nervous fever by which it had been accompanied, Valentine's diseased imagination had frequently presented her with apparitions and unnatural visions, and she became convinced that she was labouring under an illusion. At the same time she remembered that relief might be obtained from such painful impressions, by the freshness of the drink prepared for her. She accordingly extended her hand towards the glass, when the apparition, as if carried away by a sudden impulse, moved two or three steps quickly towards her, and held back her arm. There was now no longer any doubt upon the subject; Valentine felt that her senses were awake, and that her impressions were correct, and she shuddered. The man had taken the glass, and carrying it to the light was examining it, as if looking at its transparency. He then poured a little into the palm of his hand and tasted it. As if satisfied with the examination, he returned to the bedside, and, in a voice full of emotion—

"Now," he said, "you may drink!"

Valentine shuddered and almost shrieked out,

"The Count of Monte-Christo!"

"Do not frighten yourself, do not call out," said the count, "the man whom you see before you is the most tender father and the most respectful friend that you possess. I have promised to Maximilian that you shall live."

At the sound of that name the young girl's confidence returned to her, and she gained sufficient strength to inquire from what dangers the count had to protect her.

"From poison, from death," replied the count, "I have seen it poured into your glass."

"You have seen it?" reiterated the young girl, rising in her bed, and then as suddenly sinking in confusion, "what you say, sir, is horrible. What, in the house of my father, in my own room, on a bed of sickness, they wish to assassinate me?"

"Have you, then," asked the count, "never seen anybody enter into your room at night-time?"

"I have seen shadowy visions, which I attributed to the fever, by which I am oppressed."

"And you do not know the person who seeks your life? Then, Valentine, summon all your courage, pretend to be asleep and you may know the secret."

Valentine seized the count's hand.

"Retire!" she said, "I think I hear a noise."

"Farewell," said the count, "have courage, I will see you again."

Valentine remained alone. The clocks of the city of Paris were striking midnight from various points and more or less remote distances. Then, with the exception of the occasional rumbling of a carriage, not a sound was to be heard. Valentine looked at the second movements of the pendulum of the clock, and she felt that they were as slow again as the pulsations of her heart. Ten minutes elapsed in this suspense, when she heard a slight noise in the direction of Madame de Villefort's room. A few moments after the door opened slowly, Valentine felt that some one was approaching, and was in contact with the curtains.

"Valentine!" said a voice in a low tone.

The young girl shuddered to the bottom of her heart, but did not answer. Valentine heard her name repeated, and then a fluid was poured into her drink. Valentine ventured to look from between her half-closed eye-lids, and she saw the round and beautiful arm of a woman of twenty-five years of age, young and handsome, busy mixing up the ingredients of death. That arm Valentine at once recognised to belong to Madame de Villefort. The arm disappeared behind the curtain, and the slightest possible noise intimated to the affrighted girl that Madame de Villefort was gone. It is impossible to express all that Valentine had felt and experienced during the time that her step-mother had been in her room. She was only extricated from her painful reflections by the sound of footsteps.

"Well," asked the voice of Monte Cristo, "do you still doubt?"

"My God, my God!" exclaimed the young girl, "why do they pursue me thus?"

"Are you so good, have you so little intimacy with evil, as not to understand? You are rich, Valentine, you have two hundred thousand francs of income, and that revenue you withhold from her son."

"How is that? my fortune is not hers but comes to me through my parents."

"Precisely so, and that is the reason why M. and Madame de St. Meran are dead, it was in order that you should inherit from your parents; that is the reason why, from the day that he made you his heir, M. Noirtier was

condemned, and that is the reason why you, in your turn were to die ; it was that your father should inherit from you, and that your brother, then an only son, should inherit from your father."

"Edward? Poor child! and is it for him that all these crimes are committed? O my God, may they only not recoil upon him! And is it possible," continued the young woman, "that it was in a woman's mind that all these things were conceived."

"Do you remember Perouse and the arbour in the garden of the hotel, and the man in the mantle, whom your step-mother interrogated upon the *agna tofana*? well, since that time this infernal project has been ripening in her brain."

"Oh!" exclaimed Valentine, bursting into tears, "then I am condemned to death and there is no escape for me."

"Yes, Valentine, there is. I have anticipated this plot. You shall live, Valentine, to love and to be loved, to give happiness to a noble heart ; but in order to live, Valentine, you must have entire confidence in me."

"Sir," said Valentine, "I will do every thing I can to live, for there are two beings in the world who so love me, as not to care for life if I should die—my grand-father and Maximilian."

"Valentine, to be saved, you must take whatever I shall give you, and whatever results from it, you must not be alarmed. If you lose your senses fear nothing, and if you should return to consciousness in a sepulchral cave, or even in a coffin, have no misgivings as to the result, but recall to your memory that a friend, a father, one who wishes your happiness and that of Maximilian, is watching over you and will extricate you."

"Alas! alas! what a fearful alternative!"

"Valentine, do you prefer to lay informations against your step-mother?"

"I would rather die a hundred times!"

"No, you shall not die, alone I can save you, and will save you."

So saying, the count drew from his waistcoat pocket a small emerald box, raised the golden lid and drew from it a small lozenge. Valentine took it in her hand and looked at the count attentively. The expression of his features was that of majesty and goodness. She conveyed the lozenge to her mouth and swallowed it.

Monte Cristo kept his eyes fixed for a long time upon the young girl, who was falling gradually asleep, overcome by the narcotic which the count had given to her. He then took the glass, emptied the three-fourths into the fire-place, so that it might be supposed that Valentine had drunk that quantity, replaced it, and proceeding to the panel disappeared, after casting a last look at Valentine, who had fallen asleep with the confidence and the candour of an angel at the feet of its saviour.

XXVIII.—THE NARCOTIC.

THE rushlight had burned down to its socket, and was crackling away in the agonies of extinction, and a dark and sinister light, that of the earliest break of a cloudy day, had just tinged the white curtains and sheets of the young girl's bed with an opal tint, when Madame de Villefort returned to observe the effects of the drink.

She stopped a moment at the threshold of the door, and listened to

the crackling of the light, the only sound that was audible in a room which might have been deemed untenanted. She then approached the table slowly to see if Valentine's glass was empty. There was only one-fourth of its contents remaining. Satisfied with this examination, Madame de Villefort took it up and went and emptied the remainder in the ashes, which she stirred in order to facilitate the absorption of the fluid, after which she carefully wiped the tumbler with her own pocket-handkerchief, and replaced it on the table.

Had any one had the power to look into the interior of that room at that moment, they would have seen that Madame de Villefort hesitated to approach the bed, or to look at Valentine. The sombre light, the profound silence—terrible poetry of the night—came no doubt to combine itself with the frightful poetry of her conscience: the poisoner was afraid of her work.

At length she gained courage sufficient to draw the curtain aside, and leaning over the bedstead she contemplated the young girl. Valentine no longer breathed. Her teeth, nearly closed, did not allow a breath to escape that should proclaim life, her white lips had ceased to quiver; her eyes were bathed in a violet vapour which appeared to have filtered from beneath the skin, and her long, black eye-lashes radiated across a skin already waxed in death. Madame de Villefort raised the coverings and placed her hand upon the young girl's heart. It was still and icy. She withdrew her hand with a shudder.

Valentine's arm was hanging out of the bed. That arm, in all that part which extended from the shoulder to the elbow, appeared as if moulded upon that of one of the graces of Germain Pilon, but the forearm was deformed by a slight contraction, and the hand, of so pure a shape, reposed somewhat stiffened, and the fingers slightly extended, upon the mahogany table. The nails alone were blueish at their origin.

For Madame de Villefort there was no longer any doubt, everything was over; the terrible work—the last which she had to accomplish—was at last completed. The poisoner had nothing further to do in that room, and she turned away; but at that moment the light went out with a slight noise, the room was left in a fearful obscurity, and Madame de Villefort was aroused from that reverie of crime which is the beginning of remorse by the simultaneous striking of the pendulum and many clocks. It was half-past four. Terrified by these successive events, although so trifling in themselves, the poisoner hastened away, the perspiration of agony upon her forehead.

Gradually the more distinct light of day invaded the apartment, giving form and colour to the objects, and soon after the break of day the cough of the sick-nurse was heard on the stair, and she entered the room, a cup in her hand. For a father or a lover, the first look would have been decisive—Valentine was dead; for that mercenary, Valentine was only asleep; so she approached the fire-place, busied herself in stirring up the embers, and then committing herself to an arm-chair, took advantage of Valentine's being asleep to enjoy a matinal nap herself. She was awake by the time-piece striking eight o'clock. Then, surprised at this prolonged sleep, and frightened by the arm that still hung out of bed, she approached the patient with the intention of replacing it in a more convenient position, but it resisted with that terrible stiffness which even a

sick-nurse could not misunderstand. She uttered a fearful shriek, and then running to the door called aloud for help.

"How is this—what is the matter?" answered M. d'Avrigny, from the bottom of the staircase; for it was the hour that the doctor was accustomed to pay his first visit.

"Help! Help for what?" exclaimed the voice of M. de Villefort, rushing from his room. "Doctor, did you not hear a cry for help?"

"Yes, yes let us hasten upstairs," answered the doctor: "it came from Valentine's room."

But before the doctor and the father could reach the room, the servants sleeping upon the same floor had already hastened to the scene of the new catastrophe, and seeing Valentine pale and motionless upon her bed, were raising their hands to heaven in an expression of mingled surprise and horror.

"Call Madame de Villefort! arouse Madame de Villefort!" exclaimed the king's solicitor, as he gained the threshold of the apartment, but the servants, instead of answering, looked at M. d'Avrigny, who had gone to Valentine's assistance, and was lifting her in his arms.

"This one also!" he muttered, as he let the body fall. "O my God, when will you be tired?"

"What do you say!" exclaimed M. de Villefort, raising his hands up to heaven. "Doctor! doctor!"

"I say that Valentine is dead," answered M. d'Avrigny, in a solemn and terrible tone.

The father fell with a shriek upon his daughter's bed. At this cry, and as the words of the doctor gradually found a place in their perplexed and affrighted intelligences, the servants hurried away with curses on their lips, their quick steps were heard upon the staircase and in the corridor, then there was a movement in the court-yard, and that was all; no further noise was heard, from the first to the last; they had all fled from the house.

At this moment Madame de Villefort appeared in her dressing-gown. She stopped a moment at the threshold, as if interrogating the looks of those present. Suddenly she made a rush towards the table. She had just seen M. d'Avrigny seize with an expression of infinite anxiety the glass which she supposed she had emptied during the night. The glass was precisely one-third full, as it was when she threw the remaining third into the ashes. The ghost of Valentine, erect before the poisoner, would not have produced more effect upon her. She remained motionless as the statue of terror.

M. d'Avrigny had in the meantime approached the window, and was tasting the fluid with his finger dipped into the glass.

"Ah!" he said, "it is no longer brucine now; a simple narcotic!"

Madame de Villefort turned back to the door of the room and disappeared; a moment afterwards the sound as of a body falling came from her room.

"Go and help Madame de Villefort," said the doctor to the sick-nurse. "She has fainted."

"But Miss Valentine?" said the latter.

"Miss Valentine is no longer in want of help," replied M. d'Avrigny, "since Miss Valentine is dead."

CHAPTERS FROM THE HISTORY OF SORCERY AND MAGIC.

BY THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A.

CHAPTER III.—SORCERY IN FRANCE—THE CITIZENS OF ARRAS.

IN France, the belief in sorcery appears to have been more prevalent even than in England, and about the middle of the fifteenth century it became the ground of one of the most remarkable acts of wholesale oppression that the history of that age has preserved to us. As early as the thirteenth century the charge of sorcery had been used as one of the means of branding with infamy the name of the Waldenses or Vaudois; they were accused of selling themselves to the devil, of passing through the air mounted on broomsticks to a place of general meeting, where they did homage to the demon, and where they had preaching, did various acts of impiety, feasted, and joined in indiscriminate licentiousness. Several persons accused of taking part in these meetings were put to death, and the meeting itself was often characterised by the name of a *Vaudoisie* or a *Vauderie*. The secrecy of the meetings of persecuted religious sectaries gave a certain plausible appearance to such stories. At the commencement of the fourteenth century, the same hated and fearful crime of sorcery was deeply mixed up with the charges brought against the unfortunate Templars; and it was not unfrequently used in subsequent times to ruin the character of high state offenders.

Such was the case with the powerful minister of Philippe le Bel, Enguerrand de Marigny, who, after the death of that monarch in 1315, was thrown into prison, and accused of various acts of extortion and other crimes in abuse of the confidence of his late master, at the instigation of some of the princes of the royal family of France, whose enmity he had provoked, especially the counts of Valois and St. Pol. Philippe's successor, Louis, showed some inclination to save Enguerrand, and his trial was making little progress, when it was suddenly published abroad that he had entered into a conspiracy to compass the death of his two principal accusers. It was stated that Enguerrand had sent for his wife the lady of Marigny, her sister the lady of Chantelou, and his brother, the Archbishop of Sens, who came to him in his prison, and there held counsel together on the best method of effecting the deaths of the two counts. The ladies, after leaving the prison, sent for a lame woman, who appears to have dealt in alchemy—*qui fesoit l'or*—and a *mauvais garçon*, named Paviot, and promised them a great sum of money if they would make "certain faces whereby they might kill the said counts." The "faces," or images, were accordingly made of wax, and baptised in the devil's name, and so ordered "by art magic," that as they dried up the counts would have quickly pined away and died. But accidentally, as we are told, the whole matter came to the ears of the Count of Valois, who gave information to the king, and the latter then consented to Enguerrand's death. Enguerrand and Paviot were hanged on one gibbet; the lame woman was burnt, and the two ladies were condemned to prison. In 1334, the lady of Robert, Count of Artois, and her son, were thrown into prison on a suspi-

cion of sorcery; her husband had been banished for crimes of a different nature.

The chronicle of St. Denis, in which is preserved the account of the trial of Enguerrand de Marigny, furnishes a singular instance of the superstitious feelings of this age. In 1323, a Cistercian abbot was robbed of a very considerable sum of money. He went to a man of Château-Landon, who had been provost of that town, and was known by the name of Jehan le Prevost, to consult on the best way of tracing the robbers, and by his advice made an agreement with a sorcerer, who undertook to discover them, and oblige them to make restitution. A box was first made, and in it was placed a black cat with three days' provisions of bread sopped in cream, oil that had been sanctified, and holy water, and the box was then buried in the ground at a cross road, two holes having been left in the box, with two long pipes, which admitted sufficient air to keep the cat alive. After three days the cat was to have been taken out and skinned, and the skin cut into thongs, and these thongs being made into a girdle, the man who wore it, with certain insignificant ceremonies, might call upon the evil one, who would immediately come and answer any questions he put to him.

It happened, however, that the day after the cat was buried, a party of shepherds passed over the spot with their sheep and dogs, and the latter, smelling the cat, began to bark furiously, and tear up the ground with their feet. The shepherds, astonished at the perseverance with which the dogs continued to scratch the ground, brought the then provost of Château-Landon to the place, who had the ground excavated, and found the box and cat. It was at once judged to be an act of sorcery, and was the subject of much scandal, but no traces could be discovered of the persons who had done it, until at last the provost found the carpenter who had made the box for Jehan le Prevost, and thus the whole matter came to light, and two persons were burnt for the crime.

Every reader of history knows that the most serious crime laid to the charge of Joan of Arc, was that of sorcery, for which chiefly she was condemned to the stake. It was pretended that she had been in the habit of attending at the witches' sabbath which was held on the Thursday night of every week, at a fountain by the fairies' oak of Bourlemont, near Domprein, her native place; that from thence she was sent forth to cause war and slaughter; that the evil spirits had discovered to her a magic sword concealed in the church of St. Catherine at Fierbois, to which, and to charmed rings and banners which she bore about with her, she owed her victories; and that by means of sorcery she had gained the confidence and favour of the king and the Duke of Bourbon. She was gravely condemned on these charges by the faculty of theology of the university of Paris.

The belief in the nightly meetings, or sabbath of the witches, had now become almost universal. We learn that it was very prevalent in Italy about the year 1400, and that many persons were accused of having been present at them, and of having denied their belief in the Church, and done homage to the evil one, with various detestable acts and ceremonies. It was half a century later that this belief was made the ground-work of a series of prosecutions in Artois and Flanders, the only object of which appears to have been revenge and extortion. We know nothing, however, of the events which preceded and led to them. A particular account of the proceedings has been left us by a contemporary writer, Jacques du Clerc, who appears to have been present, and shorter accounts are preserved in one

or two of the old historians. The term *Vauldois* is here used simply in the sense of a sorcerer.

At the time of which are speaking, a Jacobin monk, named Pierre le Broussart, was inquisitor of the faith in the city of Arras. About the feast of All Saints, 1459, a young woman, somewhat more than thirty years of age, named Demiselle, who lived by prostitution (a *femme de folle vie*), in the city of Douai, was suddenly arrested at that place by Pierre le Broussart's orders, and carried prisoner to Arras, where she was brought before the municipal magistrates, and by them, at the inquisitor's demand, given over to the ecclesiastical arm, and thrown into the bishop's prison. When she asked her persecutors why she was thus treated, they only condescended to inform her that she would hear in good time, and one of them asked, in way of raillery if she did not know a hermit named Robinet de Vaulx. She replied in consternation, "*Et que chechy? cuide ton que je sois Vauldoise?*"—"And what of that? do they think me a witch?"

In fact, Robinet de Vaulx, who was a native of Artois, but had lived for some time as a hermit in the province of Burgundy, had recently been burnt for the crime of sorcery, or *Vaulderie*, at Langres, and she could only suppose, by the allusion to his name, that she was now accused of the same crime. Accordingly, it was soon afterwards made known that Pierre le Broussart had been at the chapter-general of the friars, preachers (or Jacobins), held that year at Langres, at which Robinet de Vaulx had been condemned, and that, on his trial, he had confessed that there were a great number of sorcerers in Artois, men and women; and that, among others, he had named this woman, Demiselle, dwelling at Douai, and a man named Jehan Lavite, who was known by the nickname of *abbé de peu de sens* (the abbot of little sense). On his return from the chapter, Broussart had, as he pretended, acted on this information, and caused Demiselle to be arrested. She was examined and put to the torture several times before the vicars of the Bishop of Arras, and, among the rest, Master Jacques Dubois, a doctor in theology, canon and dean of the church of Notre Dame at Arras, made himself most busy and active, and laboured most in interrogating her. After having been very cruelly tortured, the miserable woman was at length induced to confess that she had been present at the *Vaulderie*, or meeting of sorcerers, where she had seen and recognised many persons, and, among others, the said Jehan Lavite, known as the *abbé de peu de sens*, who was a painter, and then resided at Arras, but where he was at the time of her examination she did not know. The inquisitor of the faith, after much trouble, found him living at Abbeville, in Ponthieu, and had him seized and brought to Arras, where he arrived on the 25th of February, and was immediately committed to the bishop's prison. The *abbé de peu de sens*, at the moment of being taken, appears to have lost the little sense he possessed, and attempted to cut off his own tongue with a pen-knife, and maimed himself so much that he was for some length of time unable to speak. The inquisitors said that he did this to avoid making any confession; and they subjected him to a close examination and cruel tortures, until they forced him to make a confession in writing, in which he stated that he had been at the *Vaulderie*, and that he had seen there many people of all estates, men and women, nobles and burghers, and even ecclesiastics, whose names and surnames he gave. In consequence of this information, Huguet Camey, a barber, known commonly by the name of Paternoster; Jehan le Fevre, a serjeant of the échevins of the

city of Arras; Jeanne d'Auvergne, the mistress of the new baths of the city; and three prostitutes of Arras, known by the familiar appellations of Belotte, Vergengen, and Blancqminette; were all thrown into the bishop's prison, and subjected to the same interrogations and tortures as the others.

When the bishop's vicars saw the matter going on in this way, and the number of persons accused increasing daily, they began to dread the consequences, and were inclined to put a stop to the proceedings. Indeed, it was understood to be their intention to set all the prisoners at liberty at Easter. But Jacques Dubois, the Dean of Arras, who had already shown himself such an active inquisitor, opposed violently this act of leniency, and offered himself as their accuser, being supported in this by a bigotted friar minor, John, Bishop of Bayrut and suffragan of the church of Arras. Still fearful that he might not be successful, the dean went to Peronne, and obtained a private interview with the Comte d'Estampes, who came in haste to Arras, called before him the bishop's vicars, enjoined them to proceed energetically against the prisoners, as it was their duty to do, or he would take the affair into his own hands, and then returned to Peronne. The vicars did not venture to disobey the count, because, if by their negligence they let the cause go out of their court, it implied a loss or diminution of their privileges.

The prisoners were again subjected to the torture, and, as it appears, the number of persons accused by them were considerably increased. The bishop's vicars were more and more embarrassed, and tried to relieve themselves by sending a copy of the examinations to Cambray, for the advice of Gilles Carlier, a doctor of theology, seventy-two years of age, dean of the church of Notre Dame of Cambray, and "one of the most notable clerks in Christendom, as was said;" and another "*très notable clerc*," Master Gregoire Nicollay, canon and official of the Bishop of Cambray. These two notables, having carefully and attentively read the confessions, gave it in writing as their opinion that they should only punish the prisoners leniently, and not proceed to extremities if they had committed no murders, and had not abused the body of Christ (*i. e.* the consecrated host). Master Jacques Dubois and the titular Bishop of Bayrut were much irritated at this decision. They proclaimed it as their opinion that the prisoners ought all to be burnt, and that even those who did not confess should be condemned, if four of those who confessed agreed in accusing the same person; and these two dignitaries used their utmost diligence to bring this opinion into effect. Dubois declared publicly, that he knew things at which, if made known, "people would be much abashed," and that he knew that all who were accused were justly accused. He said that bishops and even cardinals had been at the *Vaulderie*, or sabbath, and that the number of persons compromised in it was so great, that, if they had only some king or great prince to head them, they would rebel against the whole world. The Bishop of Bayrut had held the office of penitentier to the pope, and was said to *connaître moult des choses*; and the historian tells us that he had "such an imagination," that as soon as he saw people, he at once judged and said whether they were *Vauldois* or not. This man and Dubois sustained, that when a man was once accused of this crime, from that moment nobody, even father or mother, or wife, or brother, or child, ought to take his part, or hold any communication with him. At this time, another citizen of Arras, a wood-merchant, was accused and thrown into prison;

and the Count d'Estampes was prevailed upon to write a letter to the vicars, rebuking them for their tardiness.

At length, a scaffold was raised in the public place of the city of Arras, and, amid an immense concourse of people, all the prisoners were brought forth, each with a mitre on his head, on which the devil was painted in the form in which he had appeared at the *Vaulderie*. They were first exhorted by the inquisitors, and their confession was then read to them, in which they avowed that when they wished to go to the *Vaulderie*, they took a certain ointment which the devil had given them, rubbed a little wooden rod and the palms of their hands with it, and then placed the rod between their legs, upon which they were suddenly carried through the air to the place of assembly. There they found tables spread, loaded with all sorts of meats and with wine, and a devil in the form of a goat, with the tail of an ape, and a human countenance. They first did oblation and homage to him, offering him their soul, or at least some part of their body, and then, as a mark of adoration, kissed him behind, holding burning torches in their hands. The *abbé de peu de sens* was stated to have held the office of master of the ceremonies at these meetings, it being his duty to make the new-comers do their homage. After this, they all trod on the cross, spit upon it, in despite of Jesus and the Holy Trinity, and performed other profane actions. Then they fell to eating and drinking, and the meeting ended in a scene of indescribable debauchery, in which the demon took alternately the forms of each sex. After a number of wicked actions, the devil preached to the assembly, and forbade them to go to church, or to hear mass, or to touch holy water, or perform any other Christian duty. The assembly was stated to have been most commonly held at a fountain in the wood of Mofflaines, about a league from Arras, but sometimes in other places, and, on some occasions, they had gone thither on foot.

When this confession had been read, the prisoners were publicly asked if they acknowledged its truth, and they all answered with a clear voice, "Yes," after which they were taken from the scaffold, and carried to the town-hall. Their sentence was then published in French and Latin, and they were delivered over to the secular power, to do execution upon them as rotten and stinking members of the church of Christ. Their inheritances were forfeited to the count, and their goods (the better share of the booty in this instance) to the bishop. When it was announced to the prisoners that they were condemned to death, the women burst into fearful screams and lamentations, and they all declared themselves innocent, and called for vengeance on Jacques Dubois, who they said had induced them to make the confession which he had put into their mouths, by the promise that on that condition he would save their lives. They persisted in declaring their innocence to the last, which "moved people to great thought and murmurs," some asserting that they were wrongfully condemned, while others said it was the devil who had made them obstinate, that they might not relinquish his service. The *abbé de peu de sens* was the first that was burnt; and his fate excited much commiseration, for he was between sixty and seventy years of age, a painter and a poet, who had been welcome everywhere, because he composed and sung songs well; and it was observed, that he had made beautiful ditties and ballads in honour of the blessed Virgin; but there were people malicious enough to say, that when he sung these, he took off his hat at the end, and said in a low voice, "*Ne déplaise à mon maistre !*" The woman Demiselle,

who had been the first person accused, was carried to Douai to be burnt there.

Hitherto, the accused had been all poor people, and chiefly persons of very equivocal character. Their depositions, as far as they compromised others, were kept in the greatest secrecy; but it was after their execution that the real designs of the prosecutors began to show themselves. Late in the evening of the 16th of July, 1460, the Governor of Peronne, Bauldwin, Lord of Noyalles, came to Arras, and arrested, on an accusation of *Vaulderie*, Master Anthoine Sacquespée, one of the échevins of the city, and a very rich burgher, and delivered him into the custody of the Lieutenant of Arras, who committed him to the bishop's prison. The following morning another of the échevins, Jehan Josset, and the city serjeant, Henriet de Royville, both men of substance, were imprisoned in the course of the day; the fear and consternation of the citizen, became so great, that several of the most wealthy attempted to save themselves by flight; but they were immediately pursued by the officers of the Comte d'Estampes, and brought back to be imprisoned along with their companions. Some of them were followed as far as Paris; several other persons, all chosen apparently for their wealth, were arrested in the course of the following days, among whom was the Lord of Beaufort; and the affair made so much noise, that even in distant parts of France a traveller who was known to have come from Arras, could with difficulty find any body who would give him lodgings.

A few of the persons thus seized were set at liberty, because they would not confess, and only one, or two, or three witnesses had deposed to having seen them at the sabbath, but the others accused only on the evidence forced from prostitutes and others, who had been put to death, and were therefore not forthcoming to be cross-examined or confronted with the persons they accused, were treated with the utmost rigour. The city of Arras was in the greatest confusion; trade was at a stand; and people were seizing every possible excuse to leave it. At length the affair reached the ears of the Duke of Burgundy, and it was discussed before him and the learned people of his court at Brussels, and, at their suggestion, the opinion of the university of Louvaine was taken. There was found much division of opinion, however, among the learned clerks; for some declared loudly their belief that this crime of *Vaulderie* was not real, but a mere illusion; while others as resolutely sustained the contrary. The duke, however, interposed his authority so far, that from this time no other persons were arrested, and he sent to Arras one of his confidential courtiers to watch the trials, which were pushed forwards as rapidly as possible by Dubois and his colleagues.

On the 12th of October, 1460, the five prisoners of most importance for their wealth or position, were brought forth, and, to the surprise of every body, the Lord of Beaufort made a voluntary confession, that he had been acquainted with the three prostitutes who had already perished at the stake, and that he had allowed himself to be overcome by their wicked persuasions, in consequence of which he had, in his own house, anointed a stick and his own body with the ointment which they had given him, and that he was immediately carried away to the wood of Mofflaine, where he found a great multitude of persons of both sexes congregated together. He said that the devil presided over the assembly in the form of an ape, and that he had done homage to him, and kissed one of his paws. He expressed the greatest contrition for his crime, and

begged for mercy of his judges. Many of the other prisoners sustained the utmost extremity of torture, and still asserted their innocence; but the confession of the Lord of Beaufort had its effect in giving credit to the accusations of the inquisitors, who declared publicly that Anti-christ was born, and that the *Vaulderie* was preparing the way for him. All the prisoners were found guilty, and the sentence was confirmed by the duke, but none of them were put to death. The Lord of Beaufort was condemned to ten years' imprisonment, and to a very heavy fine, which went chiefly to the church and to the inquisitors. The others were similarly punished with various degrees of fine and imprisonment.

A new incident in this tragedy occurred at the beginning of the year 1461, which seemed a judgment of Providence on one of the most busy persecutors of the good citizens of Arras. Master Jacques Dubois, dean of the church of Nôtre Dame, as he was on his way to the town of Corbey, was suddenly struck with a paralytic attack, which deprived him of his senses. He was carried to Paris, but medical aid was of no avail. He recovered the use of his senses, but he remained in a state of extreme bodily weakness, his members trembled and shook when he attempted to use them, and he lingered on miserably in his chamber till the month of February, when he died. All who believed in the truth of the *Vaulderie*, said that he had been bewitched by some of the sorcerers in revenge for the activity he had shown in bringing them to justice.

But it turned out that the inquisitors, in their eagerness for the plunder, had struck too high. The Lord of Beaufort, indignant at the treatment he had experienced, prosecuted his judges, and carried his cause before the Parliament of Paris, where it was pleaded by his counsel in June, 1461. The latter laid open with a very unsparing hand, the illegal and tyrannical conduct of the inquisitors; showed that the confessions of the prisoners had been forced from them by the torture, and that they had been allowed to make no defence; and stated, that, at the trial, the Lord of Beaufort had himself been put to the torture, and persisting in asserting his innocence, had been carried back to prison, where he was visited by Master Jacques Dubois, the dean of Nôtre Dame above mentioned, who had begged him on his knees to make a confession and acknowledge that he had been present at the *Vaulderie*, pretending that he made this request for the sake of his children and family, as it was the only way in which he could save him from the stake, in which case his property and estates would be confiscated, and his children reduced to poverty; that when the Lord of Beaufort represented to Dubois in reply, that he was already bound by the oath he had taken to his own innocence, and which he could not contradict, the dean told him not to be uneasy on that point, as he would undertake to obtain an absolution for him. It was now remembered that when the first victims of the inquisitors were carried to execution, they had asserted that all they had said in their confessions was untrue, and that Jacques Dubois had promised them he would save their lives if they would say it. The Parliament at once acquitted the Lord of Beaufort and set him at liberty. The other prisoners were then sent for by the Parliament, and their cases having been severally examined into, they were also released from the penalties to which they had been condemned, and sent home to their families. Thus ended the persecution of the sorcerers of Arras, an extraordinary example of the lengths to which people may be led by ignorance and superstition.

IMMATERIALITIES ; OR, CAN SUCH THINGS BE ?

BY CHARLES HOOTON.

CHAP. II.

An Appearance in a Country Kitchen—Incident in a Bed-Chamber—The Death of Lord Lyttleton during the Reign of George III.

PERHAPS to the almost despotic influence of *fashion* in opinion, may justly be attributed the slight importance which in the present day is attached to stories of the kind now treated upon. It has become customary to cast ridicule upon them, to consider even the faithful narrator thereof himself as a weak and superstitious individual; and because it is customary, few dare to do otherwise. What any body collectively do, every body individually must do likewise, or else any body must abide the laugh of every body, and be out of the ordinary fashion of thinking, into the bargain. Investigation and consideration are out of the question—what all men say must be true, and thus opinions are confided in, not one-half so much from conviction and the internal evidence of their truth, as from the really worthless fact that disbelievers are so many, or so many more, in numerical amount; just as though numbers could have any influence in the decision of a metaphysical question, as though popular belief in a falsehood made it a whit the more true, or disbelief in a truth could depreciate its verity.

Opinion has no more to do with the question than it has to do with the truth or falsity of the Copernican system of the universe. Clearly, opinion itself is essentially nothing whatever to any body, except to the individual who entertains it. Public opinion never yet, since the world began, decided the right or the wrong of an abstruse mental deduction, and never will from henceforwards to doomsday. And when we reflect how almost invariably, indeed, it has been mistaken, and how remotely seldom correct, we may well doubt even its value when regarded only in the simple light of collateral evidence. Propagated and diffused by fashion, by man's natural love (or weakness) to be like his neighbours, and not different from other men, right or wrong, truth or falsehood in the abstract, enter little or not at all into its composition. Public opinion has in turn praised every thing and condemned every thing; risen and fallen like a scale, according to the amount of pressure upon it, and is ever fluctuating like a restless ocean, over which blows an everlasting wind. Yet we are always falsely inclined to consider this changeable thing under any or all of its phases, as a sort of corroborative testimony of that truth or that falsehood whose essence and proof lie far and quite beyond its reach and province. The influence of this opinion, as it, at the present day, affects the subject-matter of these pages, will meet therefore with but slight if any regard. For if the general opinion be now against us, we equally know it was not long ago as much for us; and there is no security whatever in its own variable nature that it shall not some day turn again.

While, however, the current sets in so powerfully on the present course,

some degree of moral courage is required to make even an attempt to cross it; and few there are who will venture so much as that. Contempt of a man's understanding, and the impeachment of his physical courage in relation to matters presumed to be altogether imaginary, are amongst the last things he can voluntarily run the risk of incurring, or patiently endure when they are incurred. He can well bear to be considered "no philosopher," but repels the idea of being thought credulous, and easily susceptible of imposition. He likes to be esteemed brave even when confronted with the greatest physical dangers; but no indictment for cowardice can be more strong than that which arraigns him of being terrified at, and running away from, the creations of his own excited fancy, or the misrepresentations of his external senses when imperfectly exercised. And hence it comes that numberless thinking men—men whose minds are qualified by nature and education to see beyond and penetrate further than the actual solid and tangible matter of the world about them, remain in doubt and silence upon the curious question of spectral appearances. They know such existences to be not only possible but probable, by just the same course of induction as we arrive at the all but absolute demonstration that man in his present state cannot be the only intelligent being, or in the highest state of created existences. In every thing with which we are familiar, we find nature amply filled. There are no empty places, no points of termination with which we are acquainted. If we search downwards in the scale of creation, life is there; the microscope itself fails to discover all, but testifies as truly to the reality of the undiscoverable, as on the other hand does the telescope to the certain existence of worlds and systems beyond the reach of sight or science. Why should this order, this seeming eternity of being, cease with man? Surely the upward scale must be as immeasurable and inscrutable as the lower, and the spiritual state as rife with living and moving things, as is that which we daily behold, through the medium of the outer senses.

One of our latest and most philosophical writers, Mr. S. R. Bosanquet, in his valuable volume, "A New System of Logic," does not hesitate to avow his opinion and faith upon this subject in a manner as honest as it is unequivocal, and without any of that idle dread of public opinion which would have deterred many less profound than himself from such a course, and terrified them into keeping silence with the tongue, whatever might have been their thoughts.

I am fully aware of the force of the common objection, "Since the belief in ghosts has declined, the tales concerning them have proportionally lessened, and the appearances themselves have ceased to be seen. Hence the whole matter is fabulous, and exists nowhere save in the imaginations of superstitious and weak individuals."

Doubtless on this, as on many other subjects of human belief, the increasing intelligence of mankind has not only exposed much actual fraud, but raised an effectual barrier against a repetition of it, and its continued imposition upon the popular mind; and consequently, by implication, undeserved contempt may also have been cast upon otherwise inexplicable and mysterious relations—stories possibly true in themselves, though equally scouted and rejected with the false, because they happened to be found in disreputable company. True philosophy does not teach us to reject every thing by wholesale, solely because in some things error and deception have been detected.

That timid and highly-imaginative persons readily create for them-

selves, under favourable circumstances the semblances of things which have no real existence either bodily or spiritual, is in itself no argument in proof that all supernatural appearances are purely imaginary. They have happened under attendant circumstances totally opposed to the idea that they could be the result either of timidity or of a lively imagination, called into morbid activity by either situations or accessories of a congenial nature. And of this an illustration may be given, for the accuracy of which the writer can vouch with as much sincerity as though he had been himself an eye-witness of the occurrence. The parties are still living, and well-known to him.

In the pleasant village of North C——m, Nottinghamshire, stands an old ivy-grown mansion, which, during a lengthened period of years, has been occupied by a family of substance named B——. Very early one winter's morning—it might be between three and four o'clock—the household was alarmed by cries for assistance from one of two female servants, who had arisen an hour before for the purpose of washing the linen, and were at that time engaged before a rousing kitchen-fire and in the light of a couple of candles, at their occupation. On the startled inmates rushing down stairs, they found one of the servants lying in a state of complete insensibility, while the other, with feelings of extreme astonishment and wonder at the cause of this sudden sickness, was endeavouring to minister to her necessities. The latter, on being questioned concerning the occasion of her fellow-servant's fainting fit, could give no other account of it than the very unsatisfactory one that, as they were doing their work and chatting together the other's face instantaneously assumed an expression of excessive terror,—the more striking, perhaps, from its unexpected suddenness,—that her eyes appeared during a few seconds fixed frightfully in her head, and then she dropped insensible upon the floor.

"I thought she was startled at something," added she, "but *I* could not see any thing to frighten her myself. There was nobody there, and I heard no noise. The kitchen-door was wide open as it is now, and the kitchen quite as light, so that I am sure if any body had been in and startled her, I should have heard and seen as well as herself."

When the damsel was sufficiently recovered to feel enabled to give any intelligible account, she begged of those around her to go or send to Mr. B.'s, at —— (this was her master's brother, who resided some miles off), as she felt certain something was amiss; for, as she stood at the dresser, she plainly saw him come in at the kitchen-door and walk across the floor towards the fire-place. But that was not the worst of it. She should not have felt so much alarmed had she not distinctly seen as he approached that he was without his head!

Of course no one took particular notice of this ridiculous tale, but readily interpreted it as the idle coinage of her present terror, and her disordered imagination. However, she relapsed into her former state again at the bare recollection, and remained seriously if not dangerously affected during many hours.

While breakfast by candle-light was yet upon the table, and many busy tongues were discussing the merits and demerits of Polly's morning apparition, a horseman was heard riding at a rapid and eager speed along the frozen road outside. He came to a full stop at the gate of Mr. B.'s house. This was unusual, and bosoms began to pant and hearts to leap

lest the vision was about to be confirmed. The horseman dismounted, and entered with consternation painted on his countenance. He was a messenger from the house of Mr. B.'s brother,—the very individual Polly had seen in the kitchen—and he came to inform the family that that gentleman, his master, had, between three and four o'clock on the precise morning in question, cut his throat with a razor, and nearly severed his head from his body.

The circumstance took place about five-and-twenty years ago ; nobody ever doubted any of the facts, nor could any light be thrown upon them in the way of explanation.

The mention of this remarkable incident reminds me of another of a somewhat similar nature, which occurred in the same village, though not in the same house, about eight years since, and immediately within my own observation and knowledge. In fact, I was personally one of the principal parties concerned.

It was in the summer time, and my brother and myself were on a visit at the house of an old friend of the family's, resident in C——m. We occupied the same sleeping-room but had separate beds. These were placed at opposite angles of the chamber, the foot of each being towards the centre of the room. We had been there two or three days, when early one morning I awoke out of a deep sleep, it being then daylight, and found my brother already awake though not risen. As we thus lay, he very seriously inquired of me what I was doing about the room before it was light, and for what purpose I had got up so soon ? I replied that he must have been mistaken, as I had not risen at all, nor even so much as once awakened until that moment from the time I had lain down and gone to sleep. And indeed the state of the bed and bed-clothes sufficiently testified that no such derangement had taken place, as must have been the case had the occupant got up and then returned. Every thing was as straight as though a log of wood had been laid in my place, and it was almost evident that I could not even have turned on my side during the night. Exercise and fresh air had caused me to remain exactly as I lay down. Nor, under any circumstances—more especially those to which I have referred—was it at all probable that I had arisen in my sleep, for such a thing was never known to befall me during the whole course of my life. Nevertheless, my brother could not be persuaded contrary to his own perceptions, but insisted upon it that on waking while it was yet comparatively dark, he saw a figure, which he of course took to be myself, apparently creeping about my bed as though without any aim or object ; that he spoke twice or thrice but received no sort of answer or any recognition of his presence, and that finally it seemed to open the curtains which were drawn across the foot, and then disappear. He *heard no noise*, however, during all this, and felt uneasy as thinking I was ill and walking in my sleep. But my confidence that no such thing had happened to me was unshaken ; and on examining the curtains alluded to was proved not to be without foundation, for they were not divided but all of a piece ; and to enter the bed in the manner he described, or in any manner at the foot was next to impossible.

We could not make the difficulty clear between us, and each remained of his own opinion. But the first news we heard on going down stairs that morning was, that a very unusual and distressing occurrence had just taken place. A neighbouring farmer had got out of his bed about three o'clock (the time when my brother supposed he saw me out of mine),

and having found a rope in the dark, had hanged himself. We looked at each other, but said nothing; nor are the parties at whose house this occurred aware of the coincidence to this day.

Now, instead of cavilling about these matters upon some groundless and imaginary presumption that all the circumstances may not be related exactly as they occurred, that they may probably be exaggerated, or at best, only remarkable coincidences of certain unusual appearances with certain facts; let us consider them in the light of literal truths. What can we make of them?—of the first one in particular? Here is a cause of terror appearing in the presence of two persons, seen by one, but invisible to the other, and yet sufficiently real to frighten that one temporarily out of her senses. The appearance, as to time, and the nature of an actual circumstance then occurring at a distance of many miles, is as precise and exact as such a thing well might be. The very individual represented is the same. But why it should be seen by one person and not by another, or why, indeed, it should have become visible at all (since no end appears answerable thereby), puzzles our philosophy; and by disappointing our vain presumption to account for every thing, causes us to seek refuge in shuffling, and idle disputing, and disbelief. The human mind is indeed too prone to resort to any subterfuge, and satisfy itself with any, the most shallow excuse, rather than frankly confess itself baffled and outdone. Although this, in fact, would be nothing more disgraceful than admitting in so many other words, that there are some things in nature and creation too mysterious and strange for merely human comprehension. And yet if nothing were believed but that which can be fully comprehended by the mind, and subjected to the analysis of the reasoning faculty, the plainest matters-of-fact would cease to obtain any credit, and man might rationally become a sceptic to the faith in his own existence.

Our inability to account for the causes and attendant circumstances of spectral appearances, is no more to be adduced in proof of their non-existence, than is our inability to account for the growing of grass, as a proof that grass does not grow. The mode is mysterious, but the result is none the less a fact on that account. Not that it is inferred because other mysteries are true, therefore this one must be true; but that we ought not hastily to reject all belief in it merely *because* of its mystery, and its apparently irreconcilable nature with our ordinary perceptions and opinions. The temper of the times, however, is so much in favour of incredulity upon every question that cannot be subjected to almost mathematical demonstration, however inappropriate to the solution sought for, that it threatens to overrun all grounds save those of measures and figures, and to introduce as much error from disbelief, as ever yet existed through the too apt credulity of former ages.

Nothing is more easy than to object that “people are readily mistaken,” and “half these stories are made up after the event has happened.” But these are purely gratuitous assertions, and may or may not be applicable to the particular case, just as the chance may fall out. If people are readily mistaken in these things, it is rather surprising that mistakes do not occur somewhat more frequently; and more surprising still that such mistakes should lead to very serious results. It is only so late as the reign of George III., that the very talented and dissipated Lord Lyttelton died through such a “mistake”—if mistake it were. In company with a gay and distinguished party, he was tarrying at a coun-

try-house near Epsom, for the purposes of recreation and relaxation, when he one night witnessed, as he supposed, a supernatural appearance.

Sir William Wraxall, in his "Historical Memoirs," gives the following account of the occurrence; and as he was personally acquainted with several of the individuals who composed that party, it is fair to presume the account is tolerably correct.

"He had retired to bed," says Sir William, "when a noise which resembled the fluttering of a dove or pigeon, heard at his chamber-window, attracted his attention. He then saw, or thought he saw, a female figure, which, approaching the foot of the bed, announced to him, that in three days precisely from that time, he should be called from this state of existence.

"In whatever manner the supposed intimation was conveyed, whether by sound or by impression, it is certain that Lord Lyttelton considered the circumstance as real; that he mentioned it as such to those persons who were in the house with him, that it deeply affected his mind, and that he died on the third night at the predicted hour. About four years afterwards, in the year 1783, dining at Pit Place (the house where this happened), I had the curiosity to visit the bed-chamber, where the casement-window at which, as Lord Lyttelton asserted, the dove appeared to flutter, was pointed out to me. And at his stepmother's, the Dowager Lady Lyttelton's, in Portugal Street, Grosvenor Square, who, being a woman of very lively imagination, lent an implicit faith to all the supernatural facts which were supposed to have accompanied or produced Lord Lyttelton's end; I have frequently seen a painting, which she herself executed in 1780, expressly to commemorate the event. It hung in a conspicuous part of her drawing-room. There, the dove appears at the window, while a female figure, habited in white, stands at the bed-foot, announcing to Lord Lyttelton his dissolution. Every part of the picture was faithfully designed after the description given her by the valet-de-chambre who attended him, to whom his master related all the circumstances. This man assured Lady Lyttelton, that on the night indicated, Lord Lyttelton, who, notwithstanding his endeavours to surmount the impression, had suffered under great depression of spirits during the three preceding days, retired to bed before twelve o'clock. Having ordered the valet to mix him some rhubarb, he sat up in the bed, apparently in health, intending to swallow the medicine; but, being in want of a teaspoon, which the servant had neglected to bring, his master, with a strong expression of impatience, sent him to bring a spoon. He was not absent from the room more than the space of a minute; but when he returned, Lord Lyttelton, who had fallen back, lay motionless in that attitude. No efforts to restore animation were attended with success. Whether, therefore, his death was occasioned by any new shock upon his nerves, or happened in consequence of an apoplectic or other seizure, must remain matter of uncertainty and conjecture."

Sir William subsequently adds,—

"This domestic spectre, which accompanied him everywhere, was known to have given rise, while on his travels, particularly at Lyons, to scenes greatly resembling his last moments. Among the females who had been the objects and the victims of his temporary attachment, was a Mrs. Dawson, whose fortune, as well as her honour and reputation, fell a sacrifice to her passion. Being soon forsaken by him, she did not long survive; and distress of mind was known to have accelerated, if not to have pro-

duced her death. It was her image which haunted his pillow, and was supposed by him to have announced his approaching dissolution at Pit Place."

Now, with whatever anxiety we may strive to explain away the really inexplicable in this remarkable case, no one will surely for a moment suppose that it might have been a trick put upon him by his companions for the sake of a frolic. Charity will not allow us to believe that one man, or a number of men, could thus sport away, first the happiness, and then the very life of another. Besides, the context disannuls any such supposition, by showing us that the spectre had appeared at other times and places; and, therefore, could not have been the result either of a piece of sport or of a temporarily-excited imagination.

Or shall we be met by the old wife's observation, that "his own wicked conscience made him fancy it,—that was all?" If so, it would be quite as well to explain to us how it comes about that conscience, either bad or good, can embody its images or objects in a visible shape or an audible sound, and under another and a distinct personal appearance prophecy a man's own hour of death? That of which a man is merely conscious, he feels to be passing within himself—not coming to him from an external source; and hence, any such cause is totally inadequate to the effect here produced.

Neither will it avail to say that he allowed a mere fancy to work so effectually upon his mind, that he died from fear that he should die; for he appeared in health but the minute before, and was taking medicine evidently with the view, by correcting the state of the body, to relieve his mind of the despondency which had seized upon it since the announcement of his coming fate. It is also probable that he felt anxious to keep the valet about his person during that fearful hour, and hence exhibited so much impatience at the necessity for sending him momentarily out of his presence. Fancy alone does not work out results so terrible as this:—at least, neither written record nor experience affords us an instance of it. And it requires quite as great a stretch of imagination to comprehend the fact of a man's dying after the lapse of three days, of a mere conceit of the fancy, as can possibly be needful to believe in the probability of a supernatural communication. At the same time, this universal fact should never be overlooked or forgotten, viz., that evidence, direct and personal, is always in its very nature much stronger than when it assumes a secondary character, by being merely related to another person. Thus, what a man has himself seen and heard, is to him the best evidence he can receive; what he is told by another, is necessarily of inferior force. The former becomes a part of his own consciousness and self-truth; the latter may, or may not, partially or wholly be true, according to the veracity of his informant, and the probability itself of the circumstance related. And hence, from this essential difference in the very nature of evidence, we account for the firm belief of the ghost-seer, and the scepticism of the individual who only hears tell of the thing seen. Yet improbability is no proof either of untruth or of misapprehension. The utmost it amounts to is, proof that the circumstance in question is out of the ordinary course of natural events. For improbability depends solely upon unfrequency, and the seemingly inadequate nature of known causes to the production of certain effects. Events, however, may be quite true, although the causes of them should be hidden in mystery, and totally inscrutable.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A FRENCH SOLDIER.

BY THOMAS ROSCOE, ESQ.

I WAS eighteen years of age when my father one day gave me orders to go to the market-town of —— to purchase some articles he wanted in his business; that of a carpenter. I went; the weather was extremely warm, and I was at last obliged to walk into a little inn on the road-side to rest and refresh myself. There it was my fortune to meet several recruits who had been enlisted only a few days, all diverting themselves as they best could—dancing, singing, and playing at cards. Among the rest was the serjeant, who, making me a polite bow, accosted me with an air of deference. After a few general questions, he fixed his eye upon me, and extolled my good figure, as he was so flattering to designate it. Scarcely had I finished my half-pint of wine, ere he invited me to take a glass with him, to partake also of his “cold collation,” as he imposingly termed it. This I declined; but, after he had finished, a dance was proposed, and I felt proud to acquit myself with the grace and agility for which I was renowned throughout the city and the surrounding villages. I next seated myself beside the musicians, when the serjeant again took an opportunity of complimenting me.

“Not one here,” he said, “can boast so good an ear, and a step so firm and elastic.”

At another table was a party engaged in play; heaps of money lay before him; and I felt eager to show I could excel in something more than dancing. My father had intrusted me with upwards of twenty shillings to buy a variety of articles; “And now,” I said, “if I could only get hold of two crowns more, I might buy a very pretty new hat, and bonnets for my two little sisters.” No sooner thought than done; down I sat, and ere I well knew where I was, my little store was quite swept away, and something more I could not pay. What a contrast! instead of the gay and airy youth, I stood like a convicted criminal; I had not even money to pay for the wine I had drunk. I first thought of hastening home, and informing my father of what had occurred; but one fault leads to another. “Shall I say I have lost it? No, he would see it was an untruth!” And, as I hesitated, the serjeant invited me to take some soup and a glass of wine. We all fared heartily; and I grew merry again, and attempted to forget my loss. In a short time the serjeant took me aside,—

“You are a fine fellow,” he said; “if you had only seen a few years’ service; depend upon it, you would distinguish yourself. Here you are lost; now, I will open a career for you, and in four years you can return if you prefer it. What lady in the place; what fortune will resist you then? You will be a commandant, or an officer of the militia, at the least.”

He then showed me forty crowns, and gave me a paper to sign. I joined the company, and continued with them, in a state of stupefaction, the rest of the day.

But what was the feeling of bitterness with which I awoke to consciousness the ensuing morning; in a few eventful hours I had become a

gambler, a beggar, and a slave! Confusion and remorse absorbed every faculty; but I had little time to grieve; we were to march on the following day. It was with extreme difficulty I obtained leave to see my parents once more; I cannot describe what I felt; the reproachful looks of my father; the tears of my unhappy mother, then lying on a sick-bed; and, what added to my extreme remorse, the tender solicitude, the fears they expressed, and the admirable advice, to which I owed so much, given me by my father. And then my young sisters and brothers;—how they wept and hung upon me, conjuring me not to leave them! Who would go to market, take care of the garden, and plough and delve the field-plots; for they were sure poor father was too old to do all himself. Half frantic, I entreated the serjeant and his companion to tear me away.

On my arrival in garrison, I, who had seen only examples of good conduct and morality at home, was astonished to witness the licentious conduct of my companions. I only grieved, and kept much alone; the shock my feelings had before experienced threw me into an illness; but my captain behaved kindly to me, and I recovered. So great was my desire to excel and fulfil every duty, that I even won his approbation and confidence.

Two of my comrades, having got themselves into debt, made a proposal to me to desert, saying, I should then be able to see my parents and my native village once more. Thank God, I was not tempted; I only felt revolted at the idea. I tried to show them how they would become perjured in the sight of Heaven, and commit the worst kind of fraud upon their captain and their creditors. Then, if retaken, as was most probable, what an ignominious fate was theirs! "Be men!" I exclaimed; "face your difficulties; ask time from your creditors; explain your wish to do right to your officers, and I will answer for your doing well!" They at last listened to me; and the first happy feeling I experienced after the desertion of my family, was when they thanked me, and abandoned their purpose. Others among my comrades, whom I ventured to remonstrate with, used to call me, by way of derision, the parish curate; but the looks of the two men whom I had rescued from a shameful doom, and who became good soldiers, sufficiently rewarded me.

When I had been about a year in the service, one of our serjeants paid a visit to the Pays-de-Vaud. He took charge of a letter for my father, in which I besought his pardon, and I intreated him, if he could do so, to borrow a sum on my account to purchase my discharge. To this my father replied, that since I had committed the fault, I must bear the penalty; that he could not take upon him a debt to ransom a son guilty of frivolity and ingratitude, and that to render my situation tolerable, I ought to devote myself to the trade which I had begun with him, and to avoid contracting the fatal habit of idleness. Sensible of the wisdom of this advice, I began to put it to good account, and asked leave of my captain to be permitted to work at my trade in the town. I found out a master carpenter, and he made an engagement with me to work certain days, in accordance with our military regulations. Although but a tyro in the business, my attention and assiduity supplied the want of experience and skill, and ere long my master declared that he had not a workman upon whom he could place more reliance. I could both read and write, and knew something of arithmetic; in this way I assisted my master on

holidays and in the evenings to make out his accounts; and I had also leisure to take some lessons in drawing. In about a year I was entrusted with the management of certain works, and to overlook some of the workmen. I grew more reconciled to my lot, and found myself easier in my circumstances. I was soon enabled to superintend the construction of a cart-house, or shed, for the arsenal, and received the approval of my superior officer. For three succeeding years I continued to apply myself to my profession, and lived with sobriety and economy; so powerful and ever present to me, was the sense of the degradation I had suffered in a first departure from honesty and rectitude; for I could look upon it as no less, in having betrayed the confidence reposed in me by so good a father; and I felt that it was a selfish feeling to ask him to load himself with debt for my sake, to the detriment of his other *innocent* children. But time and mental suffering had now taught me the real value of life; there is no school of wisdom like that of adversity. At length arrived the period when I was entitled to my discharge; which I claimed from my superior officer. He was pleased to express his regret that I should do so; and he offered to interest himself in my promotion, if I consented to prolong my term in the army.

Indeed it cost me some pain to resolve upon taking my departure from a scene in which some not unpleasing associations were mingled with my past regrets. Shall I confess the extent of the citizen-soldier's attachment to the place where he learnt the first rudiments of what is useful and honourable to a soldier and a man in the outset of his career?

The master for whom I at first worked had a daughter; she was between sixteen and seventeen years of age: a frank, unaffected girl, for whom, though as far as possible from falling suddenly in love, I had gradually imbibed a tender regard and affection. The circumstance that most of all tended to endear her to me was, that though for some time her inferior in point of station and prospects—though she had a right to look higher, with lovers at her beck—she never treated me with pride, or sported with my feelings. I ventured not to breathe a word of my passion, neither to herself nor to her father, for, aware that I was naturally vain and frivolous, and how much that disposition had cost me, I was, perhaps, inclined to err on the other side, and appeared cold and distant. Still there were little circumstances that made me think I was not wholly indifferent to her—she refused more than one offer of marriage, to the surprise and chagrin of my old master. One day he sent her with a commission to me while I was engaged in superintending the building of a vessel. While approaching at some distance she was met by a soldier, a recruit recently arrived, who, forgetting the respect due to every unprotected female, addressed her in brutal language, and presumed to offer a liberty that fired my very blood. I rushed forward, and so terrible was my voice and aspect that the wretch took to his heels in an instant. The lovely Theresa thanked me with ardour, and, while accompanying her back to her home, she confessed to me in the confusion and excitement of the moment, that she had long—very long—returned the regard I expressed for her.

It was only at that moment I was aware how deeply my affections were engaged; and it also told me the source of the strange uneasiness I suffered at the idea of quitting the town and garrison, though returning with credit to my native place, and to objects that should render my

return doubly delightful. Now, also, I first perceived the reason I had so long taken pleasure in turning my skill in drawing and mechanics to adorn her home—and to promote her favourite pursuits and amusements. But if distant and unloverlike before, my whole heart was now absorbed in the delicious avowal. I felt all the excesses, the hopes, and the fears of a first tumultuous passion. I was alarmed; I trembled as if I stood on the brink of a fearful precipice, compared with which all I had previously risked was nothing. The terror of losing her completely banished every thought of reputation, country, parents, and duties of any kind, for I could not believe that so much happiness was in store for me. Not that I had the slightest grounds for jealousy or suspicion; but she had no mother; and I know not why,—that, and the idea of her being more the mistress of her own actions, tormented me. For months following we enjoyed the most perfect confidence in each other's truth and affection.

Her father was so accustomed to look upon me as one of his family that he had not perceived the state of our affections, nor had my Theresa formally acquainted him. But she assured me she had no misgivings upon the subject; all required would be to assure him I was of the same religious tenets, and would fix our residence near him. Strange! but there was something ominous to me in the sound of these words—I was struck with them; yet listening only to the dictates of my love, I could dwell but on her tenderness and my gratitude. Soon, however, when I reflected more calmly, other thoughts arose; my duty to God, to my own conscience, to my parents, and shame and terror filled my mind on reflecting that I had assented to all her propositions; to the too alluring picture of our approaching happiness, so fondly dwelt upon. I was startled, terrified at my own weakness; I considered it my duty to resist, and prayed that I might be strengthened in my good purpose.

It was then I repeated my application for my discharge, for how else could I ask to be guided rightly, and resist the temptation of my dear Theresa's tenderness? Some greater evil might befall us, for which I should have to answer—on me alone must fall the whole responsibility! No, I was not yet lost! there was one chance of escape; and I communicated to her my resolution to depart. "My father is old and infirm," I pleaded, "he may die ere I embrace him for the last time. If you have the misfortune to lose yours, you are with him, and you have a friend, a lover, and a husband whenever you will be mine, and reside with me in my native place. Nothing shall be wanting on my part to render you as happy as you deserve to be."

Theresa answered me only with tears. She tried then to shake my resolution. I, too, wept; but I would not promise to alter my intention. When she found all was in vain, she said, with angelic sweetness, she would be all I wished her to be; and gave me her solemn promise that when her other duties did not interfere, she would rejoin me. We even exchanged vows and rings as if we stood before the altar, and, having engaged to write to each other, we embraced and wept the farewell which we could not speak.

Imagine the conflict of my feelings as I was about to re-enter my native village after years of absence, the singular fortunes I had encountered! The joy of revisiting my family once more, was dashed with the tears I fancied I yet saw on the face—the radiant angelic face—of her I now

loved, if possible, more than ever. "Oh!" I exclaimed, "in what language shall I describe her to my dear parents; how they will rejoice over my future prospects. We have already a little competence, and I can still follow the sciences and arts, I so much love; dividing my hours between my farm, my garden, and the education of my children!" so vividly did the flattering picture rise before my eyes. What delight, I thought, it will give my dear mother to learn that I am in easy circumstances, obtained, with the blessing of God, by my own industry, prudence, and self-denial,—that I shall be enabled to bring forward my younger brothers,—and procure an honourable and respectable alliance for my two dear little playmates, if I am able to recognise them, and they forgive me the tears I made them shed at our last parting. Oh, yes; if they have not forgotten, I am well assured that all have long forgiven, me!"

Still I judged it prudent not to break in upon them on the very eve of my arrival; and I hastened to the house of my uncle, to beg that he would apprise them of my arrival.

In merry heart, humming the words of a favourite air of my sister when we played to our young schoolfellows in the woods of Vincennes, I knocked at my uncle's door. I had to repeat my knock, and it returned that sort of hollow empty sound which a place scantily furnished and inhabited usually does. A slight chill or tremour seized me at that sound; it stopped my song in the middle; and at last I heard a light, yet slow and measured step approach the door. And it was opened by a pale, delicate-looking, young woman. "I called to see M. Mornay. I mean my Is he at home, pray?"

"No, sir, he is not;" she answered languidly, yet fixing her eyes doubtfully on my face.

"I am his nephew; the son of old Maurice M. Is he well? Are the family all well?"

"Is it possible?" cried the girl, starting, and examining my features anew.

"Oh, yes; it is, indeed, Maurice—my Maurice. I am your sister Adele."

"And they are all well?" I inquired.

"Well!" she exclaimed, in accents of a resigned grief that struck to my heart. "In heaven, I trust, they are well. My father, mother, and sister Louise are all three dead."

"Dead!" I exclaimed. "Dead, Adele?"

"Oh, Maurice, why did you not come before? Did you not know?"

"Did you not receive my letters?"

"Never!"

"Nor the credit for the money sent?"

"Oh, no!"

"Gracious heavens!" was my reply; "what a mine of treachery has been sprung under my feet? And is this the end of all my hopes, my labours, my self-denial? And did not the soldier, Marly, give you my letter?"

"It reached me only, after his death—the day my uncle returned from the funerals."

"And Marly dead too! Oh, God! And I shall never see either our father or mother more?" And I stood entranced with grief, from which I could rouse myself only by hearing my sister's sobs, and feeling her tears upon my breast. I repressed my emotion to soothe hers, and tenderly inquired as to her health, which it was too evident had suffered

from the trials she had undergone. "Look up," I cried, "my sweet Adele; my childhood's first and best friend and companion. Heaven is still kind to leave us one green spot in this life's desert, and you must learn to know and to love;—but tell me first, what fatal cause?"

"The same that carried off so many—the soldier who brought your letter—to tell us of your arrival—too late—the same fever—from which I recovered, but the effect of which will soon reunite me to them."

"No, no!" I exclaimed, "talk not thus; you must live for my sake; for that of my Theresa. I am your brother—you must travel with me, and recover all your bloom and good looks. I am rich, and shall be quite jealous of my uncle; he must not take my little wild playmates of the woods."

But the effort to command myself was too great—and the contrast of that young and joyous season with our orphan and bereft state, came so strongly to my mind, that I, who thus sought to divert her tears, covered my face with my hands, and wept.

Happily, the arrival of my uncle withdrew us for a moment from these too poignant regrets. The meeting was a sad and solemn one; but the severe eye and the tone of reproach in which he at first addressed me, disappeared on his witnessing my extreme grief, and the remorse which I confessed had never ceased to pursue me for my one early fault. I then explained all my past conduct; and the letters of credit I had sent.

"You repaired your error then to the utmost of your power; your first letters were a source of the greatest consolation to him; he frequently heard of your doing so well; he looked forward with confidence to your future distinction, and to your early return,"

The assurance of my father's forgiveness, and of the satisfaction my good conduct and success in life had given him was a heartfelt relief. After the severe trial and disappointment I had just sustained, my uncle's extreme kindness to my sister and to myself, tended further to reconcile us to our lot, and temper the affliction of so sad and sudden a bereavement of our family circle.

I had proposed to stay some weeks with this excellent man, till my dear Adele should have rallied sufficiently to accompany me back with some degree of pleasure, and hope of restoring her shattered health. Indeed, our uncle wished us to take up our permanent abode with him; but a letter from my Theresa, acquainting me with the decease of her father, who was carried off by the prevailing epidemic, determined me to hasten to her with as little delay as possible. Adele felt equal to the journey; and we both pressed our uncle to accompany us; to become a father also to, the now orphan, Theresa, and to bestow her hand upon me, and sanction our marriage.

To this he generously consented, though at some inconvenience to himself; and on the evening of the third day, travelling by easy stages, as the strength of our dear Adele seemed to bear it, we reached the frontier town of D—, my old quarters, and had the ineffable pleasure of meeting my Theresa once more. She looked surpassingly beautiful in her sorrow; the tears we shed were not all bitterness; and the presence of such an uncle and such a sister served to fill up the void in her heart caused by her recent bereavement. Time, who tempers even the keenest affliction's darts, made her appreciate with equal tenderness and delight the treasure of a sister's love and affection which she had never before

possessed ; and that sister an object of the fondest care and solicitude to us both ; presented to her by him she loved. My uncle was so proud of my choice, that he declared he would adopt her, and being childless, he became as attached to her as if she had been his own ; while in him she seemed to find a father who, like himself, had risen by the force of his own industry, integrity, and skill.

The celebration of our ensuing marriage was attended by my friend Colonel G——re, whose approbation of my conduct gave the first spur to my success and consequent promotion, and by the two soldiers, now officers distinguished for their merit, whom I had rescued, as well as others, both by my advice and example from the brink of destruction. This being wholly voluntary on their part, was, indeed, doing honour to my nuptials, and equally noble and delicate as testifying their respect for my dear Theresa, my sister, and my uncle, who, on the very day, made his will, leaving all he possessed to be divided between my sister and my bride. He then took his leave of us, after engaging us to stay some time with him immediately upon our return. On our part, we lost no time in setting out on our tour ; and again we were gratified by the attention of the colonel and some of the officers, who gave us an escort through several stages, to facilitate our passage over the mountains, till we reached the Swiss frontier towns on our route to Italy.

Often I look back through the waste of years to the pure and intense delight I then felt in the love of two such gentle beings ; so bright, so fair, and the thousand novel charms I elicited in our progress through those favoured regions, so full of natural beauty and sublimity, consecrated by the grandeur and wonders of immortal mind. To watch their first impressions and subsequent development upon young susceptible hearts like those I possessed, and which clung to, and appealed to me in every thing—so fond, so confiding, so perfectly directed in thought, fancy, feeling, and desires by my own will—their sole guide, friend, lover, and brother, gave me so proud a position in every sense, that I may be said to have exercised one of the most happy despotisms in the world—that of at once cultivating, developing, and swaying, the thoughts and affections ; and enjoying that free soul-born sympathy, so dear to youth and innocence in the season of full intellectual bloom, ever found brightest and most fascinating in young and innocent female minds.

How pleasing to watch the growth of the mind's graces,—of taste, fancy, brilliant thought and imagination, from the first germs of incipient novelty, admiration, and delight ! Their rapture, when fully developed, amid the works of the poet-painters of the world ; the divine sculptors, and the restorers of temples worthy the Christian triumph over heathen gods ; the glories of Michael Angelo ; the grand and beautiful consistency to be traced in his life and works ; in his conversation and his conduct ; in his thoughts and character ; in the naked majesty of his sculpture ; and his pure-wrought religious and poetic soul. And then we turned with a softened and less elevated love to the divine art and composition that inspired Raphael's pencil with that more chaste, delicate outline, and subdued beauty, that allures but never astonishes or terrifies the enraptured soul. How days, weeks, and months, appeared to us almost like hours, in tracing the lives,—the romantic lives, as well as the works of the predecessors and the pupils of these great men. What new thoughts, new pleasures were opened to our view ! And we found the same startling beauty, superior fire, and enthusiasm in those

great painter-poets of the world—Dante, and Ariosto, and Tasso—as in the poet-painters who stand unrivalled in the annals of time, for that grandeur combined with native graces to be derived only from the rich sunny land of the south.

It is still my happiest day-dream, the retrospect of that first, last communion of our young soul-felt enthusiasm and our vivid loves. In a little time we were joined by my friend Colonel G——e, at Florence, who had resigned his commission, and followed us into Italy upon account of ill health, but was employed by the French minister in some diplomatic affairs.

He soon confessed to me that another motive had greater influence; he had seen and loved the charming Adele from the hour he had brought his friends to grace my marriage; and he declared that the power of life and death lay in our hands.

“In her hands, I suppose you mean,” was my reply; “gratitude commands me, but it can never dictate to love.”

Happily there was no need of any influence of mine. To know was to esteem and admire Colonel G——e, and the transition to love is not very far, being at least as near akin to it as pity. Nothing could exceed my joy at this accession to our happiness; our Adele’s health was much benefited by change of air and climate, and ere many weeks after the arrival of my friend and benefactor, I had the pride and delight of giving her hand to him at the house of the English ambassador at Florence.

Soon we planned the continuation of our tour, and the colonel being an old traveller, became our guide into the wild and more romantic region of the Calabrese.

There beauties of a different character to any we had before seen, met our view; the wild, and imaginative; the magnificent succession of nature’s wonders, in her fantastic and in her most sombre moods. The stern, rugged nurse of genius that chastens and elevates the true painter’s and the poet’s soul, inspiring a strength and vigour like that derived by a virtuous man, from adversity itself; it was there the savage grandeur, the fierce and startling power in his landscape drama, of Salvator Rosa first took root; and in such scenes the darker shadows of her fearful power in its most appalling shapes entered the soul of Caravaggio; and like that demon form the painter drew, continued incessantly to haunt his imagination, till he sank a martyr to the force of his own imagination, and wandered moody and moon-struck along the neighbouring shores till he expired. From these savage rocks, deep glens, and towering heights had the men arisen who disputed the palmy state of Carthage, who met the Greek phalanx under the renowned Pyrrhus, and arrested its course of victory; and here the ancient Sibyllæ and the fearful witches of the Roman poets pronounced their oracles, or celebrated their unhallowed rites. In turning the leaves of history, a singular fact, or rather coincidence, presents itself, connected with a certain portion of this strange territory, which stretches towards the Neapolitan side, in the number of fatal occurrences that had taken place near the same spot, and almost within the same intervals of time.

The application of *Terra Sinistra* thus appeared to be not all inapplicable to this particular district, if we might believe *all* the fearful incidents alleged by its village annalists to have befallen within its fated circle in the latter half of the eighteenth century, to say nothing of its bad name in more superstitious, necromantic, and miraculous days.

We had just completed our route through this wildly-mournful and pic-

turesque land, and were on our road to Naples, passing over the mysterious ground alluded to. And I was just laughing at the idea of having passed the fatal boundary, when from within it, in a wood at our rear, came two shots close after each other, one piercing shriek, and the next moment all was still. But the next it was followed by the fierce shout and onset of banditti, all of whom instantly attempted, with brandished weapons to surround our carriage and horses. Preceded by oaths came the old cry of "*Faecia alla terra!*" but this time it was not obeyed. We were not unprepared to receive them, in moderate number; and, besides our postillions and servants, we had an escort of two soldiers. Colonel G—— and I were on horseback; the soldiers advanced, six banditti stood in a line, we discharged our pistols, and then falling on the villains sword in hand, found we had to deal only with three, one of whom soon took to flight, leaving two wounded and one prisoner in our hands.

All this seemed but the work of a moment; but the echo of that cry rung in my ears, I rushed to the side of the carriage! and oh God! what language can describe my horror and dismay—the bleeding, lifeless form of my own Theresa—not dying (too happy to have drunk her last words and sighs into my soul); but dead, dead, in a sister's arms!

I draw a veil over the rest; there are scenes that cannot be dwelt upon or described, but the characters of which are stamped upon the memory in living pain. Yet pain and wild delirium itself are blest with sleep, the slumbers of unconsciousness, like those of wearied nature, only more calm and dreamless. The sun of our bright, young day had set ere its noon; age, grief, and care seemed anticipated by half a century in one moment; as if from the summit of all earthly wishes, man were suddenly plunged into chaos and old night. In such a state of mind I was borne back by my friends to France, to the house of my uncle, where every attention and sympathy imaginable were lavished on me, long before the heart's shattered chords could make a single response. It came, however, as it ever does and must do, where grief fails to finish its work at a blow; and time, too, the temperer, the soother, the restorer, came at last. Nor was I destined to remain long alone in my sorrow; his bride, his wife, my sweet sister, though much recovered, had received a shock from the event that did her much injury; and she was gradually fading away and disappearing, as it were, insensibly from our view. She did not complain, nor did she seem to suffer, and full of a lively faith and hope, of rejoining those she best loved, she died with smiles and blessings; and we laid our lovely Adele in the village churchyard in the tomb where our family reposed.

It will easily be conceived, that the sole resource left to my friend was occupation; when the poignancy of his sorrow abated, he determined to re-enter the army. It was an example I soon followed; and resolved by an effort of the same enthusiasm and zeal that had already carried me so far, by constant study and strict attention to the minutest duties to open for myself sources of consolation in a more active, if not a more distinguished career.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF NIMROD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HANDLEY CROSS."

(CONCLUDED.)

THE "Life of a Sportsman," which may be regarded as Nimrod's great work, though he himself assigned that title to "Nimrod on Sporting," of which work he was more the compiler or editor than the author; the "Life of a Sportsman" was originally published piecemeal in the *New Sporting Magazine*, a proceeding that Nimrod considered prejudicial to his literary reputation, as he declared in the before-mentioned article, published in *Fraser's Magazine*, under the title of "My Life and Times," wherein he enumerated all his literary exploits, with, in many instances, their success and the prices he obtained for them. The "Life of a Sportsman," was a project of Mr. Ackermann's, who wished to have it written in verse after the style of "Doctor Syntax," of which work he furnished our author with a copy, but forgot to supply him with the ability. "Doctor Syntax," we may observe, was a speculation of the late Mr. Ackermann's, and a very successful one it was. The following letters, tracing the rise and progress of the "Life of a Sportsman," will give a better idea of the nature of the work, and be more interesting to the reader, than any analytical review we could write of it. There had been some personal interviews between Nimrod and Mr. Ackermann on the subject, and the following letter is the first one that passed relative to it. It seems that Mr. Alken commenced illustrating the work before it was written, thus making Nimrod write to his plates, instead of making the plates illustrate the letter-press. This, we should add, is a sad cramping, disadvantageous proceeding, as far as the author is concerned.

The first letter is dated March 24, 1837, and is as follows :

"Calais.

"Dear sir,

"I must account to you for not having sooner replied to your letter of the 28th of last month. In the first place, I did not receive it, with the parcel, till last week; secondly, I am in the middle of an article for the *Quarterly Review*, which must be finished by the first week in April.

In the middle of April, I shall be in London, when we will endeavour to arrange the illustrations of your plates; but it strikes me, Mr. Alken has several more yet to execute, as his hero should go through all the gradations of the sportsman and the coachman to make the thing complete. It would be necessary that I should give Mr. Alken some instructions (if he will take them) as to the future plates, for, with all his cleverness, he spoils many, from the want of taking time to consider his subjects.

"Yours truly,

"C. APPERLEY."

"I think the 'Life of a Sportsman' would be the best title for your work—the word 'thorough-bred' applies more properly to horses. I think, also, it would take; and it has the advantage of not being confined to time as to publication.

"To Mr. Ackermann, Regent-street, London."

The "Life of a Sportsman" seems to have been the title adopted; and henceforth the conception assumes that name. Still, the form of publication seems to have been unsettled, for in June of the same year, 1837, Nimrod wrote as follows:—

"I am sorry we did not take more time in discussing the publication of the 'Life of a Sportsman.' I have made my notes for it, and find the subject would admit of twice the space you think of allotting to it—in fact, it would make four volumes, and afford subjects for my pen which would suit all classes of readers, and embrace matter of high moral interest to the rising generation."

Again in July he writes—

"I have rough-sketches all the matter for your work, and shall soon be able to put it in its proper form. But I should wish for your decision as to whether a *volume* or in *numbers*. I think the subject could be extended to great length. However, you can judge from the following heads:

"Independent of the subjects to be introduced by the plates, I have my hero through all the grades of life—at school, at Oxford, in the dragoons, at Melton Mowbray, as a rider to hounds, as a master of hounds, at a ball, in wedlock, in conversation with his father (a very long article), describe his person, his stud, as a coachman, a fisherman, a shot, cock-fighter, &c. &c.

"You will observe, these heads are put down as they stand in my notebook, without regard to order, but of course that will be attended to."

On the 6th of December, 1837, Nimrod broached to Mr. Ackermann what, on the 7th of September, 1838, he conveyed to Mr. Spiers as the sudden impulse of the moment, arising from the printer's errors and want of proofs of his articles:

"Dear sir,

"Pray let me have your determination respecting the 'Life of a Sportsman.' Is it to be a periodical or not?

"Between ourselves, I don't think I shall continue much longer a contributor to the *New Sporting Magazine*. Spiers has used me very ill in publishing the 'Northern Tour,' without giving me a chance to correct the errors that appeared in the succeeding numbers of the *New Sporting Magazine*.

"I shall make another sporting and agricultural (combined) tour next summer in Scotland, for deer-stalking, grouse-shooting, &c., with Captain Ross, and intend spending the following season in Ireland. What a start for a new periodical!

"In haste, yours truly,

"C. APPERLEY."

The ill-treatment Nimrod here complains of, was explained in the last portion of this memoir, and was incapable of obviating, inasmuch as the work was printed from the magazine types, and was, moreover, as correct as the majority of works are; or, indeed, as Nimrod most likely would have made it.

The following letter to Mr. Ackermann is also on the subject of the "Life of a Sportsman:"

"December 22, 1837.

"My dear sir,

"I have received your letter, and am now able to tell you *exactly* how matters stand respecting your book.

"I have got forward with three months' manuscript for the *New Sporting Magazine*, and Youatt and I have also written the key to the grand picture,* now publishing by Hodgson and Graves. I have an article to write for Fraser, on gaming, which finishes that subject, and it must be in London the week after next. *After that time* I have nothing to interrupt me for three months, which I will devote to your book. It would not do *to be off and on* with a work of that size, which I mean to make instructive as well as amusing. Whether I shall have enough of *good* matter for *two* volumes, I cannot say, until I enter well into the subject. It is my opinion that I have.

"I am sorry to find you cannot manage a periodical. I should have liked to have edited it, for there never has been a sporting magazine properly edited yet.

"I do not like the motto or head to plate 17. 'Tooling the Bang Up' is very vulgar, and the phrase 'bang up' is quite obsolete."

(This now stands in the book—

"H. FOR WINDSOR! GO ALONG BOB!"

Scene—dark night and a tandem—guide-post with the groom reading as above.)

"Again—what means Charley Easthope, or dog fight—Duck-lane? I should not wish to conduct my hero to such a place, unless it were to condemn it.

"I remain,

"Yours truly,

"NIMROD."

On the 1st of February, 1838, he announces a commencement of the work.

"Dear sir,

"I have this day made a start to write out the 'Life of a Sportsman' for you, and I know of nothing to prevent my finishing it off-hand.

"I have only one remark to make respecting the plates. The one which has the little boy with the fox's brush in his hand, must be the frontispiece, because it does not answer my views of the subject. First, all the figures are young and slim, and the papa is a very different looking person to the one I mean to describe, suitable to the middle of the *last*

* Mr. Grant's celebrated picture of the meet of the Royal Stag Hounds on Ascot Heath.

century, when of course my tale must commence, or I could not carry the sportsman through life to old age, which I shall of course do. I shall likewise introduce the *uncle*, as well as father of my hero, to give additional interest, and to avoid monotony of character, and his will be a good one to help me out.

"I hope to send you a bundle of MS. by this day fortnight. If you have any fresh suggestions to make, let me hear from you; if not, rest assured I shall do you justice, and produce an entertaining and instructive book.

"In haste, truly yours,

"C. APPERLEY.

"Thanks for the *Age*, which comes very regularly. Of course you read the attack on me by the editor of the *New Sporting Magazine*, in the January number. I believe the writer to be Mr. B—, all in jealousy because I would not be their editor!"

This was quite a mistake on the part of Nimrod. He certainly was offered the editorship of the magazine; but as it was a disputed point among the proprietors, whether he was qualified for it or not, no disappointment or ill-feeling could arise from his refusing it. Indeed, his not getting it was a mere matter of pounds, shillings, and pence, which the proprietors could have removed if they had liked, their offer being a certain sum, with a liberal per centage on increased circulation, while Nimrod wanted a larger salary without the contingency. Indeed, nothing but the difficulty of obtaining a competent person would have induced the proprietors to offer the editorship to Nimrod; for, though a punctual contributor, he had not the off-hand activity necessary for an editor; and, moreover, his own papers oftentimes required no little revision themselves.

The attack he talks of in the last letter was a review of the before-mentioned work, "*Sporting by Nimrod*," published by Bailey and Co., of Cornhill. The review was written by the clever author of "*Stephen Oliver, the Younger's*" works—not by the gentleman supposed by Nimrod. Speaking of the embellishments, the writer said, the work spoke well for the flourishing state of sporting literature; for if the spirited publishers had not been pretty well assured of an extensive sale, they would not have risked the great expense they must necessarily have incurred in getting up a work which contained so many large and beautifully-engraved plates. It then went into a critical but complimentary analysis of the plates, but found fault with part of the letter-press, though it said "*Fox-Hunting, by Nimrod*," was an excellent article, which any person, whether sportsman or not, might read with pleasure and profit.

"We are sorry," says the reviewer, "that the editor (Nimrod) gives us so few articles of this kind; even though it be his own *cabbage* that he again serves up, most readers will not relish it when 'twice sodden.'"

The work, as we said before, though called "*Sporting by Nimrod*," was only edited by him, and is one of the handsomest with regard to getting up and illustration, that ever issued from the press. From the circumstance, however, of no second volume ever appearing, we shall imagine it had not been successful. Speaking of this work in *Fraser's Magazine*, Nimrod called it his *magnum opus*, and he takes the oppor-

tunity of praising several of the papers in it, and of running down what we consider to be the best one, namely, "Epsom Races, by a Sentimental Gentleman." This was the account by a pretended ignoramus on turf matters, though, in reality, the production of one of the shrewdest and cleverest men going, of all he saw or heard in his journey by coach, from town and back to the far-famed Epsom Downs; and Nimrod's only objection seems to have been, that the author was a lawyer.

"It was," said he, in *Fraser's Magazine*, "a sad mistake to put a London lawyer to write the article on 'Epsom Races;'" just as if being a lawyer was to disqualify a man from having a taste for the turf. Yet this London lawyer is the man we say Mr. Murray ought to have employed to write his turf article in the *Quarterly Review*—this London lawyer being, if we greatly mistake, the now renowned "Bunbury"—a writer who makes even Whigs read the *Morning Herald*, so neat and spritely are his turf articles.

But to return to the "Life of a Sportsman."

The next letter announces the departure of manuscript to the publisher:

"Feb. 18, 1838.

"Dear sir,—

"By the mail of this day I have sent you as much MS. as will make sixty pages of the book, and I think you will say I have made a good start. Before the end of the month you shall have another bundle, and I do not mean to *quit the collar* till I have finished it. As you will perceive, I have not yet got my hero out of his leading strings, and it will be impossible to contain his history in one volume. Indeed, a friend of mine, who understands these matters, says you should bring it out in *three parts*. However, you will perceive I mean to place the plates judiciously, as I have as yet only had occasion for three, *the fight, the dog-fight, and the badger-drawing*. The scene in the dining-room, where the child has the fox's brush in his hand, must be the frontispiece; but there ought to be a plate of the young gentleman with his father's harriers, as I have described him. But I should direct Alken in these matters.

"Depend on it, this will be a first-rate book, and will sell well."

He then diverges a little into money matters, and says, with reference to the subject-matter of the bargain,—

"Depend on it, you shall have the *quod pro quo*, and I will do you justice as I have done, indeed, to all my employers.

"When I look at my notes and reflect upon them the subject of this work appears inexhaustible. I can place my hero in about twenty different situations. It will be a work adapted to readers of all tastes and of all ages. I have read part of this MS. to a good judge, who admires it much.

"Believe me truly yours,

"NIMROD.

"My MS. is not so fairly written as some, but it is legible. I never keep a rough copy, but write from my notes, which accounts for interlineations, but I could never do what I do, if I was to write my MS. *twice over*."

Nimrod was a great man for chopping and changing, and attached such

importance to trifles, that he was an expensive customer to booksellers inclined to humour his fancies.

The projected frontispiece, "The Child in the Dining-room with the Fox's Brush in his Hand," of the preceding letter, had to make way for another in three days, which after all was not the frontispiece to the work.

Thus he writes on the 21st of February (1838),—

"Dear sir,

"When I wrote to you last I had not received yours of the 16th. So soon as I hear from you, saying you approve of my way of treating the subject, I will write to Mr. Alken and suggest a few plates, giving him *minute* directions as to costume, &c., which I hope he will attend to.

"The scene at dessert must be the frontispiece. The costume of the figures totally preclude my making use of it, as no man in those days wore a red coat at dinner. It will do well, however, as a frontispiece, and the costume then will not be material. To give you an idea of the extent to which the work might go, I mean to introduce the following scenes. They do not follow regularly here, as I merely take them from the *index* to my *note book*.

"Conversations with his father.

"His father dies—He marries—As a master of hounds—A summer—His uncle again—As a fisherman—Rook's nest hunting—Quoits—His stud—At a ball—As a shot—As a soldier in dragoons—Bird-catching—Describe his person—At Oxford—As a coachman—Cockfighting—Coursing—Breeder of pheasants—Rider to hounds—Hawking—Goes to Melton—Gets old—Dies—Loses his father—Conclusion—Stag-hunting—Otter ditto—Marries—On the turf—Fights a duel—As a huntsman—His brother Andrew—Reflections—Conversations, &c. with Mr. Egerton, his father and uncle—Some account of his sisters, &c.

"You will cry, 'hold hard, *enough*?' I shall hope to hear from you by to-morrow night's post, till when,

"Yours very truly,
"NIMROD."

"Mr. R. Ackermann,
"191, Regent-street, London."

The following letter contains an amusing jumble, as also a curious sample of Nimrod's idea of "useful instruction" for the rising generation.

"Wednesday, March 7, 1838.

"Dear sir,

"I sent off my parcel of MS. *this morning*, and hope you will receive it before you get this. It contains sixteen folio sheets, and I think you cannot fail to like it. When I receive the proof-sheets, I will alter the part about the Lady God, for I agree with you that we must not be laid hold of by the press, if we can help it, unless it be to praise us. I think we shall make it a capital work, but I doubt its going into the space of two volumes, for we see our hero is not yet got to school, but he soon will—to Eton. Just as I had finished the last MS., I had an application from a friend in London, to assist him in the composition of a

prize essay, which caused me to lose the thread of the story about the badger, for I keep no rough copy.

"I shall write to Mr. Alken, with directions for two plates—one of *Frank* with his father's harriers; the other, representing him when at Eton school, in the act of being taught to drive a coach by Jack Bayly, the famous coachman of the Birmingham Prince of Wales coach, who taught Sir Henry Peyton, and all that set of four-in-hand men when at Eton.

"I think the run over Leicestershire would afford a good plate or two; one of Mr. Meynell, for example, on his famous gray horse; another of Mr. Somerbey, in some one of his disasters. I think the *New Sporting* is going wrong—so do many others.

"Adieu, truly yours,

"NIMROD.

"P. S.—You will perceive my aim is to make this work not only amusing but instructive and serviceable to young people in more ways than one.

"To Mr. Ackermann, 191, Regent Street, London."

The manuscript seems to have followed in rapid succession. The following letter announces the departure of another batch.

"March 21, 1838.

"Dear sir,

"By this day's mail I have sent you sixteen folios of manuscript, all of which I am sure you will say, contain the right sort of stuff. As to the plate you sent me by Mr. Frizelle, I cannot approve of it, not because it is not very good *in its way*, but the cut and dress of the children are so different to what Alken has made the others, and what, as the children of a rich English gentleman, they ought to be, that the two plates would never do, to represent the same family. Those now sent are like the children of a country farmer, more than of a highly-born gentleman of any age of the world. You have not told me whether you will bring out the book in two vols, or in three parts; I think I should have a difficulty in compressing all I have to say in two volumes.

"On Sunday next I go to Paris, to spend a week with the Prince of Moskowa, for the purpose of seeing the grand steeple-chases, which are to take place near Paris. I shall not exceed a week, so shall soon be at work for you again, and have nothing now to interrupt me. Before I go, however, I shall write to Mr. Alken, and give him directions for three plates (which will be required for the first volume or part), and let him, in the meantime, look over the manuscript.

"I do not like to refuse this kind invitation of the prince's, because I shall improve my connexion by the company I shall fall into at his hotel, and likewise it may be advantageous to my work (in French) on the race-horse, *now* published, and you will see it advertised in the next *New Sporting Magazine*. If I can do any thing for you in Paris, write to me to the 'Prince of Moskowa's, Hôtel Lafitte, Rue Lafitte.'

"Believe me, dear sir,

"Truly yours,

"C. APPERLEY.

"To Mr. Ackermann, 191, Regent-street, London."

This work on the race-horse was a bad speculation. In reviewing Mr. Smith's "Life of a Fox," Nimrod alludes to it in the *New Sporting Magazine* in the following words, which were, indeed, the very last he wrote for publication :

"I am of opinion," says he, "that the price of the work is much too high ; but I do not here allude to the profit or loss account of the author, to whom that circumstance may be a matter of indifference, but to the end to which such a work may be desirable, namely, its being within the reach of servants belonging to hounds, sporting yeomen, and such like. But on the score of profit, a high price seldom answers, as I know to my cost. It may be supposed that a work from my pen, written in French, on the breeds, &c., of the race-horse, would have had a good sale in France, where such information is much sought after ; but having been advised to fix the price at sixteen shillings, I lost money by the work in question, because it was only purchased by rich men ; and sixteen shillings in France is considered equal, in many cases, to six-and-twenty in England."

It seems from the following letter that Nimrod had begun to pave the way for a quarrel with the *New Sporting Magazine* so far back as the date of the following letter :—

" March 22, 1838.

" Dear sir,

"I received your letter this morning, but as a friend goes to London on Saturday, I defer writing by return of post.

"I am glad you have formed a connexion* likely to enable us to carry on the war with spirit, and I hope with success. Of course I must fulfil my engagement of furnishing two volumes of 250 pages each, *same size as Mytton's Life*, for 150*l.* a piece (little enough, but I wished to give you a turn in your first attempt, being assured you would act liberally by me afterwards if the work paid well). If you alter your page and type as to *size*, of course my price would be accordingly, but there would be no fear of our not coming to terms. I think it will be necessary for me to run up to London somewhere in May, as so much more can be done by word of mouth than by letter-writing.

"In a letter I wrote to-day to Mr. Spiers, is the following passage:—

"I have sent you, as requested, the only copy of my French work that I have ; but if your editor intends *crabbing* it as he did 'Sporting, by Nimrod,' I had rather it were not noticed at all. I must say I was surprised at the *uncalled-for* remarks in that critique of his, nor do I think those on Mr. Mytton, in your notice to correspondents in last number, judiciously applied. You told me the 'Life of Mytton' increased your sale much ; and, as the copyright was purchased by Mr. Ackermann, it was not fair to attempt to injure the sale of it, which the remarks of your editor were likely to do. This turning round on old friends is not the way to increase the popularity of the *New Sporting Magazine*, and I tell you this as a friend, the result of some observations in letters I have received from England."

"I start for Paris to-morrow, Saturday, but shall not be long absent. You shall soon have another parcel of manuscript.

"Truly yours,

"C. APPERLEY."

* The *Sporting Review*.

"I could make two large volumes of the 'Life of Nimrod,' which would embrace sporting and other matter of a most interesting nature, especially in reference to the neighbourhood in which I was born, the most aristocratic in England.

"To Mr. Ackermann, Regent-street, London."

"The Life of Nimrod" was subsequently published in *Fraser's Magazine*, under the title of "My Life and Times, by Nimrod," and to which we are indebted for some of the information contained in the early part of this memoir. It contained, however, more about the life and times of other people than of himself, though we believe the publisher closed the article prematurely.

The following is the last letter we shall insert relative to the life of a sportsman :—

"Calais, July 27, 1838.

"My dear sir,

"By to-morrow's mail I shall send you twenty-four folio sheets of manuscript, which I think will make from eighty to ninety sheets, and I should hope then there will be enough for a volume. I have reason to believe you will all be pleased with the manuscript now sent. Some part of it, as you will see, has been difficult matter to write on, which has taken more time than any future matter will do. I shall, consequently, get on faster now, and I am not writing for any other work, not even the *New Sporting Magazine*.

"Believe me, very truly yours,

"C. J. APPERLEY.

"To Mr. Ackermann, Regent-street, London.

"On second thoughts, I need not send you the plates, but only the inscriptions, which are here :—

"'No. 1. (Driving the Dog round the Room.)—*The first step to the coach-box.*'

(This plate appears to have been suppressed; at all events, we do not find it in the volume.)

"'No. 2. (Hunting the Cat in the Kitchen.)—*The first attempt for the brush.*'

(This now stands:—'*Yoicks! tally-ho! Look out for the pastry!*' The scene being a cat-hunt in the kitchen, with the usual concomitants of servants, all in dismay at the impending havoc.)

"'No. 3. (Sets the Dogs fighting.)—*Loves a bit of mischief.*'

(This is altered into—'*Never mind 'em;—they won't hurt!*' Scene:—Little Pickle, a butcher, a horse, a helper, a footman, and two tarriers—'*tarriars rampant,*' as the herald-painters say.)

"'No. 4. (Ferret's Rabbits.)—*Being first entered to vermin.*'

(This plate is not forthcoming.)

"'No. 5. (Climbing the Trees.)—*Symptom of pluck.*'

(Neither does this appear.)

"'No. 6. (Fights.)—*Proof of pluck.*'

(This is altered to—'*He'll leather two such chaps as that!*' Scene:—Young master fighting a gentleman of forty, or so; cobbler keeper, groom, women, &c., round about.)

These letters and observations will, however, have given the reader a pretty good idea of the nature of the work ; and for "further particulars," as the advertising medicine people say, we beg to refer to the volume itself. It is a goodly looking *tome*, finely bound, richly gilt, abounding in coloured illustrations, in Mr. Alken's best and most spirited style. If any thing, the page is rather full for a work of light reading, and we do not know but one of Nimrod's original ideas, of having it in two volumes, was right. It contains a great variety of good sporting matter, and though nothing but what it professes to be—the "Life of a Sportsman;" it will be read with interest by many who, either in a larger or in a smaller way, have led a similar career. The volume did not make its appearance till 1842, but the manuscript began to be passed through the *New Sporting Magazine* in March, 1841. Indeed, it was the last thing of Nimrod's of any note that appeared in that periodical.

Our author's exploits in other works are soon told. He wrote some papers on "Foreign Sporting" in the *New Monthly Magazine*, which were afterwards published in two volumes; he was a contributor to the *Morning Herald*, during the editorship of Mr. Thwaites; he wrote three or four papers in a periodical called *Heads of the People*; also the articles on "Gaming" (of which he knew nothing) in *Frazer's Magazine*; the before-mentioned "Life and Times of Nimrod," and what he used to call his bottle article, or "*Memorabilia Bacchanalia*," the origin of which is thus amusingly told by himself in the outset of the paper.

After the puff complimentary to the editor—making him out to be, as all editors are, most learned, most able, most entertaining, &c., Nimrod says:—

" 'Tis a poor soul that never rejoices,' so having a few friends the other day at my humble board, I was thus unceremoniously addressed by one of them, as clever a man as ever the sun or moon shone upon,* and a great personal friend of our late noble and immortal bard.

" 'Nimrod,' said he, 'what are you next about to write? I have just come from Brussell's, where I dined with Mr. White, with whom a certain person had dined, and who told him (no better authority, you know) that a certain article you lately wrote in a certain periodical had caused the sale of two thousand seven hundred extra copies in the first six weeks.'

" 'Certainly, then,' I replied, 'I am very happy at hearing you say so, and perhaps you will do me the favour to give me a thesis?'

" 'Nonsense,' he resumed, 'you don't want a subject; any thing will make a subject for you—that *bottle*, for example,' putting his fingers upon one that stood opposite to him."

Hence the articles in *Frazer*.

The "*Memorabilia Bacchanalia*" contains some amusing observations on men and manners, much in the style of the late Mr. Walker's celebrated "original" ones. For instance, here is one about toast-drinking:—

"To the practice, after the ladies had withdrawn, of the master of the house calling upon his party, in their turn, to 'give him a friend' whose health was to be drunk, there was no objection; on the contrary, it had some

* Mr. Scrope Davies.

advantages in rural society, where topics for conversation did not generally abound. Indeed, I think I can name the year when we had but four in our neighbourhood—namely, white stuff petticoats and patent washing-machines among the ladies, and horses and hounds amongst the gentlemen."

Towards the close of his career, Nimrod's contributions seem to have become fewer and fewer, and there was little from him in any of the periodicals.

In August, 1842, there was an amusing sketch called "The Frenchman and his Horse," in the *New Sporting Magazine*, from which we learn that Frenchmen were as good riders then as they were in Geoffrey Gambado's time; and January, 1843, brought an agreeable three-page sketch called "A pleasant New Year's Eve," in which Nimrod vouched for the goodness of fox-hunting husbands:—

"My experience assures me," writes he, "that the generality of fox-hunters and sportsmen make good husbands, notwithstanding they are given to fall asleep in their arm-chairs after a hard day's work. The very nature of their pursuits makes them domestic, and the exercise they take in the open air preserves their constitution to a late period of their lives, thus insuring to their names a sound and healthy posterity."

Two pages on stag-hunting was all that appeared from Nimrod in the February number of the *New Sporting Magazine*. March produced four pages on the "Preservation of Game."

April was blank, another storm was brewing. May contained "A few Maxims relative to Hunting with Harriers," which caused the storm to burst. It seems the then proprietors of the *New Sporting Magazine* had been in the habit of buying parcels of manuscript of Nimrod, and keeping it until wanted, instead of following the usual course of paying on publication, a system that caused Nimrod very likely to forget what he had written after it was paid for, at all events the advertisement of the article, "Maxims of the Chase," a title, it appears of his own selection, caused a violent outbreak on his part against the work, in the shape of the following letter to *Bell's Life*, and other Sunday papers.

"To the Editor of *Bell's Life* in London,

"Mr. Editor,—

"I am greatly surprised to find in the advertisement of the forthcoming number of the "*New Sporting Magazine*," an article under the head of "Maxims of the Chase," by Nimrod, I never wrote such an article, and consider the editor to have taken an unwarrantable liberty with my name. I should as soon have thought of hanging myself, as of presuming to offer "maxims" to the public.

"I have the honour to be, sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"NIMROD."

"April 26, 1843."

To show the ease with which statements and opinions are adopted, another Sunday paper, in reviewing the number of the magazine, on the 7th of May, said,

"There is one paper entitled 'A few Maxims relating to Hunting

with Harriers, by Nimrod.' Of this we are disinclined to speak, because we know not to whom to attribute its absurdities. Mr. Apperley has addressed us as follows," and then followed the letter given above.

Another paper said,

"On the 30th ult. we published a letter addressed to us by Mr. Apperley, better known as 'Nimrod,' in which he alludes in strong terms of reprehension to a then advertised article, since published in this number, entitled 'A few Maxims relative to Hunting with Harriers,' and distinctly avers that he has no connexion with it whatever, and that the editor 'has taken an unwarrantable liberty with his name.' We look, in conjunction with the public, to an explanation next month, as we feel quite satisfied some imposition on the editor must have been practised."

"The explanation," writes the editor of the *New Sporting Magazine*, next month (June 1843), "is most simple; the MS. of the article in question was bought of Mr. Apperley and paid for to him, by our publisher, Mr. Ackermann. Immediately on the appearance of the letter in *Bell's Life*, the manuscript of the article in Nimrod's handwriting was laid before the editor of that paper, and on the 7th of May appeared the following notice, 'Maxims of the Chase.' We have been shown the article under this title in the *New Sporting Magazine*, which Nimrod denies that he has written, and certainly we believe it to have been from the pen of that gentleman, although he may have given the matter some other title."

Before, however, the month came round, whose number of the magazine contained these statements and explanations, the subject of our memoir had ceased to exist. The opening page contained the following melancholy announcement:—

"NIMROD.

"On Friday, the 19th of May, Mr. C. J. Apperley, better known to our readers under the signature of 'Nimrod,' died suddenly at the residence of his son, in Pimlico."

The editor then proceeded to say that his unexpected decease disarmed his reply to Nimrod's attack of all its keenness, and he was content to leave a simple statement of facts to give that satisfactory explanation to his readers, which he felt to be equally due to them as to himself.

So lived and died the celebrated and popular Nimrod. We wish we could have reversed the order of his life, and closed his days in the comfortable circumstances that attended his early career in the *Old Sporting Magazine*. His great mistake was in quarrelling with that periodical, and the great mistake of the proprietors of that work was in allowing him to launch out too largely at first, and so make his assistance too costly to retain. Nimrod was meant for a man of fortune, and we dare say his constant intercourse with those who were, caused him to forget his circumstances, and do whatever he saw other people do. There is no doubt that his contributions to the *Old Sporting Magazine* had a very beneficial influence on its circulation, but he over-estimated its capabilities, and considered as permanent what in reality was only temporary. If he had been moderate in his ideas, a connexion might have been formed that would have been mutually advantageous, for a "sporting magazine" was the true field for the development of Nimrod's peculiar talent.

His *forte* was hounds, hunting, and horses, and on these subjects he was great. Whatever he wrote on other subjects only tended to prove this. Nimrod had the honour of originating a style that died with him. We shall never see another "Nimrod"—another man taking the field as he did, received—we might almost say courted—by the great and affluent. He was an acquisition to the hunting world, for he moved about, heard and knew all that was going on, and had an abundant stock of stories and anecdotes, which, being always told before fresh audiences, were quite as good as original ones. He was not an original talker any more than he was an original writer, but his conversation was free from the apparent self-sufficiency of his writings, which, however, we believe was a good deal assumed from a mistaken idea of keeping up his name in the market. Nimrod was a great character, his name was known throughout the world, and his works will always be in demand amongst sportsmen. He was a zealous and consistent advocate of hunting, and his works have tended much to the comfort and advantage of that noble animal the horse.

IRISH LEGENDS.

By J. L. FORREST, Esq.

No. II.

THE BANSHEE.

The lament of the Banshee is heard only at night. It is a solemn and plaintively melancholy strain, generally streaming fitfully from some neighbouring cairn or hillock, or from beside a stream. The well-known Irish keen very closely resembles it. Its utterance, too, like that of the kean, is accompanied with a clapping of hands, and all the indications of intense sorrow.

SHELTER'D within a pleasant sunny nook,
A cottage stood. Beside it flow'd a brook
That babbled as it went, and some old trees,
Whose green leaves quiver'd in the summer breeze,
Stood round and near it : roses and jessamine
Through its quaint porch luxuriantly did twine,
And peep'd into the open lattices.
It had a quiet and a cheerful look
That spoke of comfort. With a favourite book
I know no place where one might wile away
More pleasantly a sun-bright summer day ;
For ever as within its shaded porch I bent,
There breathed an atmosphere of such content
As sank into the heart. Beside the stream,
Rapt', I've wrought out full many a bright day-dream,
As short-liv'd as its bubbles, while the hours,
Fraught with the fragrance of the laughing flowers,
Lightly flew by. That happy, happy time !
At dewy eve or morning's lovely prime,
Or 'neath the blaze of noontide's glowing ray,
Pleasant alike the minutes flew away,
And all was happiness !

How alter'd now!

The snows of winter rest upon my brow,
And life sits heavy on me, yet the heart
Throbs youthfully as ever. Life, thou art
A paradox most strange. To me 'twould seem
As the vague Past were but a changing dream,
The record of a long but troubl'd sleep,
Broken and unrefreshing. Yet how deep
Some dreams upon the memory sink and lie
Graven effacelessly: one such have I—
But to my Tale:

One summer eve I stray'd

Along the streamlet's side. Two children play'd,
Two rosy children, 'mid the stately ranks
Of rushy weeds that line its mossy banks,
Untiringly; and the long summer day
Seem'd all too short for their delightful play.
One was a being beautiful and bright,
Soft as the dawn of summer's morning light,
And delicate as soft: her raven hair
Hung o'er a brow most exquisitely fair,
Its tresses twining round a neck of snow,
Down which they curl'd in rich and graceful flow.
In each bright sparkle of her gentle eyes
Some laughing Fairy lurk'd in soft disguise,
And music, as she laugh'd in mirthful glee,
Burst forth in tones of touching melody.

Of age maturer was the stalwart boy
Who wander'd by her side. To him 'twas joy
To tend that gentle girl: for her he bent
O'er the dark stream that murmur'd as it went,
To pluck the flowers that fring'd its sedgy banks,
His best reward her look of modest thanks!
She was the star on which his gaze was bent,
The pole-star of his hopes. Each lineament
Of that fair face was shadow'd on his heart.
She was, in truth, his better, nobler part—
For they were one: and each in other found
A dearer self. As twines the ivy round
The sturdy oak, so round his soul she threw
Her gentleness, and thus in love they liv'd and grew.

And years roll'd by, and that fair being stood
Bright in the charms of opening womanhood;
So fair withal, so modest none was seen
To match sweet ELLEN on the village-green;
Nor in the revel, nor the village dance,
A brighter form, or fairer countenance!

Thus years roll'd by till war's fierce tumult came,
And fill'd our valley with its ruthless flame.
The drum, the fife, the banners bright and gay,
Led many a youth to join the dread array.
Lur'd by the pomp, young DESMOND left his home
In search of fame through other lands to roam:
Through other lands, where distant, distant far,
Fierce burn'd the torch of desolating war.
Oh, what a parting then was theirs! What grief!
An age of sorrow in those moments brief

Their young hearts tasted. Vain it were to paint
 Young ELLEN's anguish. Language could but faint
 Picture her tearless grief—no complaint
 Did her lips breathe. Buoy'd by bright hopes *he* went ;
 But *she* !—For her thenceforth was no content.

And months wan'd slowly by.

It was a night
 Full of delicious softness. Clear and bright
 In the blue vault above the young moon shone,
 And earth was cinctur'd with a starry zone.
 The flowers, sweet smiles of earth, beneath her light,
 Sparkling with Nature's tear-drops glisten'd bright,
 And ever as the night-breeze sigh'd around,
 Scatter'd their sweets upon the perfum'd ground.
 O, 'twas a night might tempt one forth to rove,
 And hold communion with an absent love—
 A night for tender thinking. She had been
 Watching the beauties of that moonlight scene,
 Marking the twinklings of each brilliant star,
 And thinking that on other lands afar
 Those bright orbs shone. She deem'd, too, that *his* gaze
 Was turn'd upon them. Thoughts of bygone days
 Came rushing o'er her, days of happiness,
 And then the fond girl knelt to pray and bless ;
 She knelt as was her wont, and kneeling wept,
 Till weary with her aching thoughts she slept.
 Not long she slumber'd. O'er her half-closed ear
 Broke words of dreadful import, sounds of fear.

Hark ! hark ! on the wings of the night-wafted gale
 Sweeps on, in its death tones, the BANSHEE's shrill wail !
 Hark ! hark ! to the echoes which sadly prolong
 Those dread notes of sorrow, her gloom-bringing song !
 From the depths of the grave, from the darkness of hell,
 The Phantom comes forth with her death-breathing spell ;
 For the gleam of her dark eye, the hiss of her breath,
 But herald the coming of sorrow and death !

See, see ! as beneath the low casement she lingers,
 How wildly she points with those skeleton fingers !
 How harsh on the ear of the dream-lapp'd young sleeper,
 Grate the heart-chilling tones of the wail of the weeper !
 What anguish of grief, oh, what agony burning,
 Breathe forth in that wild tale of sorrow and mourning !
 Hark, hark, on the night-wind, so mournfully sighing,
 Comes the death-shriek of one in a distant land dying !

THE BANSHEE'S SONG.

" O'er the wild heath I roam,
 On the night-wind I come ;
 And Beauty shall pale
 At the voice of my wail !

Hush ! hark to my tidings of gloom and of sorrow !
 Go, weep tears of blood, for—*Uch ! d'eag an chorra !**

* Literally—Alas ! the beloved hath died !

“ With the stranger the brave
 Hath now found him a grave ;
 And in beauty and bloom
 He hath sunk to the tomb !
 Oh, never for Desmond shall beam forth a morrow ;
 For in death cold he lieth—*Uch ! d’eag an chorra !*

“ Wo, wo, wild and deep !
 Wake, fair one, and weep !
 Wail, wail, wail, wildly wail
 At the voice of my tale !
 Go, go ! henceforth life is a burden and sorrow !
 For thy heart’s pulse is stricken—*Uch ! d’eag an chorra !*”

Shrieking, the Phantom fled. I came and found
 The maiden lying lifeless on the ground.
 Long, long she lay insensible. At length
 Some feeble symptoms of returning strength
 Were manifest, and she could faintly tell
 What on that sad and weary night befel.
 ’Twas vain to reason with her. She would hear
 No reason from me. Still the ready tear
 Would follow the sad story, and her cheek
 Grow pallid at the thought of that unearthly shriek.

A month elaps’d—and then, alas ! we knew
 That the dread vision was too sadly true.
 She smiled again no more ; but from that hour
 Wither’d and droop’d like to a blighted flower.
 Hourly she wasted : yet her cheek grew bright
 With a deep crimson circle, and a light
 Unearthly sparkled in her beaming eyes.
 Fondly I hoped—alas ! I was unwise
 To dream the beauty of that crimson blush,
 Was aught but what it was, Consumption’s hectic flush.

She died—and oh, my grief was deep and wild—
 I grieved—for dark-hair’d ELLEN was my child !
 In yon lone glen they buried her, and there
 Oft do I go alone to breathe a prayer
 For her departed spirit. It may be
 She hears and blesses me. ’Twere agony
 To think it otherwise. When the moon’s light,
 Her lowly grave doth rest upon, and bright
 Its rays gleam over it, then doth it seem
 As if her spirit hover’d in that beam,
 And smiled in peace upon me. Deem ye not
 My words unhallow’d. ’Tis a blessed thought
 Which fondly I have cherish’d. I have clung
 To this bright hope since first my heart was wrung
 Under my sad bereavement. Soon, oh ! soon,
 (And I would crave it as a blessed boon !)
 My bones shall rest with hers, my spirit soar
 To meet my dark-hair’d child upon a happier shore !

PIQUILLO ALLIAGA;
OR,
THE MOORS IN THE TIME OF PHILIP III.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY EUGENE SCRIBE,
MEMBER OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAP. I.—THE MOORS OF SPAIN.

DURING the two or three years that Piquillo had been living at the hostelry of Buen Socorro, in the company of the worthy captain, Juan Baptista, other events, somewhat more important, had occurred in Spain. Philip II. had bequeathed to his son, Philip III., war against England, and the Count of Lerma, wishing to signalise the first days of his ministry by a brilliant success, equipped a fleet of fifty ships, which he despatched under Don Martin Padilla, to effect a descent upon the coast of England.

The maritime expeditions of Spain, although undertaken in the interests of religion and of the Catholic faith, against a heretic sovereign and nation, were never favoured by Heaven, whatever right they may have pretended to have to its protection, and the Count of Lerma's fleet met with no more success than its predecessor, the famous armada. The ships had scarcely got out into open sea than they were dispersed by a storm, and were obliged to return to the ports of Spain without having met the enemy.*

The minister might have consoled himself under this reverse as Philip II. had done before him, by saying, "I sent my ships to fight against men, and not against the elements;" but so far from resigning himself to the evil, he grew obstinate on the point, and hastened to take advantage of the first opportunity of revenge, without giving himself the trouble to examine thoroughly all the chances for or against him. Ireland had just revolted against Elizabeth, and the minister of Philip III. resolved to take possession of that island under the pretence of assisting the insurgents. Its great extent, its fertility, and the convenience of its harbours, which would put it in the power of Spain to dispute the empire of the seas with England and Holland, were the reasons that impelled him to attempt this conquest.

The old counsellors of Philip II., and his experienced generals, among others Don Juan d'Aguilar, to whom the expedition was to be intrusted, asserted that there was a serious error in supposing that Ireland would be so easily detached from its legitimate sovereign as to pass at once and for ever under the Spanish yoke; that a transitory insurrection was not a revolution; and that to effect the conquest of such a country, and to compete

* Watson's History of Philip III. vol. i. p. 62.

with the British forces, six thousand men were insufficient. To all which the Count of Lerma answered that the state of the finances did not allow of a more considerable army being equipped, that valour would take the place of numbers, and that if Don Juan d'Aguilar was afraid, there were others who would take upon themselves to defend the honour of the Spanish arms.

D'Aguilar accepted the appointment; it was a challenge that was addressed to him, and Castilian pride spoke more eloquently in his bosom than even reason or facts, and he placed himself at the head of the army; only he insisted that the fleet should not be commanded by Martin Padilla, his mortal enemy, and he chose a brave officer, Don Juan Guevara, with whom he had served in an expedition into Brittany.

The passage was successful, the general disembarked in the harbour of Kinsale with 4000 soldiers, took possession of the town, and fortified himself in it. It was a point of shelter in case of a reverse. At the same time his lieutenant, Occampo, entered Baltimore with his division, and both were about to march into the interior, when they learnt that the insurgents had been conquered and dispersed by the Viceroy of Ireland, that the Earl of Tyrone had escaped with scarcely four thousand peasants badly armed and spirit-broken, while the viceroy was advancing rapidly in the pursuit, at the head of thirty thousand excellent troops.

"I had foreseen it," said D'Aguilar, coolly; "but never mind, let us on to their assistance."

And he marched forwards.

In the meantime the Count of Lerma, who never doubted the success of an expedition conceived and prepared by himself, looked upon Ireland as already annexed to the crown of Spain, and was actually engaged in nominating a governor. He hesitated between his uncle Borja and the Count of Lemos, his brother-in-law, whom he could not well leave in the viceroyalty of Navarre, where he was particularly unpopular. The minister's system was to appoint none but his relatives to the more important offices of government, the Spanish monarchy being considered by him but as one house or one family, of which he was the head. It is thus that he had named Bernard de Sandoval, his own brother, to be at once Archbishop of Toledo and Grand Inquisitor, two dignities of which one gave him great importance with the clergy, and the other immense power in the country.

Bernard de Sandoval was still more dangerous at the head of a government than was his brother. The Duke of Lerma, thoughtless and indifferent, changed readily in his ideas and principles according to circumstances, and had in reality no character. Bernard y Royas de Sandoval, his brother, thought that he had one: it was an especially Spanish virtue, which, as a statesman, he designated firmness, but which was, in reality, only obstinacy; a stupid and oftentimes ferocious obstinacy; in fact, he never abandoned an idea that he had once entertained, and he seldom had any that were not bad.

"I break," he used to say, "but never bend!"

"And I," said the Count of Lerma, "I bend that I may not break."

It must, however, be acknowledged that each had the virtues of his defects. The triviality of the Count of Lerma did not exclude goodness, nor clemency, nor generosity. He was kind to all his relatives, readily

excused their insults, and loaded with presents even those whom he despoiled. As to his magnificence and liberality, which were so odious to the Spanish people who had to pay, they seemed natural to the minister, who looking upon the kingdom as his own, considered that he was giving away his own property. With Bernard de Sandoval, on the contrary, harshness of character had begat severity and regularity of manners; he was as careful and as economical as his brother was profuse, and having never had a weakness, he loved nothing, granted nothing, and forgave nothing, and he was thus by his nature and habits admirably adapted for the duties of grand inquisitor. It was he who had first, under Philip II., entertained the great idea of the expulsion of the Moors, and had communicated it to the Count of Lerma, who now looked upon it as his own, and considered it to be a project which would at once shed lustre on his reign, and at the same time consolidate the Catholic faith for ever.

The generality of the Moors had indeed remained Mahometans at heart, and only conformed outwardly to the practices of the Christian religion; they only assisted at the services of the church to avoid the penalties that would have been inflicted upon them for absence; they carried their children to the baptismal font, but they afterwards washed them with hot water in derision of the Christian mystery; they were married at church, but on their return to their houses they celebrated the festival with the ceremonies, the dances, and the songs peculiar to their nation. Always preserving the hope of an ultimate delivery, they had for a long time kept up a correspondence with the Turks and with the Moors of Africa. When the Algerine pirates disembarked on the coasts of Andalusia, the Moors who inhabited the shores, never sounded the alarm bell nor took up arms, nor in return did the Algerines ever pillage the villages or the habitations of the Moors, while they carried away into slavery the Christians who fell into their hands;* it did not require more under the preceding reign to excite the suspicions and to rouse the vengeance of Philip II.; he had resolved upon proscribing their worship and even their customs. He had forbidden to them the use of the Moorish language, to have any commercial or other relations with one another, the use of arms, and under penalty of death to fight even in a duel with Christians, he had even obliged the women to appear with their faces uncovered in public, and caused the houses to be opened which they kept closed. These two last commands had more than any others, appeared insupportable to a people jealous of preserving the customs of their ancestors. They were always threatened at the slightest insurrection with having their children taken from them to be educated in Castile. They were forbidden the use of baths, and equally so the enjoyment of festivals of their customary amusements, songs and music, and attend meetings consecrated to pleasure.† The exasperated Moors took up arms in the mountains of Alpujarras, and defended themselves with so much vigour, that it had required the choicest troops of Spain, commanded by the king's brother, Don John of Austria, the conqueror of Lepanto, to subject them. The loss of life was very great on both sides, it cost Spain the lives of sixty thousand trained soldiers; a rough lesson, which had rendered the conquerors less vigorous, and the vanquished more resigned.

* Fondation de la Regence d'Alger, t. i, p. 281. Fonseca, *Justa expulsion de los Moriscos*, p. 130.

† Mendoza *Guerra de Grenada*, lib. i, p. 20, 21. Edition of Valencia.

It was thus that at the beginning of the seventeenth century, at the time we now speak of, and in the first years of the reign of Philip III., the Moors, once conquerors and for eight hundred years sovereigns, of Spain, which they had enlightened and civilised, had successively lost their independence, their religion, their manners, and their customs. There only remained to them the soil of the country conquered by their ancestors; but they had finished by attaching themselves to that soil, fertilised by their toil and industry.

The Arabs and the Moors had introduced into Spain the cultivation of sugar, cotton, silk, and rice;* thanks to their exertions the province of Valencia was unrivalled in productiveness. It supplied Europe with all the fruits of the southern counties. Three harvests were reaped the same year, scarcely was one finished when the seed was again put into the ground, and the mildness of the climate allowed the grain to ripen all the year round; the most assiduous labour, the most ingenious means, entertained and renewed that admirable fecundity. Derived from Egypt, from Syria, and from Persia, countries essentially agricultural, the Arabs had brought into the kingdom of Valencia a system of cultivation that had been perfected by the practice of three thousand years.

Industry and commerce were not the less indebted to them. Thanks to the Moors, Toledo, Grenada, Cordova, and Seville possessed manufactories of leather and of silk; the green and blue cloths that were fabricated at Cuença, were in demand upon the coast of Africa, in Turkey, and in the Levant. The blades of Toledo, the silks of Grenada, the harness, saddles, and gilt moroccos of Cordova, the groceries and sugaries of Valencia, were sought for throughout all Europe, and content with the happiness and riches that toil procures, the Moors gradually accustomed themselves to forget the past, to enjoy the present, and to seek for no other successes than those of industry. This conquering nation had subsided into a manufacturing and agricultural people, who were glad to enrich their masters, to pay enormous burdens, to give them all the enjoyments of luxury and civilisation, upon the sole condition of being left in peace, and of obtaining protection for their industry and for their families.

CHAP. II.—THE CONSULTA OF THE KING.

THIS is what Bernard y Royas de Sandoval, the grand inquisitor, and his brother, the Count of Lerma, had never been able to understand, or appreciate. They had induced Don Juan de Ribeira, Patriarch of Antioch, and Archbishop of Valencia, notorious for his abhorrence of all kinds of heresy, to present a secret memorial to the king, in which he begged of the weak monarch to drive from the kingdom all his infidel subjects, only recommending him to retain the adults to work as slaves in the mines, and such children as were under seven years of age, in order that they might be brought up in the Christian religion. The king had communicated this memorial to his minister and to the grand inquisitor. The minister was of opinion that a favourable occasion should be waited for; Bernard de Sandoval thought that too much haste could not be exhibited, but he considered the measures proposed by the Archbishop of Toledo as insufficient and ineffective. His advice was, that the Moors should be

* Itineraire de l'Espagne, par Alexandre Delaborde.

exterminated in a body, that there should be a second edition of Saint Bartholomew, in which neither women nor children should be spared.

But such a project required great precautions, and the disposal of a large body of troops, whereas at the present moment the best of the Spanish regiments were in the Low Countries or in Ireland. It was therefore agreed that the most profound secrecy should be observed. The inquisitor and the minister felt the necessity of this, but it was more difficult to convince the Archbishop of Valencia, who, being at once a fanatic and a turbulent prelate, could not restrain the excess of his zeal, and he never spoke of this project but with transports of real pious rage, which he took for inspiration from above.

They succeeded, however, in making him understand that at the first report of such a *coup-d'état* getting abroad, the Moors, who covered the whole country, might rise up and call to their assistance some of the neighbouring nations, enemies of Spain. Besides, the king was about to marry, and a time of favour and of mercy was ill-chosen for one of rigour and extermination. It was therefore agreed that in the *consulta* of the king the marriage of Philip should be the only topic discussed.

The *consulta* of the king was a secret council, held in the palace itself in presence of the monarch, and under the presidency of the minister. On important occasions the grand inquisitor, the king's confessor, and such favourites as directed the will of the monarch and caused him to adopt or reject the proposition of the other councils, were alone admitted; but in circumstances like this, the right of being present, and even of taking part in the deliberations, was granted as a mark of honour to young lords belonging to the first families of Spain, more especially such as would one day attain to the Spanish peerage and the Council of Castile.

The Count of Lerma, whom the king had just created duke, on the occasion of his marriage, and also in recompense for services which he had not yet had time to perform, but which he infallibly would perform, for the monarchy, presented that day to the king the Count of Uzèda, his son, whilst the Marquis of Miranda, chief of the house of Zunica, and President of the Council of Castile, claimed the same privilege for his relative, Don Fernando d'Albayda, one of the principal barons of the kingdom of Valencia, and nephew of Don Juan d'Aguilar, in command of his majesty's troops in Ireland.

The young man was bowing before his lord and king, and before the supreme council, of which he had made to himself an idea of imposing majesty, with the timidity natural to his age. Several members were disputing with one another the colour of the garments which they should wear the day of the queen's arrival. Don Sandoval, the grand inquisitor, was counting his beads, the minister was sketching a duke's coronet upon the margin of a royal proclamation, while Philip III., with his head thrown back in his arm-chair, contemplated the gilt roses on the ceiling.

As to the young Count of Uzèda, proud of his birth, and reckoning among his merits the position of his father, he looked around him with an air of silly impudence, which was converted into contempt, when he fixed his eyes on Fernando d'Albayda, for the latter, younger than him, participated with him in an honour which ought only to have been granted to the son of the prime minister.

The Duke of Lerma, after having taken the orders of his majesty, exposed with complacency that a new alliance was going to unite still more closely

the descendants of Charles V. His very Catholic majesty was about to marry the daughter of the Archduke Charles, the young Margaret of Austria. He added that the young princess had quitted Graetz for Italy, and had arrived at Genoa. But he did not mention that Spanish sloth had been so long in completing the preparations made for her reception, that the fleet destined to transport her into Spain had not reached Genoa till several months after the princess's arrival in that city.

The duke then entertained the council with the description of the brilliant festivals that awaited the princess at Valencia, where she was to disembark, and where the marriage ceremony was also to be performed. These festivals, so agreeable to the sumptuous tastes of the minister, were upon so extravagant a scale, that they were to cost a million of ducats, and therefore the duke had begun by declaring to the king and to his council, that the prosperous condition of the finances permitted that this marriage should be celebrated with a splendour worthy of the greatest monarch, and the first kingdom of Europe.

On ordinary occasions after the report made by the minister, no one spoke. The king approved with a nod, and it was permitted to all present to follow the example of the monarch; but that day, wishing to bring forward his son, the duke, addressing himself to Uzèda, and to Fernando d'Albayda, said to them with a gracious air,—

“Well, my young lords, what do you think of what you have just heard? New councillors of the king, give me your advice. I am persuaded that his majesty will be delighted to hear it.” The king approved with a motion of the hand, and the minister continued, “Come, Lord Fernando, why do you blush thus? We only ask your thoughts, your opinion, and especially the truth. Uzèda will set you the example.” And he made signs to his son to begin.

The latter, in a discourse which he pretended to extemporise, but which had been long previously prepared and looked over by his father, addressed an elegant and flattering compliment to the king upon his august marriage, upon his high qualities as a monarch, and upon the profound intelligence that directed him in all his appointments. This naturally led to the eulogy of the minister, and complete approval of the report just read, and a final dazzling picture of the present and future prosperity of Spain.

A murmur of approbation followed this address. It was then Fernando d'Albayda's turn, and he began by apologising with modesty for his youth and inexperience, but to his sovereign and to such skilful and eloquent ministers it behoved him to speak nothing but the truth. Entering then at once with Castilian openness and sincerity into his subject, he acknowledged that it gave him pleasure to believe in the fidelity of the picture that had just been laid before him, that it did not belong to him to contest its correctness, but that upon one point only he asked permission to doubt the facts.

He then explained briefly and clearly the condition of the province of Valencia, of which he was one of the first barons and richest proprietors; he showed that the towns and country were so burdened with taxes; that not only had those for the next two years been already raised, but that to meet the expense of the marriage festivities, the payment of a third year was demanded; and that thus a feeling of displeasure was created among the people at the moment of an event which ought to have been accompanied by general joy and exultation; that he hastened to mention

this fact to the king and his minister, who were no doubt ignorant of it, for it would be unjust and impolitic when all the remainder of Spain enjoyed so great a degree of prosperity, to wish to exclude the province of Valencia alone from the same enjoyment, more especially as it was precisely the province in which the marriage ceremony was actually about to take place.

The last words, spoken with much emphasis, threw the council into infinite embarrassment, and which was to no small extent increased, when the king, turning round to his minister, said with charming *naïveté*, "This young man is in the right; our faithful subjects of the kingdom of Valencia must participate in the happiness and prosperity which you communicate to all Spain. Could it not be announced to them, that on the occasion of my marriage they should be exempted from taxation for two years?" Then, astonished at the silence that reigned around him, the monarch felt afraid that he had said too much, and he asked with some timidity of the Duke of Lerma, and of the councillors by whom he was surrounded, "Is not that your opinion, gentlemen?"

The Duke of Lerma, who had several times wished but had not dared to interrupt Fernando, cast a look of anger upon him, and said to the king in a tone of impatience which he attempted in vain to disguise by a mocking smile, "If this young Lord don Fernando d'Albayda, first baron of the kingdom of Valencia, is acquainted with some means of administering the finances and of filling the coffers of your majesty without the tax that I at present ask for, he will oblige us much by making it known to us. Are you acquainted with any, Don Fernando?"

"Yes, your excellency. I am bold enough to say, that in as far as regards the kingdom of Valencia, I only know that I could not only get the tribute you ask for paid at once, but I could also in a few days procure for you the fourth of the sum which you require to meet the expenses of the marriage."

The minister astonished, raised his head to see if Don Fernando was speaking seriously, but the latter continued with much gravity,

"Further, those who shall bring you these moneys shall beg of you to accept of them, and will thank you, and they shall escort the king and queen from Valencia to Madrid with shouts of joy and blessings."

The king and all the council cried out, "Speak! speak!"

CHAP. III.—DISSENSION IN THE COUNCIL.

"SIRE!" continued the young baron in a respectful but dignified tone, "you have a faithful and industrious population, in whom at this moment all the riches of the kingdoms of Valencia and Grenada are concentrated. Your majesty guesses that I mean to speak of his subjects the Moors of Spain. Vague reports, the origin of which is unknown, have been for some time in circulation; these rumours have spread mistrust and consternation among the Moorish population, and they have ceased their labours, and their industry languishes. I am persuaded, sire, that at your royal word activity would return, and confidence would be restored. Let a formal proclamation from your majesty be published in Spain, promising that the Moors shall never be disturbed in their persons or in their goods, and all the sums that your minister may demand will be brought in a

moment, not as tribute but as a voluntary donation, as a marriage-present to her Majesty the Queen of Spain, and what I say I attest and guarantee, I, Don Fernando d'Albayda."

Don Sandoval and the Duke of Lerma had, with the greatest difficulty, preserved silence, but Ribeira, notwithstanding the signs of the grand inquisitor, had jumped up several times in his seat, and at length Don Fernando having stopped,

"You are, then, the friend and protector of the Moors," he exclaimed, "instead of converting the Philistines, it is they who have gained over you. . . . You hear him, sire, the contagion extends into Israel! But I must and I will warn your majesty and the council against the spirit of darkness that is spreading abroad, and that is threatening to involve Spain in destruction."

"The project I spoke of is then not a mere chimera!" exclaimed Fernando, affrighted. . . . "Do you really entertain the idea of so disastrous, I may say, so absurd a project?"

"Absurd!" ejaculated the Archbishop of Valencia, wounded to the quick in what he had most at heart. "Absurd! Does your majesty permit blasphemies to be used in his presence, that heretics, not content with repudiating the word of God should turn it into ridicule? Woe to us all! woe to Spain! The hand of God is upon it! Some great danger is at hand!"

"My God! what have I done?" said Fernando, terrified, to himself. The king, surprised and astonished by the heat and zeal of the prelate, almost asked the same question of himself; but upon two words which the Duke of Lerma whispered to him, he uttered in a tremulous tone, "Father, remove your fears, and you also Lord Fernando, we will advise at leisure concerning what we have just heard."

"And we will do justice to all parties," added the minister; "but it is his majesty's pleasure that this discussion be discontinued for the present. We have despatches to read which have this moment arrived," he continued, pointing to a packet with a black seal which a state messenger was in the act of bringing in.

The minister opened the despatches, and grew pale as he read them. "His grace was in the right," he said, "the hand of God weighs heavily upon Spain; the Irish expedition has not succeeded, the English are conquerors."

"My uncle is dead!" exclaimed Fernando, in despair.

"Our army destroyed?" interrupted Sandoval.

"What is here announced is even more disastrous to the honour of the Spanish arms," continued the minister, lowering his head, "Don Juan d'Aguilar and all his army capitulated without fighting."

"It is impossible," exclaimed Fernando, "D'Aguilar is innocent, D'Aguilar is calumniated."

The minister passed the letter to the king, and coldly remarked, "It is from the Count of Lermos, my brother-in-law."

"The Count of Lermos is mistaken," added Fernando, passionately.

"My uncle of Lermos is always well informed," interrupted the Count of Uzèda, with a sneer, "and I believe him."

"And I hold by what I said," retorted Fernando, carrying his hand to his sword.

"What! before the king?" exclaimed the Duke of Lerma indignantly. Philip and all who were present had risen up.

"Pardon, sire, pardon!" exclaimed Fernando, bending his knee before his sovereign. The king made signs to him to leave. Fernando bowed, and as he retired whispered to Uzèda, "Am I to go out alone, sir?"

The count made a step as if to follow, but the Duke of Lerma detained him by a sign, and Fernando retired disappointed and desperate.

CHAP. IV.—YEZID D'ALBERIQUE.

ON arriving at his hotel, Fernando found there his friend and the companion of his childhood, Yezid d'Alberique. Yezid was the son of Alamir Delascar d'Alberique, the most opulent of the Moors of Grenada and of Valencia. Yezid descended from the tribe of the Abencerrages, and the blood of kings flowed in his veins. He had prosecuted his studies at Cordova in the company of Fernando, and both had quitted college to go and inhabit the same beautiful country of Valencia, Fernando in the castle of his ancestors, Yezid in the elegant mansion and the fields cultivated by his father. Fernando, as a noble, was destined to the profession of arms; Yezid, to whom that career was closed, had devoted himself to the arts and sciences, which the Arabs, his predecessors, had cultivated with so much success.

Thanks to the treasures of his father, his means were abundant, toil and study made them useful to him, and friendship came to make him happy. Fernando had become his brother, Fernando was beloved by all the Moors of Valencia, for the noble Spaniard was the friend of Yezid, and Yezid was their idol; the blood of Abderame and Almanzor seemed to survive in him.

Yezid, who was at this moment at Madrid with his friend, had just received from his father in Valencia a letter for Fernando, and he had brought it to him at a time when the latter, still excited by the scene that had taken place in the king's council chamber, was relating the events that had occurred as he unsealed the epistle. The letter was from his uncle, Don Juan d'Aguilar, and only contained the following words:

"I am in Spain, and have taken refuge in a sure place, for I must justify myself and confound my enemies, and I could not do it if I fell into their hands. The generous and devoted friend who exposes himself on my account, and through whom this letter will reach you, alone knows where to find me; hasten to join him."

"That generous friend," exclaimed Fernando, "is your father; I shall start immediately for Valencia."

"And I also," said Yezid, "I will not quit you."

Fernando squeezed his hand with gratitude, and then he added,—

"But can I go away thus, fly secretly away without saying where I am going? when Uzèda, whom I have defied, will no doubt come to ask satisfaction. Shall I not myself then deserve in his eyes the epithet of coward which I gave to him. No, no, I must remain, and yet my uncle calls me!"

At this moment some one struck violently at the door of the hotel.

"It is Uzèda and his friends," said Yezid.

"So much the better; this happens well, we will fight first and start afterwards, the only thing is to make haste."

"I fear Uzèda possesses too much Spanish gravity; it will require a deal of ceremony with him to give or receive a sword thrust. But before every thing let us destroy this letter."

They had just torn it into pieces when the door opened, and an officer of the palace entered, followed by several soldiers of the guards. The officer took off his hat and inquired,—

"Which of you gentlemen is the Baron Fernando d'Albayda?"

Fernando anticipated Yezid, who was about to assert that he was the person sought for, by quickly pointing to himself with his hand, adding, "What do you want with me, sir?"

"To ask you, in the name of the king, for your sword, announcing to you at the same time that you are my prisoner, and that you must follow me instantly. All resistance is useless," he added, seeing Fernando cast a look of mingled hesitation and despair upon his friend.

The latter understood him, and said to him, "I will go for you, and that which you would have done I will do it for you, brother; I swear it to you!"

Fernando then turned to the officer and said to him, "Sir, I am ready to follow you; but one word first. Have you heard any thing of Don Juan d'Aguilar, who commanded the Spanish army in Ireland?"

"I only know, my lord, the reports that are abroad upon the subject."

"And what are they?"

"That the general is condemned to death, and that his property is confiscated."

Overcome with grief at this sad intelligence the two friends embraced one another, and Yezid whispered to Fernando,—

"So long as I shall live, rely on me and despair of nothing."

Fernando descended the staircase of the hotel surrounded by soldiers. The officer got up by his side into a carriage that conveyed them rapidly towards the prisons of Valladolid. As to Yezid, followed by his faithful Hassan, he jumped upon Kaled his favourite Arab, and started at a gallop on the highway to Valencia.

CHAP. V.—THE HABITATION OF THE MOOR.

OLD Alamir Delascar d'Alberique was in the most remote corner of his habitation. It was a subterranean apartment of which he and his son alone knew the secret. Near him was a noble old man with white hair and forehead marked by wounds, whose head was inclined in sadness, while heavy tears rolled from his eyes.

"My host and my friend," said Alberique to him, "cannot I assuage your grief and give you hope? Your nephew will soon arrive, and you can plan together how your justification shall reach the king's person. The sovereign must hear the truth once in his life."

"I fear much he never will."

"Be patient, if not immediately, he must one day. Look at us, how long have we waited for the day of emancipation? Till the time comes you will remain here."

"To shelter one who is proscribed is to expose yourself and your own!"

"No matter! Whatever happens we are resolved to participate in your dangers. Your enemies, who henceforth are also ours, thought that they had left you without a home, here is one for you! They took your property from you, mine is at your disposal, at that of an old friend, who once in the Alpujarras prevented the soldiers of Don John of Austria assassinating the poor Alberique, then a defenceless prisoner."

"Thanks, thanks," said the old man, endeavouring to hide his emotion, "but my daughter, poor Carmen."

"She shall be our adopted child; but do you hear the sound of a horse over our heads. It is Kaled. Yezid has arrived, and with him Fernando. Have courage! all will be well yet."

The door opened and Yezid entered, he was alone. He had traversed the sixty leagues that lay between Madrid and Valencia in two days, and he now related to the two old men what had happened. Only he did not add what he had since learnt, that for having failed in respect to the presence of the king and his council, and for other reasons which were best known to the Duke of Lerma and the grand inquisitor, Fernando d'Albayda had been for ever deprived of the honour of serving his country, and condemned to be a captive in the prisons of Valladolid, for a term to which none could see the conclusion. Such a statement would, indeed, have been a death blow to Don Juan d'Aguilar, and Yezid contented himself with saying that he was merely detained for having too zealously defended the honour of his house; "he will soon be here," he added, "but in the mean time tell me what you expected from his friendship or from mine? for I am him! speak then, say every thing to your nephew!"

D'Aguilar looked at the young man with the smile of an old friend, and then related what had taken place from the time that Tyrone had joined him with only four thousand men. With this feeble reinforcement he had not feared to attack thirty thousand English, commanded by the Viceroy of Ireland near Baltimore. The Spaniards fighting with their customary valour, sustained the unequal engagement for a long time, but abandoned by Tyrone and the Irish, he had been obliged to retreat. Rallying his troops he had thrown himself into Kinsale and Baltimore. But instead of coming to his assistance, the inhabitants of Ireland, terror-struck, had hastened to save themselves by an early submission from the vengeance of Elizabeth, without caring for what became of their unfortunate allies.* Surrounded by land, and closely blockaded by sea, D'Aguilar caused it to be communicated to Lord Mountjoy that he would bury himself under the ruins of Kinsale and Baltimore, unless the honours of war were granted to his troops, that they were transported with their artillery and munitions into Spain and an amnesty was granted to the inhabitants of Kinsale and Baltimore. Every thing had been granted to him. "And yet," exclaimed the old man, indignantly, "that is what they wish to designate as an act of cowardice. They accuse me of having treated with heretics, and will not hear me, till I have constituted myself prisoner of the Inquisition, and whose voice is ever heard from the bottom of its dungeons? I have written a memorial, here it is; it must be read, not by

* According to Camden, the Earl of Tyrone advanced to the assistance of his friends on Christmas Eve (1601) with six thousand native Irish and four hundred foreigners. His project was to surprise the English besiegers before daylight, but Mountjoy, who was awake and ready, repulsed him from all points of his camp, and finally defeated him with great loss. Upon which D'Aguilar capitulated, and was permitted to return to Spain with arms, baggage, and ammunition.—*Tr.*

the Duke of Lerma, but by the king himself. It is the service that I expected of my nephew: none but him would dare to do it, not even our relative the Marquis of Miranda, would venture to make an enemy of the Duke of Lerma."

"Yes," interrupted Yezid, "there are plenty of hearts that would brave every thing for a friend, but they are not attached to the court. They cannot approach the king. But there are other means I hope of succeeding. Trust the memorial to me, and before a fortnight is over, it will probably be delivered to the king himself, by one who cares little for the Duke of Lerma." And without explaining his projects Yezid wished to start at that very moment in the middle of the night, and they found it difficult to make him wait till the morning. He employed the interval in inquiring more into the detail of the campaign of Ireland, and more especially in obtaining particulars concerning Lord Mountjoy, whom he, Yezid, had once been acquainted with, when that nobleman was at Cadiz effecting a secret treaty of commerce between the Moors of Valencia and the subjects of Queen Elizabeth.

CHAP. VI.—MARGARET OF AUSTRIA.

THERE was nothing going on at court, and in the principal towns of the kingdom, but balls and festivities to celebrate the arrival and the marriage of the young queen. Margaret of Austria, the youngest of the three daughters of the Archduke Charles, was not so remarkable for beauty, as she was full of grace, frankness, and freedom of manners; and yet she came to reign in a country where every thing was gravity, dissimulation, and etiquette. Never was queen less made for Spain.

Educated, like almost all German princesses, in the intimacy of her family, enjoying perfect liberty of action, and an easy but noble familiarity with all who surrounded her, Margaret had brought from her country those exalted ideas, which produced, at a later period, "Werter," and the "Margaret" of Faust. Her lively imagination had also a tender and melancholy turn, but that did not exclude so much gaiety of character, as would be with difficulty understood in the country which she was going to inhabit.

The fleet which had been to fetch her at Genoa, had conducted her to Valencia, where the king was to repair for the performance of the marriage ceremony, and the court had preceded him. Margaret had not been much enchanted with "Valencia the beautiful," which, with its narrow and tortuous streets, appeared to have usurped its title. She had made her entrance by the Alameda, or public walk, and had been received at the palace of the viceroy, where all the ladies of the household had been presented to her, and where the Archbishop of Valencia had harangued her and blessed her. Margaret had not amused herself much that evening, and what had more particularly grieved her, was, that among all the great ladies of the court with whom she was going to pass her life, none had inspired sympathy or confidence in her. She did not see one whom she liked to interrogate, and yet she had so many questions to ask!

The next morning the king was to arrive to marry her, and all she knew of the monarch—was his portrait! She would have given every thing in the world to know his character, his tastes, his ideas, or his

manners. Her attendants had retired some time back, but Margaret could not sleep. She opened a glass door, that gave admission to the vast gardens of the palace. The night was superb: Margaret ventured a few steps into the garden, and, attracted by the agreeable freshness, advanced further into the dense masses of verdure. Suddenly she distinguished the voices of females, and was about to retire, when she heard her own name and that of the king. Curiosity made her listen. They were the voices of two ladies of the court, seated in an arbour.

"Have you never heard," said one of the voices, "how this marriage was brought about? It is a curious history. I had it from the Duke of Lerma himself."

"Tell it me, my dear countess."

"The late king wished to marry his son while he was alive, as in his profound policy he had wished to make an idiot of him, and found, too late, how well he had succeeded. He told the prince that he should have one of the three daughters of the Archduke of Austria. He had the portraits of the three princesses brought before him, and asked him which he liked best. 'The one that pleases your majesty,' was the answer. It was in vain that the king urged his son to give another. At length he resolved that the three portraits should be conveyed into the prince's bedchamber;* but it was of no use; the prince declared that he was resolved to take the one which the king should select. Things remained in this state till, by the death of her two sisters, the princess Margaret obtained the preference."

"And how do you find the princess—rather German, is she not?"

"Very German, indeed."

Margaret thought that she had heard quite enough, and returned to her apartment, without her absence having been observed. The next day, when the king arrived, she received him with distant coldness, and when Philip, surprised and disconcerted, asked "What time it was?" she answered, "The time that it may please your majesty," which the king took for stupidity, but which was really a revengeful sarcasm.

Margaret recognised, not by their features, but by their voices, among the ladies of the court, the two she had overheard on the preceding evening. The one, the Marchioness de Gandia, was her *cameriera-mayor*, a lady of a certain age; the other, still young and very beautiful, was the Countess d'Altamira, once the ally, but now the enemy of the Duke of Lerma.

It is needless to give a detailed account of the feasts, the balls, the tournaments, the illuminations, and the pompous spectacles, that took place on the occasion of this marriage; history has preserved the memory of them. Fatigued by these festivities and receptions of etiquette, the queen declared her wish to proceed to Madrid, by short journeys and without escort, in order that she might see the beautiful kingdom of Valencia at her leisure, before entering New Castile. The king would have wished to have accompanied her, but he had solemnly promised to his father confessor, to spend nine days after the first week of his marriage, in religious exercises, at Santo Yago de Compostella. He was too devout to forget that promise, and the Duke of Lerma too much interested not to remind him of it. It was interrupting the intimacy

* Khevenhiller, *Annal. Ferdin.*, of the year 1598, Leopold Ranke.

which the first days of marriage give birth to, even between crowned heads, and diminishing the chances of any other ascendancy than his own.

The Huerta of Valencia presented the aspect of a magnificent garden. The queen followed the rich valley of the Guadalaviar, and stopped every moment to admire some new scene. One afternoon, when the sun was about to set, the party came upon a valley, or rather an Eden, that exceeded in beauty any thing which she had ever seen, and which also contained within it a habitation in every respect worthy of the beauty of the site. It was a mansion in the lightest and most elegant style of Arabian architecture, and yet this mansion, with its light colonnades and marble fountains, buried amidst delicious gardens, was but an opulent farm, for flocks of sheep and herds of cattle were entering by its graceful porticoes. The queen inquired to whom this beautiful country-seat belonged.

"To the richest proprietor in Valencia, Alamir Delascar d'Alberique."

"It is late, and instead of going on to Tuegar, I should prefer stopping at this delightful place."

"I may be permitted to observe," said the Countess de Gandia, "that that is impossible; your majesty is expected this evening at Tuegar."

"If I were ill, I could not reach it."

"True; but, thank Heaven, your majesty is not unwell."

"I am always ill when I am thwarted in my wishes. Send a horseman forward to Tuegar, to say that we shall not arrive till to-morrow in the course of the day: let another go and ask hospitality of Delascar d'Alberique."

"But, madam, it is impossible to grant him such an honour; D'Alberique is a Moor."

"Are not the Moors our subjects as well as the other inhabitants of Spain? Wherefore, then, should we not repose under his roof as well as under that of the Corregidor of Tuegar?"

"I am sure, madam," continued the camariera-mayor, "that the Duke of Lerma would formally oppose this project."

The queen cast upon the countess a look of so much contempt and indignation, that she said no more; and at the very moment, an old man, with a white beard and venerable aspect, approached, and placing one knee on the ground, said,

"I did not think, madam, that so great an honour was reserved for me or my family. Others may offer you the keys of their cities or of their fortresses, we, madam, have nothing to offer, our persons and our goods are yours, but it is said," and he rose up with the majesty of the Moor on his countenance, "that the blessing of an old man brings happiness. Your majesty has wished to commence her reign by herself making others happy. Be blessed, O queen! may the sceptre weigh lightly upon you! May all your days be happy!"

It was the first time, since Margaret was in Spain, that she had heard a language that went to the heart. Holding forth her hand to the Moor, she said,

"Son of the Abencerrages, we trust ourselves to the hospitality of the Moor. Let us go in!"

CHAP. VII.—THE QUEEN'S VISIT.

MARGARET and her suite were received at the entrance of the mansion by young girls in Moorish costume, bearing flowers which were new to the German princess, the rose of Japan and the red and white camelia. The apartment in which the banquet was served was incrustated with varnished bricks, upon each of which was the escutcheon of the Abencerrages. Above, a light and elegant open cupola allowed the air, embalmed with the fragrance of flowers, to circulate freely, and the last rays of the setting sun lit up the mosaic of lapis lazuli and its golden frame-work. Every thing in this mansion was indicative of taste and elegance. Margaret looked at every thing around her with an almost infantile curiosity, which she took no trouble to conceal. This habitation of another age awakened the remembrances and associations which the sight of the mosque of Cordova, the Alcasar of Seville, the Alhambra of Grenada, and other monuments of the same age and style never fail to excite in the contemplative traveller. During the evening, Margaret, who was much more desirous of information than was allowed by etiquette to the queens of Spain, conversed freely with D'Alberique, and the latter spoke to her not so much of the conquests and glorious reminiscences of his ancestors, as of what they had done to render Spain rich and happy. Hours passed away, and several times the camerieramayor had intimated by signs of impatience that it was time to retire. At length Margaret understood her, and rose up.

Margaret went to sleep that night dreaming of the court of Grenada, of the King Boabdil, and of Queen Zoraide punished by a jealous husband for a crime which Margaret could have pardoned, that of being too much loved. She awoke at break of day and rose to enjoy the early morning. These were to her hours of real enjoyment, for her official existence did not commence till nine or ten, and till that time she was left alone.

The queen had approached the window to gaze upon the beautiful woods and fields of Valencia, lit up by the first beams of the rising sun, when a noise in her apartment caused her to turn round, and she observed a gilt panel open like a door, and a young man enter with a quick and unhesitating step into her apartment.

"Father, father," exclaimed the young man, "wake up! it is Yezid. I have just arrived, and must speak to you before my return is known."

Margaret had in the meantime been hesitating what to do. But the young man's words taught her every thing in a moment, and she felt at once that the real danger lay in making a noise, and that there was more to fear from those who were without than from the young man within. Upon a slight noise which she made, the latter turned round, and to his surprise saw a young lady, blushing deeply.

"Are you a daughter of the prophet?" said Yezid, tremblingly.

"No," answered Margaret with dignity, "I am the queen, to whom thy father gave hospitality this night."

Yezid fell with one knee on the ground, exclaiming, "Pardon me, madam, pardon me!"

The queen made a sign to him with her hand not to speak so loud, and then said,

"What is this passage by which you came into my apartment?"

The young man hesitated a moment, but seeing nothing but the frankness and goodness of youth in the eyes of the queen, he said to her,

"It is the secret of our family. My father said to me, never reveal it but to Heaven or to the angels. I may, I think, therefore reveal it to you. It leads to the spot where are buried the treasures of our fathers."

Margaret raised her hand, and hesitating slightly, said, "Well, show it to me, and I swear that the king, my husband, nor any of his ministers shall ever know any thing about it."

"If your majesty will trust herself to Yezid d'Alberique."

"Yezid d'Alberique!" said Margaret, "is not that the name of an Abencerrage?"

"Yes, madam, that of the first who was dragged by order of Boabdil into the Court of Lions, and whose head first rolled upon the fountain of the Alhambra. Your majesty may follow without apprehension into the subterranean passage, there is no danger."

"Oh," said the queen, smiling, "I should not care if there were a little danger."

Yezid passed into the secret passage, Margaret followed. They soon came to a rock that closed it up, but Yezid pushed a spring and it opened before them, but the passage was now so dark that Margaret was obliged to lean upon Yezid's arm! She, the queen! when the etiquette of the Spanish court only allowed that honour to the first of the land, and that only on the highest state occasions. Margaret, as the difficulties of the passage threw her now and then in closer contact with her guide, felt that his heart beat with violence, from fear and respect no doubt.

Luckily this long subterranean passage had just finished, they entered a vast saloon lit up by silver lamps.

CHAP. VIII.—THE TURQUOISE.

EVEN in our times, the tradition of treasures buried by the Moors is generally current among the people of Spain, and it is quite natural that it should be so. The Moors of Grenada, in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, were convinced that one day or other they should re-enter the beautiful country which they had conquered, and most of them at their departure buried their most precious effects, and many of these have been found by the Spanish peasants.

When the queen saw this subterranean hall, supported by eight columns of black marble, glittering with gold and silver, she thought of the Arabian Nights Entertainment, and scarcely dared to walk or speak for fear of destroying the enchanting illusion. At length, having seated herself upon a marble bench, Yezid bent the knee before her, and said, "Will your majesty grant to her faithful servant a last favour, the greatest of all?"

"Speak, Yezid."

The latter, with an aspect of such infinite devotion and respect that Margaret could not find it at heart to be angry, threw into her lap a cup-full of gems and precious stones. The queen chose that which she conceived to be the least precious of all. It was a turquoise on which some characters were engraven. This done, she said, "You see I pardon you, but it shall not be said that the Queen of Spain has received

from the Moor Yezid without giving him any thing. . . . What can I do for you?"

"Nothing for myself, but much for another; for a noble and brave old man, from whom they wish to take away the most precious of all things, his honour. For him I would ask justice."

"And you shall have it; I swear it to you," exclaimed the queen, with a vivacity she could scarcely account for, "speak, Yezid, speak."

Upon this Yezid related to the queen the history of Don Juan d'Aguilar, and finished by telling her that his justification was recorded in a memorial which, expecting that Lord Mountjoy would be appointed ambassador to Spain, he had been to England to deliver to him, with a view to that nobleman's giving it to Philip III., but the continuation of hostilities had put off the embassy, and in Spain itself there was no one who would dare the enmity of the Duke of Lerma.

"I will deliver it," exclaimed the young queen. "I will read it to the king myself."

Yezid uttered an exclamation of joy and gratitude. "Here, madam, here is the memorial," he said, handing to her the document. The queen received it, but made Yezid promise silence upon the subject even to his father. The young Moor swore to it, adding gallantly that he was happy to divide a secret with her majesty. Margaret, however, still insisted upon knowing what she could do for Yezid himself.

"Ah! if I dared," said Yezid, trembling with joy, "I would supplicate your majesty to restore to me my companion, and my brother, Don Fernando d'Albayda, immured in the prisons of Valladolid, for having dared to do what I have attempted—to defend his uncle, Don Juan d'Aguilar, Let his sword be restored to him, and I swear to you, madam, that he will never employ it but to defend your majesty."

"Well, well," replied the queen, smiling, "always for others; the Queen of Spain has not, I perceive, power enough to confer any thing on you."

"The honour I have received this day is sufficient to fulfil all my hopes. I can only have one left to me; it would be that so happy a day were the last. What can I do with those that shall follow?"

"Fill them with happiness and successes," observed the queen, endeavouring to hide her emotion under a forced gaiety.

"No, madam," answered Yezid, "but with remembrances."

Margaret arose without answering. Yezid walked by her side to show the way, but she did not take his arm. When they had thus reached in silence the queen's apartment, the latter turned round and said—

"You have served me faithfully as a guide, I thank you; I will keep my promise! I will think of Don Juan d'Aguilar and of Fernando d'Albayda. One word more before you go. What is engraved upon this stone?"

"It is an Arab word signifying 'Always,'" replied Yezid, somewhat confused.

"Ah! it is Arabic, is it?" said the queen, blushing. "Good bye, Yezid," she added with a firm voice, "rely always on my protection, and *we*," she said with marked emphasis, "rely upon your devotion and discretion."

"Always," replied Yezid, and he disappeared behind the panel.

An hour after, every thing was ready for the queen's departure. Old Delascar d'Alberique, and all the people of his house, were await-

ing in the garden, the moment when the queen should come down stairs. The Moors in their national costume formed a most picturesque assemblage. When Margaret made her appearance, Delascar was at the head of his followers, and he held by the hand a handsome young man, tall and graceful, with a high forehead and a noble and expressive countenance.

"My son, Yezid," he said, "who has but just arrived from a distant journey, and who wishes to join me in thanks for the honour which your majesty has done us."

At the sight of Yezid a buzz of surprise and admiration circulated among the noble ladies who formed her majesty's suite; the queen herself blushed deeply, perhaps at her dreams of the Abencerrages, during the night. She was relieved by the approach of her carriage, drawn by six splendid Arab horses, whose long manes were decorated with flowers, and which took the place of the slow-paced Arragonese mules of the day before. They were a present from the Moor.

"Is this the hospitality of the Moors?" exclaimed the queen, surprised.

"I hope that Don Delascar d'Alberique," that word in her mouth conferred the title of nobility upon himself and his descendants for ever. "I hope that Don Delascar d'Alberique," she repeated, "will come and visit us in our palace of the Escorial, or of Aranguez, that we may return the hospitality that we have received from him. But I pass not the threshold without granting a favour, and beg my host to ask it of me."

Delascar cast a look upon his son, as if to consult him; the young man muttered a single Arabic word. The queen carried in her bosom a pomegranate flower of sparkling redness.

"Well," replied D'Alberique, respectfully, "I would ask her majesty to give me the pomegranate flower which she wears at the present moment."

The queen and every one was astonished; she hesitated a moment, and then taking the flower with a trembling hand, she presented it blushing to the old man.

Was it really to him that she gave it?

A minute afterwards the six Arab horses were carrying the Queen of Spain rapidly across the rich plains of the kingdom of Valencia.

CHAP. IX.—THE CHAMBER OF THE KING AND QUEEN.

HER majesty arrived at Madrid long before her royal husband, who, having finished his pilgrimage to Santo Yago de Compostella, returned with the Duke of Lerma and the Grand Inquisitor to take the reins of government, and to join his wife. From the time that he had quitted her, her name had never been mentioned, and such was the king's character, he had almost forgotten that there was such a person.

He was reminded of it on seeing Margaret. She appeared to him more lively, more animated, and more piquante than at Valencia. Her eyes, and even her features, had more expression. He made a number of observations which had escaped him at first. One cannot see every thing at once, especially when one is a king, and a king so busy as Philip III. was.

He perceived that the queen had magnificent light hair, a skin of incomparable whiteness, a small and graceful mouth, that allowed a row of pearls to be perceived whenever Margaret smiled, and hitherto she had been so serious that he could not have guessed it. But the queen had now an affable and gracious look and a manner that charmed the king, whose principal defect was his timidity, a timidity which, added to his indolence, was the secret of the Duke of Lerma's power, and which Margaret had determined at this moment to struggle against.

The council had assembled upon the king's return to make appointments to several vacant places, among others, to the viceroyalty of Navarre, the Duke of Lemos having himself asked permission to return to Madrid; but Philip, tired with his journey, had put it off till the morning. The attendants had also retired early that evening; the king and queen were alone!

After having looked some time at Margaret in silence, Philip approached her, and said, with some embarrassment, "If you knew, my dear Margaret, how much prettier this absence of a few days has made you!"

"Really," said Margaret, smiling, "in that case your majesty ought, in my interest, to have prolonged your stay in Galicia."

"How could I remain a longer time away from you, whom I love so much?"

"This Yago de Compostella, to whom I apparently owe this change, must really be a great saint. I beg your majesty to relate to me your journey into Galicia."

"At any other time . . . but at the present I have no taste for travels . . . and that one especially was so tedious."

"Oh, sire! you blaspheme Santo Yago de Compostella. But does our majesty really love me?"

"I swear it to you," exclaimed Philip, with warmth, "by our Lady del Pilar—by our Lady d'Atocha . . . by our Lady . . ."

"Oh!" said the queen, interrupting him, "I believe in all these ladies, but would wish to believe in yourself, sire. One refuses nothing to those we love."

"Madame, do you say that to me. Is it possible that I could refuse you any thing?"

"Yes, if the Duke of Lerma did not will it."

"The Duke of Lerma has nothing to do here."

"Will you promise me, sire, to consult only your own heart, and not the Duke of Lerma?"

"I swear it to you," replied the king, somewhat intimidated.

"You will tell him nothing that shall happen?"

"I swear it. What do you wish me to do?"

"To listen to this memorial which I have to read to you."

"A memorial!" exclaimed the king, terrified, "Is it possible? It will never finish! You wish to drive me to despair."

"No, sire, I wish to make you happy by forcing you to do a good action, for which you will thank me, your subjects will bless you, and Heaven will reward you."

The queen then read gravely, but with warmth, the memorial of Don Juan d'Aguilar, and proved to the king that this faithful servant, who had been accused of treason, had preserved an army which was on the

point of being lost, and that he ought not to be punished, but to be rewarded for having faithfully served his Catholic majesty: that, also, and that for the same reasons, Don Fernando d'Albayda, whose only crime had been to defend his uncle, ought to be set at liberty.

Philip, whose heart was good, when he was made to understand a thing, took his wife by the hand, and said, "You are right, madam, Don Juan d'Aguilar is a loyal and faithful servant, who ought to be recompensed. What ought I to do for him?"

"Will your majesty deign to write?"

The king sat down and wrote under his wife's dictation.

"In acknowledgment of the faithful services of Don Juan d'Aguilar, who sustained the honour of the Spanish arms in Ireland against superior forces, and who saved the army which we intrusted in him, we name him Viceroy of Navarre.

"Further, we name Don Fernando d'Albayda, his nephew, captain in the queen's regiment.

"Given in our palace of Madrid, this 24th of September 1599.

"YO EL REY."

The queen took the appointment folded it up carefully, and caused it to be conveyed to its destination early the next morning.

But the same morning the king, having recovered from the enthusiasm which had imparted so much courage to him, was the most miserable and terrified of mortals. He countermanded the council, and the only thing he had the boldness to do was to avoid the Duke of Lerma. He was even two days without seeing or speaking to him, a thing that had not happened since he was on the throne.

After two days' anxiety the favourite himself trembled when he learnt what had taken place. He ran to his brother, the grand inquisitor, and both deliberated as to what steps must be taken. They at length adopted a measure which would appear absurd if it had not been attested by the memoirs of the time,* and by historians worthy of confidence.†

The grand inquisitor presented himself before the king, accompanied by Fray Cordova, his confessor. Both approached him with pale countenances and eyes bent downwards. The king anxiously inquired the cause of this sorrow. "They were weeping," they said, "for the fate of Spain; the best of kings was about to ruin the nation!" "And his own soul," added Cordova.

"How is this?" exclaimed the terrified monarch, "what fault, fathers, have I committed?"

"The greatest of all for a monarch," said the grand inquisitor, "you have betrayed the will of God! For you are the anointed of the Lord, and it was upon your brow that he placed the crown of Spain. Not upon that of Margaret of Austria."

"Not," added the confessor, "that we blame your majesty's regard for his wife, those whom God has united, let no man separate; but the king of Spain has his duties, the husband of Margaret his; to confound them is to sin before Heaven. It is to render yourself responsible, not only for your own sins but for the sins of your wife. Such, sire, is the opinion of your confessor."

* Khevenhiller relation della vite, &c.

† Leopold Ranke, p. 210.

"And such that of the Holy Inquisition, which has charged me to make you acquainted with that opinion before referring to the court of Rome!" said the grand inquisitor.

The king trembling before the threatened thunder of the Vatican, asked him how he must conduct himself for the future, and they made him swear upon the Bible never to speak to the queen concerning state affairs: not even on the royal couch!

In the mean time Don Juan d'Aguilar had repaired to his government, and Don Fernando d'Albayda had joined his regiment without thanking their generous protector, whose good will they were totally ignorant of. One heart alone was filled with gratitude, it was that of Yezid. The Duke of Lerma endeavoured in vain to ascertain the cause of this strange event. He doubted not that it had reference to the queen's stay at Delascar d'Alberique's, but he could never fathom the truth. He feared, also, that himself, Sandoval, and Ribeira, would meet with a powerful opposition from the queen to the projects which they entertained against the Moors. But they had not abandoned these projects, and they continued to occupy themselves seriously with the means of bringing about and striking a *coup d'etat*, with which, according to them, was linked the destinies of Spain.

Such were the events which had preceded Piquillo's admission into the house of D'Aguilar, and the narration of which was necessary before proceeding with our history.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAP. I.—PIQUILLO'S EDUCATION.

SINCE Don Juan D'Aguilar's appointment, he had with difficulty obtained a leave of fifteen days to go to Madrid in order to transact business with the Countess D'Altamira, his sister, in reference to Carmen, and the latter not wishing to separate herself from her companion Aïxa, both the young girls accompanied the old man on his journey, on the return from which they were attacked by the bandit Caralo and saved by Piquillo.

On arriving at Pampeluna, the viceroy's first anxiety was to dress his new page, and Piquillo was introduced to a person with a grave countenance whom he took for a counsellor, but it was our friend Truxillo, whom, considering the past, it might have been thought that domestic cares had thus furrowed his countenance, but this was not the case, Truxillo's gravity dated anterior to his marriage, he had taken to his profession profoundly penetrated with its high responsibilities, and he took measure for a doublet with as much seriousness as a general would have drawn up a plan for a campaign. Piquillo began to question the tailor with regard to his new master.

"A brave soldier, a good master," was the answer; "his gout alone prevents that perfection in the fit which would redound to my credit."

"And his daughter?" asked Piquillo.

"The senora Carmen, ah! that is a different thing; Joanna, her milliner, is happy with her. Still more so with Aïxa—what an elegant, what a graceful shape! It is impossible to err with such a form to work upon. And yet only twelve years of age, and so beautiful—more so even than the senora Carmen—but Carmen is not jealous of her, nor is

Don Juan D'Aguilar; they love her tenderly, and anticipate her every wish."

"Is not Aïxa the viceroy's daughter, then?"

"No one knows," answered the tailor, "the viceroy came to Pampeluna last year from the Pyrenees, where he had been taking the waters, and brought this young girl with him; some say that her father was an officer, who was killed by the side of Don Juan in Ireland—but I have finished, *senor page*; you shall not wait for the clothes."

Enchanted by the beauty and gaiety of the two young girls, Piquillo had easily persuaded himself that it would be always thus, and that he would have nothing to do in the palace, but the old general, himself of an active and laborious disposition, liked also to see everybody about him occupied, and he passed over Piquillo to Pablo de Cienfuegos, his *mayor-domo*, with recommendations that he should be instructed in the duties of his service. The *mayor-domo* as well as all the other servants, were indignant at this appointment of a young vagabond found in a tree to the situation of *page* in the household, and they soon began to make him feel their hostility. Piquillo, whose pride revolted at this treatment, began to make his escape and wander in the streets, till Master Pablo thought proper to lay before his master a report, in which it was stated that Piquillo was incurably addicted to vagrancy, and that nothing could possibly be made of him. The viceroy was breakfasting with his family when the *mayor-domo* appeared with this terrible denunciation.

"Well, children," he said, "what must be done?"

"We must hear the accused," was the answer, and the bell was rung for Piquillo, but no *page* appeared; he was enjoying the open air. Master Pablo had well chosen his time, and was triumphant. When Piquillo returned, he was told that he had been wanted, and he ran pale and affrighted to the apartment of the young ladies. Aïxa was alone in the room, but she was writing, and neither looked nor spoke to the *page*. He was, however, aroused from his stupor by the arrival of Don Juan, who was about to raise a cane he held in his hand, when Piquillo threw himself at his feet, acknowledged his faults, but explained the cause of them. Carmen also interfered for the *page*, but Aïxa said nothing.

"Well," said Don Juan, "never let this happen again, or"—and shaking his cane significantly, he left the room with his daughter. Piquillo left alone with Aïxa, ventured, with some trepidation, to remark that she had not spoken in his favour.

"Why should I?" she answered, coldly, "I hoped in you, and I see that I am deceived. I thought that you would be devoted to Carmen and to me, and that we could rely upon you even unto death."

"Oh always! always! I swear it to you!" exclaimed Piquillo, throwing himself on his knees before his young mistress; and from that day forward he never quitted the palace without leave. Matters went on now very well, and nothing could equal the *page's* attention to the wishes of his young mistresses. He appeared to read their eyes and anticipate the expression of their thoughts. One day, however, he had a number of letters to deliver, he sent many to their wrong destination; it was found that Piquillo could not read, and the young ladies resolved to take upon themselves the task of teaching him. Under pretence of waiting for the orders for the day, Piquillo took a lesson every morning and sometimes in the evening. His progress under such charming instructors was

rapid to an almost wondrous degree ; Carmen, it is true, got easily tired, but Aïxa, patient and persevering, never ceased to perfect her pupil. The old general was so delighted at the progress made by his page in his studies, that he increased his salary to fifty ducats a year, and attached him exclusively to the service of Carmen and Aïxa.

From that time Piquillo had nothing to wish for, and the two years that followed were, perhaps, the happiest in his whole life. As soon as his duties to his young mistresses were accomplished, and they were neither long nor fatiguing, he ran to his books, that was his greatest pleasure. For a time he consulted Aïxa upon the subject of his reading, but the small library of the young ladies was soon exhausted by his appetite for study, and he was obliged, at last, to have recourse to the larger library of the viceroy. How rapidly did the hours fly by ! how sweet did time appear to Piquillo ! He gave up part of the night to his books and he passed his days in the company of Aïxa and of Carmen. Study had developed his intelligence and had at the same time chastened his taste and quickened his tact, and he never for a moment forgot his position in the presence of his young instructor. The festival of Santa Carmen was approaching, and the viceroy was desirous of celebrating upon this occasion the anniversary of his much beloved daughter with more than usual splendour, because this young girl of preceding anniversaries was growing up to be a beautiful Senora. He had purchased a superb gift for his daughter, a porcelain vase of great value, which he had intrusted to Piquillo, who placed it in the library. In order further to surprise Carmen, Aïxa was intrusted with the preparations of the party to be given on the same occasion, and she called in Piquillo to her assistance. It had been resolved that historical quadrilles should be danced, and Aïxa having chosen Moorish costumes for Carmen and herself, despatched Piquillo to the library for a book of engravings illustrating the costumes and antiquities of Grenada. Piquillo returned without the book, pale, discomfited, in a state of despair impossible to describe.

"Piquillo," exclaimed Aïxa, terrified, "what is the matter with you?"

"The greatest misfortune possible, my dear young mistress, has happened to me; I had ascended the steps of a ladder to obtain the book; it was bound with heavy brass clasps, which slipped through my hands and it fell—upon the beautiful China vase which the viceroy was to give to-day to his daughter. What shall I do? I cannot repair the mischief and must fly the house."

"Calm yourself," said Aïxa, although herself terrified at the disaster ; "let us see what can be done. I was told that the merchant who sold that vase had another like it, you can procure it, and place it in the library in its stead."

"How so ! were I to sell myself as a slave, it would not suffice to pay for it."

Aïxa rose, and opening a little box of rose-wood drew from it five rolls which she put into Piquillo's hand, smiling. "Here are five hundred ducats, now go to the merchant's house and get the vase before the accident is discovered."

Piquillo fell on his knees before Aïxa and pressed his lips against her hand, "I," he said, "who thought that you were an orphan without fortune, are you then rich?"

"And what if I were?" said Aïxa, astonished at the sorrow that gleamed

through his joy, "it was not for that you was devoted to me. But what I trust to Piquillo no one must know, not even Carmen. Now go quick."

Piquillo hurried away astonished and perplexed by what had taken place. He had reached the street where the merchant dwelt, when he was stopped by a woman asking alms. Piquillo remembered the day when he had also held out his hand in vain in the streets of Pampeluna, he turned round and gave all he had to the trembling old woman; it was half a ducat.

"Thanks, young lord, thanks," ejaculated the old woman, "but alas, it is not enough; it will not save her!"

"Of whom do you speak?" inquired Piquillo.

"Of my daughter," answered the old woman. "She is dying of fever, and they are going to turn us out of the house and to let her die in the street. It is my fault and I deserve it, but Heaven knows that I loved my daughter well."

"I have no more about me now," said Piquillo, "but tell me where you lodge and I promise you I will call to-morrow and do my best."

"Our lodging! yes, I may tell it to you, for to-morrow we shall have none. It is in the Calle del Higuera, at the house of the Jew, Solomon."

"And your name?"

"Alliaga," was the answer, and she hurried away.

CHAP. II.—PIQUILLO BECOMES SECRETARY TO THE VICEROY.

PIQUILLO continued his journey which had been interrupted by this incident, and having arrived at the merchant's he paid for and bore away the precious vase. He was then enabled to return to the palace and put it in the place of the broken one before the viceroy came to fetch the present which was intended for his daughter, and which was received by her with transports of joy and gratitude.

Piquillo was charged that evening by his young mistresses with the superintendence of the musicians, that he might not feel humbled by having to serve about refreshments. The ball was one of unusual splendour, all the nobility of Navarre were there, vying in gorgeousness of costumes and brilliancy of appointments. But in the midst of the many heavy and highly-decorated dresses, the light and simple Moorish costume, adopted by the two young girls attracted universal admiration. Piquillo stood modestly apart in the orchestra participating in their triumphs and glorying in their successes, but when a handsome young cavalier came forward to claim Aïxa's hand for the quadrille, he felt a painful oppression inexplicable even to himself. It was with difficulty that he recovered himself sufficiently to ask his name. "It is the son of the Duke of Ossuna, Viceroy of Naples," was the answer. "A charming partner for the senora, look how gallant he is, the senora has let her bouquet fall, he kisses it, and returns it! But Senor Piquillo, what are you going to do?" exclaimed his informant, as he held him back apparently when about to throw himself into the saloon.

"Oh, nothing," replied Piquillo, a cold, clammy perspiration dewing his forehead, "I was going to see if I was wanted," and saying this he descended into the garden, walking he scarce knew whither, but flying from the sound of the orchestra and the glare of lights, and now and then mut-

tering to himself, "They are all noble gentlemen, and rich lords, and who am I? I have no parents, not even a name!" and he burst into tears.

When the young girls met their page the next morning, the instinct of friendship betrayed to them at once that he had suffered, and that he was ill. Aïxa approached him, and placing her hand in that of Piquillo's. "Our page," she said, "hides a mystery from his friend."

Piquillo had resolved to die rather than to betray the foolish passion by which he was tortured, for that he loved the girl passionately, had become too apparent to him in the struggle of that night; but at the sound of that voice speaking to him in kindness and sympathy, the youth's resolution failed him, and he burst into tears. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "you have instructed me, and enlightened me, only to make me feel more poignantly my shame and my misery."

At these unexpected reproaches, which were but too just, Aïxa turned round to Carmen, and said, "Yes, sister, it is true what Piquillo says, the fault is ours, it is for us to repair it, but Piquillo must aid us. Spain," she continued, addressing Piquillo, "is not so rich in men of talent, but that there is room for you, Piquillo. If you were a gentleman, I should have said, 'take a sword,' but you are not so, or, at least, we suppose not; other careers are open for you, and it remains for me to provide you with one. Carmen, wait for me, I will go and speak to your father; he will help us."

Aïxa hurried away to the viceroy's apartment, without considering whether the old man was awake or not, but he had been up for some time. His nephew had arrived that very morning from the Netherlands, with despatches for the Duke of Lerma at Madrid, and he had only a few hours to spend with his uncle. The old man was enlarging upon the admiration excited by his daughter's appearance at the ball of the previous evening, and expressing his regret that Don Fernando had not arrived in time to participate in the festivities, when the door opened and the young officer remained motionless on seeing Aïxa. She was running in, animated by the sense of doing a good action, lively and gay, not anticipating the presence of a stranger, and never did she look more beautiful.

"My nephew," exclaimed the old man, seeing Aïxa stop suddenly short, somewhat surprised, "Don Fernando d'Albayda."

Aïxa shuddered at the mention of the name, as if it recalled some distant memory to her mind. When she recovered herself, she explained to the old general the cause of her visit, depicted eloquently the despair of Piquillo, whose merits were great, but his position low and inadequate, and she finished by requesting the viceroy to make him his secretary.

"Well," said Don Juan d'Aguilar, "if you wish it, it shall be so," and having sent for his former page, he said to him, "You are my secretary, you shall have a salary of two hundred ducats, and further, by way of bounty, you shall receive a year in advance," and he looked at Aïxa, who at once bowed and smiled her approval of the kind consideration of her adopted father.

CHAP. III.—PIQUILLO FINDS HIS MOTHER.

"AND now, Don Fernando, you must come and see Carmen," said Don Juan, while Piquillo, left alone, felt for a moment as if stunned by

the good luck that had befallen him. A thought suddenly struck him, I shall not be the only one who shall profit by it. He remembered the beggar of the previous evening, and he hastened away to her abode. The house of the Jew Solomon was of a dirty, repulsive aspect. He asked for Alliaga.

"Upstairs, the topmost story," was the answer given.

As Piquillo ascended, he heard a confused noise, and when he reached the garret, he found the room occupied by three alguazils in their long black cloaks.

"You shall not remove my dying daughter!" exclaimed the old woman, whom Piquillo had met the previous evening, as she brandished an iron shovel in her hand. Behind her, on a miserable bed, lay a pale, thin woman, still beautiful, whose long black hair shielded her almost naked shoulders. Her hands were closed as if in supplication, and she was praying to the harsh and unrelenting officers of justice to spare her.

"What is the matter, gentlemen?" exclaimed Piquillo, as he entered the room, almost breathless with excitement, "what have these poor women done?"

"They owe ten ducats to the proprietor of the house, Senor Pedro Dias, corregidor of the city of Pampeluna, and the furniture must be seized."

"Yes, senor," exclaimed the old woman, they wish to take away to the last thing, the bed she lies on, and what she has never parted with, her guitar and her looking-glass, all that remains of by-gone days of prosperity."

"Here," said Piquillo to the alguazils, "here are the ten ducats. I shall examine these women, and then make my report to the Viceroy of Navarre, whose secretary I have the honour to be, and in the presence of the corregidor himself if he wishes it—you can give him notice to that effect."

At the name of the viceroy, the alguazils took the money, and making a respectful bow, retired, without uttering a word. The gratitude of the women was boundless. The old lady, the Senor Urraca, loaded the young secretary with caresses, and, closing the door, placed the only chair in the garret at his disposal.

"And now," she exclaimed, "since this young lord is willing to protect us, tell him, my child, tell him our history, tell him how much better we were off once."

The wreck of beauty that lay upon the bed, raised herself with difficulty, so as to lean upon one arm, and then commenced with a slow and feeble voice, a narrative which was every moment interrupted by the reflections, exclamations, and lamentations of the mother. Of these two women, the one noble and elegant, even in her misery, excited compassion in Piquillo's bosom; the other, rude and loquacious, caused an invincible repugnance. It appeared from this narrative that the younger female was the daughter of Aben Alliaga, one of the Moors who fell in the insurrection of the Alpujarras against the tyranny of Philip II.; brought up at Seville without any means, she used, when only ten years old, to repair in the evenings to the foot of the great tower, called La Giralda, where she used to sing and beg, accompanying herself on the Basque tambour. One evening the Senor Esteban Andrenio, manager of the theatre, was among her auditors, and pleased with her good looks and

voice, he took La Giralda, for she was known by no other name, and her mother, to his home, in order to educate her for the theatre.

In two or three years' time he had taught her music and dancing; and her first *débüt* was successful beyond all hopes and anticipations. She received a magnificent salary, and the old lady declared that managers, lords, and dukes, prostrated themselves before her. But a misunderstanding took place with the Senor Esteban Andrenio, he was not satisfied with the total subservience of his pupil, and started a rival in the person of the young Lazarilla. In the necessity which there was to supplant and put down this rival, one of the gentlemen of the king's chamber, the general superintendent of theatres, was applied to; he readily granted his protection to La Giralda, but upon terms dictated rather by the licence of theatrical and courtly manners, than by pure generosity. Four more years passed by amidst continuous triumphs, surrounded by adorers, and loaded with treasures. At the end of that time, the young Don Alvar, descended of the princes of Eboli, proposed to marry La Giralda; but it was necessary to put the living testimony of a first error aside, and her son, then five years of age, was removed to a convent.

Unfortunately, Don Alvar was slain in a duel, and when the boy was sought for at the convent the reverend fathers said that he had gone away of his own will. From that time nothing had succeeded with La Giralda, her heart was with her child, rather than with her theatrical duties, her voice began to lose its tone, her face its beauty, she lost her engagements, and fell into poverty and distress, from the wreck of which all that she had preserved was a looking-glass and guitar, that reminded her of her days of property and success.

"Where," inquired Piquillo, at the conclusion of this history, "was the convent situated to which your son was confided?"

"The convent of Franciscans at Pampeluna."

Piquillo shuddered, and turned ashy pale, "And where," he added, "is the mirror you spoke of?"

"Here they are," said La Giralda, taking up a guitar and mirror from behind the bed where they had been hastily deposited on the arrival of the alguazils, and looking at them sorrowfully she added, "here is all that remains to the poor actress, her guitar as a remembrance of her talents, her mirror as a memorial of her beauty."

Piquillo uttering an exclamation which he could not restrain at the sight of the looking-glass, fell pale and trembling by the bed-side, "My mother!" was all that he could say. La Giralda at once terrified and delighted, wept and pressed Piquillo in her arms. She also could only find words to say, "My son, my son!"

When La Giralda, Piquillo, and the old mother Urraca, who was in transports of joy at this unexpected denouement, had somewhat recovered themselves, the young secretary also narrated to his relatives some portions of his life, detailing more particularly his actual position and his hopes, which he said would now be materially influenced by the knowledge of who was his father. But to this natural question La Giralda seemed to have much repugnance to answer. The station which he held in society appeared to make her dread the avowal, and it was only after Piquillo had insisted upon this point that she asked for pen, ink, and paper, and handing a letter to the youth she said, "Here, my son, I send you far

away ; but go to Madrid, it is all I can do for your future prospects, and deliver this to the one whose bounden duty it is to protect you."

When Piquillo had got into the street, he looked at the superscription, it was "To the Duke of Uzèda in his palace at Madrid."

CHAP. IV.—PIQUILLO IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.

WHEN Piquillo returned to the viceroy's palace, he felt as if he breathed a purer and a lighter atmosphere. Don Fernando was seated near his betrothed, and the old general was looking on delighted. Aïxa was embroidering in a corner. "My lord," said Piquillo, bowing profoundly, "your excellency will find me very ungrateful in asking leave of absence the day of my appointment, but necessity requires that I should start this very day for Madrid."

"You had better go at once with Don Fernando," said the viceroy, smiling, "since he takes so much interest in your fate."

"What, is every body going to Madrid?" exclaimed the young girls, but one was looking at Piquillo, the other at Don Fernando.

"Oh," said the latter, "we will travel together. I can talk with him on the road of my uncle, of my cousin, of all that I love . . ."

Before quitting Pampeluna, Piquillo hastened to obtain a better apartment for his mother, whom he left under charge of the viceroy's first secretary, and on his return the horses were already put to the carriage and the young ladies were in the court. Aïxa slipped a purse into Piquillo's hand—it was well she did so, for he had left half his bounty with La Giralda. Fernando made the young secretary jump into the carriage, and in a few moments they were in the open country. Nothing makes people more social than fresh air, the highway, and a good travelling carriage. Our travellers had too many subjects of mutual interest to talk about for conversation to flag, and night was far advanced before the darkness and monotony of the journey threw them into a kind of slumber. It was daybreak when Piquillo was awoke by the jolting of the carriage, and when he looked around him he rubbed his eyes, for he thought that he was still sleeping. He was in an open space in the midst of a forest, and by the road-side a giant oak, with black and fleshless arms reared its colossal ruins. Fire had begun the work which time was completing. Piquillo uttered a cry which awoke Fernando.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed the latter.

"Oh! nothing ; I was dreaming," replied Piquillo, "and that great black tree frightened me."

"Ah, I see where we are," said Fernando ; "do you observe in the midst of the wood, to the left there, the ruined roof of an inn? About seven years ago it sustained a siege against me," and the captain began to narrate the circumstances, with which the reader is already familiar.

Piquillo knew the place well: it was the hostelry of Captain Juan Baptista, but he deemed it convenient not to be communicative upon the subject of this dark epoch in his history.

The travellers arrived the following evening at Madrid, and Fernando made the young secretary accept a room in his hotel, but when Piquillo said that his affairs were with the Duke of Uzèda, Fernando felt grieved

that he could not assist him in that quarter, and he related how he had unfortunately had a quarrel with that nobleman.

"One word more before we part," said Fernando, "Carmen and Aïxa call you Piquillo, but in Madrid you must have another name. What is it?"

Piquillo had never anticipated so simple a question, yet he must answer it at once. Thinking of the Moor that fell in the Alpujarras, fighting for his liberty and religion, he answered, "My name is Alliaga."

Piquillo having obtained the address of the Duke of Uzèda, proceeded then alone to his residence, which was rather a vast than elegant palace, situated in the street of Tuen-Carral. It was with some timidity that he addressed himself to a man whose clothes were all covered with embroidery, and who held a halberd in his hand, to inquire if there were any means of seeing his excellency.

"Monsenor the Duke of Uzèda is not at home," answered the Swiss, with a haughty toss of his head, and striking his halberd on the pavement.

"I will call again," answered Piquillo, and he returned to the hotel of Don Fernando. The latter, after a brief interview with the Duke of Lerma, had left abruptly for Valladolid, where the count was then residing, but he had left orders that the Senor Alliaga should be treated in his absence like himself. Piquillo, alone in the hotel, amused himself by writing to Aïxa. The next morning he repaired at an early hour to the palace of the duke; he was told that he was out. He returned to his hotel, and wrote another long letter to Aïxa. The following day, as he was returning to the duke's, his excellency's carriage was just bringing back its master. Piquillo's heart beat with joy. At length he was going to see the duke. He again addressed himself to the magnificent porter, "His Excellency Monsenor the Duke of Uzèda?"

"He is gone out."

"I have just seen him come in."

"Not for you, my young senor."

"How am I to see him, then?"

"By asking an audience."

Piquillo returned to his hotel, wrote a request for an audience, and then repaired with his letter to the palace, and inquired when he might expect an answer.

"In eight days," was the response, "perhaps more."

What was to be done? he retired in despair, but resolved to wait. He could not be always writing to Aïxa, it might be tiresome to her, it was certainly dangerous to himself, so he began to explore the streets of Madrid. One morning, while strolling along the street of Atocha, he observed above the windows of a brilliant perfumery warehouse, the name of Andrea Cazoleta, court perfumer. He felt convinced that he had heard the name before, but he could not tell where. Turning into a narrow street close by, the noise of three pewter dishes, agitated by the wind, drew his attention to a little shop with blue shutters, that were carefully closed, and it was with mingled surprise and pleasure, that he read above, ABEN ABOU, otherwise, GONGARELLO, barber. He had found an old friend, and he hastened to knock at the door, but no one answered. He inquired of a neighbour.

"I do not know him."

"But he was your neighbour?"

"He is gone away."

"Where is he gone?"

The person questioned looked terrified, and answered, "I do not know."

Luckily, Piquillo bethought himself of Cazoleta, the perfumer; he remembered that it was in connexion with the barber that he had heard the name, and he repaired at once to the showy interior of the court perfumery shop. A little man, with round eyes and a pointed nose, was bowing obsequiously. "I wish to know," said Piquillo, "what has become of the barber Gongarello, your relative?"

"My relative!" exclaimed the perfumer, terrified beyond description, "it is a mistake—he is—related, I believe, to my wife, Cazilda."

"No matter, I am his friend."

"Do you really mean it?"

"I do. I am Piquillo who saved his life in the Sierra d'Oca!"

At these words the Senora Cazoleta, who was not far off, made her appearance, and welcomed Piquillo, declaring that she loved Gongarello, and that she was a Moor as well as her cousin. It was in vain that the little perfumer alternately trembled, begged, and threatened. Cazilda related, that the barber was getting on well in business, and Juanita might have been well established, when, one evening, about three years ago, the neighbours saw a man go in to be shaved, who wanted it very badly, for his thick black beard was fearful to contemplate! No one knows what passed between them, but the next day the barber's shop was found shut up, and neither he nor his niece Juanita have ever been seen since or heard of! No one dares to ask about them, for it is whispered in the quarter, that the man with the beard was a familiar of the Inquisition. "And," added Cazoleta, "for a perfumer of the court, it will not do to have suspected relatives."

Piquillo made some small purchases and departed, grieved at what he had heard, but he afterwards returned frequently to converse with the Senora Cazoleta.

In the meantime the eight days had elapsed, and Piquillo had received no answer from the Duke of Uzèda. At length he confided his history and his anxieties to the sympathising wife of the perfumer.

"The Duke of Uzèda!" exclaimed Cazilda, "why, he has been gone these five days past to Valladolid!"

"Are you sure?" asked Piquillo in despair.

"Certain, we have just received orders to send him a casket of perfumery and cosmetics."

"What shall I do?" ejaculated Piquillo, in despair.

"I will tell you," answered the good Cazilda. "The duke always has his cosmetics delivered to him personally. The bearer of this casket will certainly be admitted to him at once. Suppose you take it."

Piquillo did not exactly like appearing before his father as a shop-boy, but there was only this alternative, and he embraced it.

"Thank you, Cazilda, thank you," he said, and the next day the descendant of Royas de Sandoval and of the Duke of Lerma, obliged to turn court perfumer to gain admission into his noble family, started early for Valladolid.

THE LORD OF MIREBEAU AND PIERRE D'ESTAING THE ALCHEMIST.

BEING A FOURTH CHAPTER FROM THE HISTORY OF SORCERY AND MAGIC.

By THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A.

At the same period with the persecution of the citizens of Arras for vaulderie or sorcery, another town in France was the scene of events equally characteristic of an age when great troubles frequently arose out of what would now be considered the most contemptible superstitions of the vulgar. The science of alchemy was closely allied to that of magic; both were grounded in the desire to become master of the secret and mysterious workings of nature. The former especially addressed itself to the covetous feelings of mankind, and found dupes in every class of society, although old Chaucer's judgment was constantly verified in the result—

“ This cursed craft who so wol exercise,
He shal no good have, that him may suffice ;
For all the good he spendeth thereabout
He lesen shal, thereof have I no doute.”

The history of alchemy in the middle ages would make a chapter of itself; I will not enter upon it at present, but proceed to my narrative, which furnishes a pertinent illustration of the *dictum* of the old poet.

One day, at the beginning of the month of November, 1455, a man named Pierre d'Estaing, a practitioner in medicine, who stated that he was attached to the household of the Duke of Bourbon, arrived suddenly and hurriedly at the convent of the Jacobins in the town of Dijon, and claimed protection under the right of asylum which the house of this order enjoyed by especial privilege. He refused, however, to inform them of the circumstances which had placed his life in danger. He remained safe under shelter of the immunities of the place a few days, until on Friday, the 7th of November, between eight and nine o'clock in the morning, Jean de Bauffremont, Lord of Mirebeau and Bourbonne, a powerful baron of the neighbourhood, came to the postern-gate of the monastery, on pretence of hearing mass, accompanied by two of his bastard children (one of whom was a Jacobin monk) and a party of armed retainers. Their horses had been placed secretly in the stable of an adjoining inn. The intruders marched direct into the cloisters, and there seized Pierre d'Estaing, whom they found sitting under the arcade, and, in spite of the cries and resistance of the monks, who had been brought together by the noise of these violent proceedings, dragged him to the outside of the convent, where they ordered him to mount a horse which had been brought there in readiness. On his refusing to obey, the Lord of Mirebeau drew his dagger, and struck him on the head, so as to produce an effusion of blood; and after giving him several blows with the fist, they bound him with cords and tied him on the horse's back. The whole party then rode off at full gallop, succeeded in passing one of the gates of the town before it could be closed upon them, and made for the castle of Mirebeau, where their prisoner was thrown into the castle dungeon.

Meanwhile the good town of Dijon was thrown into a great uproar. The mayor and échevins met the same day. A detailed *procès-verbal* was drawn up by the municipal officers, and witnesses were heard, who all confirmed the account given by the monks. Not only had there been a flagrant breach of the privileges secured to the town by its charter, which gave to the municipal officers the sole right of arrest within the town and its jurisdiction, but a convent, protected by the strongest sympathies of the municipality, had been openly violated. The monastery of the Jacobins was, indeed, under the special jurisdiction of the mayor and échevins; and it was within its walls that, for half a century, the municipal elections had always taken place. On the morrow Master Etienne Berbissey, lieutenant of the mayor, and Master Mougin Lacorne, secretary of the municipality (or, as we should say, town-clerk), were sent to Mirebeau, to demand of its lord, Jean de Bauffremont, reparation for the injuries done to the privileges of Dijon; but he made evasive answers, and evidently wished to gain time. After vain attempts, on the part of the town, to bring their opponent to reason by friendly expostulations, the authorities proceeded to act with the vigour that so frequently characterized the measures of the municipal bodies in the middle ages. On the 10th of November, Philippe Bergain, the serjeant and crier of the town, summoned, by sound of trumpet, in all the streets and places of Dijon, the Lord Jean de Bauffremont and his accomplices, to appear before the mayor, on Monday, the 24th of November, at two o'clock in the afternoon, on pain of confiscation of all the goods he possessed in Dijon, and of perpetual banishment from the town and its jurisdiction.

The town had met with a formidable antagonist in Jean de Bauffremont, who quietly set the municipal authorities at defiance. He happened to possess no goods within the limits of their jurisdiction, so that their only hope of obtaining justice was by calling for the interference of their feudal lord, the Duke of Burgundy, to whom, and to his house, the Lord of Mirebeau had done important services. Jean de Bauffremont had accompanied the Duke Jean-sans-Peur to the siege of Bourges, in 1412; in 1417 he was one of the captains who besieged the castle of Nogent, and who received its capitulation in the name of the duke; and in the year ensuing, he had bravely repulsed the troops of the King of France, which were ravaging the frontiers of the duchy. In fact, he had shown himself through these desolating civil wars one of the bravest and most devoted adherents of the Bourguignon party. At the first glance, therefore, the success of an application to the duke appeared to be very doubtful. But amid the constant troubles and hostilities of the middle ages, the leading men in the municipal towns learned to be at once brave captains and skilful diplomatists; and we shall see in the sequel that those of Dijon were not deficient, at least, in the qualifications of the latter.

The Duke of Burgundy was at this time in Holland, at the Hague, whither the mayor and échevins sent messengers with letters, placing themselves under his special protection. They made a full statement of the affair, pleaded their chartered rights and privileges, and ended by intimating that the reason they had not been on the spot in time to seize the offenders in the fact, and exact justice for themselves, was that *they were at that moment occupied in their assembly in voting unanimously the aid of sixty thousand francs, which the duke had asked of*

them in the month of January preceding. This was a very cunning stroke of policy, and seems to have had its effect. To make still more sure, the burghers wrote at the same time to the duke's chancellor, to Jean de Molesmes, the duke's secretary, Jean Costain, his butler, to Jean Martin, the castellan of Rouvre and the duke's valet-de-chambre, and to other officers of the ducal household, recommending the cause of the town to their protection in the most pressing terms, and as there are in the municipal accounts of this period a number of vague and mysterious entries of payments of money voted by the town, it seems probable that other means were taken to make clear to the duke's councillors the justice of this cause. The result was, that the duke took up the cause of the burghers with zeal, and issued on the 9th of December a peremptory order to his bailiff of Dijon to repair immediately to the castle of Mirebeau, to deliver the prisoner, and restore him to the place from whence he had been taken, using force in case of resistance, and to arrest without delay all persons concerned in the outrage and commit them to prison in the strong castle of Talant belonging to the duke, and situated in the immediate vicinity of Dijon. On the 31st of December the bailiff of Dijon, Philippe de Courcelles, went to Mirebeau with a strong party of serjeants and men-at-arms, but he found the gates of the castle closed and barricadoed. After he had knocked three times at the principal entrance, and summoned the castle by sound of horn at the end of the drawbridge, the chief of the watch, who is called the bastard Jean de Ruppes, made his appearance; but the only answer he would give was, that his master was absent, and that he had left strict orders to open to nobody. The bailiff then read the duke's order, but in vain; whereupon he pronounced solemnly the confiscation of the castle of Mirebeau, and in sign of seizure placed the ducal arms on the great gate. He then collected together the people of the town of Mirebeau by sound of trumpet, and caused the crier, as well before the castle as in the market-place, to summon the Lord Jean de Bauffremont, his accomplices, and the bastard Jean de Ruppes, to appear before him on the 10th of January following, on pain of banishment and final confiscation of the goods of all the persons thus summoned. Philippe de Courcelles then returned with his escort to Dijon.

The affair had now taken a very serious turn. Jean de Bauffremont imagined that it would end in a mere squabble between himself and the townsmen, or he would hardly have carried the matter so far; but when he saw the promptitude with which the duke had taken up the cause of the town, he was not so rash as to brave an authority against which he knew that he was powerless. Accordingly, when the 10th of January arrived, he came forward and surrendered himself a prisoner in the castle of Talant. The prosecution was now actively followed up as well by the duke's bailiff as in the municipal court. When brought into the court for examination, the Lord of Mirebeau confessed the crime with which he was charged; but he refused, with the same obstinacy which had been shown by Pierre d'Estaing himself, to give any account of the motives of his hostility to that individual. The bailiff adjourned his judgment from day to day, in the expectation of further disclosures. The municipal body held a rapid series of deliberations, all of which were entered in their secret register, and the result of which was regularly communicated to the duke and his councillors, in a correspondence which was carried on, without interruption, during the months of January, February, and

March. The men-at-arms of the town were in the meantime actively engaged in tracing the accomplices of Jean de Bauffremont, who had hitherto effectively concealed themselves; but they were at length discovered, and were all arrested on the 11th of March, and the same day confronted with their master. The latter now made a full confession of his dealings with Pierre d'Estaing.

It appears that some months before the proceedings described above, a certain Jacobin monk named Olivier came to the Lord of Mirebeau, and told him, among other things, that there was a man at Moulins, in the Bourbonnois, who had an art (a *lique*, as he termed it—perhaps with the evil one) whereby he could make forty or fifty thousand écus every year, and that he was called Master Pierre d'Estaing, a gentleman by birth and, as he said, a near kinsman of the pope. Seeing that he had raised the curiosity of the Lord of Mirebeau, he added that, if it were his pleasure, he would undertake to act as a negotiator for him with the said Pierre d'Estaing. The cupidity of Jean de Bauffremont was strongly excited, and he eagerly embraced the monk's offer; and brother Olivier made several journeys to Moulins at his expense, to convey his proposals to the alchemist. Led by the favourable reports which this monk brought him, Jean de Bauffremont repaired to Moulins in person, and there conversed with Master Pierre, and was so fully satisfied with his statements, that he entered into an agreement whereby Pierre d'Estaing promised to put him in possession of the science of his "*lique*," on condition that the Lord of Mirebeau should deposit in the hands of a merchant the sum of one thousand écus of gold, which were to be given to Master Pierre as soon as he had fulfilled his promise. The next day the Lord of Mirebeau was so much pleased with the "fair and great promises" of the alchemist, that he gave him a diamond of the value of twenty écus or more, to present to his lady; which so entirely gained his heart, that he immediately agreed to reduce his demand from a thousand to five hundred écus, and Jean de Bauffremont took immediate steps to raise the money. From this time we hear no more of brother Olivier; and it looks much as if the two parties chiefly concerned were trying mutually to overreach each other.

Before Jean de Bauffremont departed from Moulins, Pierre d'Estaing gave him one of his servants to accompany him back to Mirebeau, there to commence operations, which he said would take three months before it would be necessary for him to interfere. He was then to bring the preparation to Moulins, and to pay two hundred écus into the hands of the alchemist, upon which the latter would enter upon the more secret parts of the process, which his servant was incapable of performing.

Jean de Bauffremont accordingly returned to his castle of Mirebeau with Pierre d'Estaing's servant, to whom he gave money to defray his expenses. At Mirebeau, the servant began to work assiduously on his "operations," in the course of which he was sent several times to consult with his master, always at Jean de Bauffremont's expense, who also gave him daily a Rhenish florin for his wages. In the sequel Pierre d'Estaing himself came to Mirebeau, and renewed his promises to its lord, who, in return, assured him that he should be liberally rewarded. Master Pierre, with three assistants, had remained in the castle a considerable time, at Jean de Bauffremont's expense, when the latter received a letter from the Count of Clermont, son of the Duke of Bourbon and Auvergne, to whose household the alchemist had been attached. The count congra-

tulated the Lord of Mirebeau on the acquisition he had made in the person of Master Pierre d'Estaing, who, he said, was quite capable of performing what he had promised, adding, that he would not have permitted him to leave his service for that of any other person ; he recommended him to keep a sharp watch upon the alchemist, and if he did not perform his work to his satisfaction, to shut him up in a place where he could work only by candlelight, and to keep him there till it was done ; and concluded by expressing a hope that Jean de Bauffremont would not object to share with him the great treasure which he was to gain by the labours of Master Pierre.

Jean de Bauffremont immediately showed the count's letter to Pierre d'Estaing, who was much abashed when he heard its contents, and bursting into tears, fell on his knees before him, and begged that he would have pity upon him. Jean de Bauffremont told him to lay aside his fears, assured him that no one should injure him, and promised to treat him as he would his own child. It appears, however, that he led him into the chapel of the castle, and made him swear, with his hand upon the altar, that he would not go beyond the castle walls until he had entirely completed his task. Upon this Pierre d'Estaing obtained from his employer a hundred and fifty francs to give to his first servant, a horse worth twelve écus, and a mantle of four écus ; six écus to distribute among his other servants ; twenty écus to send to his house at Moulins ; and ten écus to send to his "chambrière" (we are not told if this were the lady for whom the diamond was designed). It is probable that the alchemist was now treated with rigour, and that he considered his life in danger ; for these last transactions occurred about the feast of All Saints, two or three days after which, while Jean de Bauffremont was absent on a visit to Villers-les-Pots, he let himself down from one of the castle windows by means of his bedclothes, about eleven o'clock at night, passed the outer watch of the castle unperceived, and, wandering till morning, reached the town of Dijon, where, as we have already seen, he sought shelter in the convent of the Jacobins.

Jean de Bauffremont was immediately made acquainted with Master Pierre's escape, and he hurried back in a fury to Mirebeau, where the hiding-place of the fugitive was soon known. According to his own account of what followed, the Lord of Mirebeau repaired with a party of his friends and servants to Dijon, and there gave information to the authorities that a prisoner had escaped from his castle, and was concealed by the Jacobins. The next day he went to the monastery, had an interview with Pierre d'Estaing, and, as he stated, obtained from him a promise to return with him to his castle and continue his alchemical operations, which seems to have been the thing he had most at heart. Finding subsequently that Master Pierre was still unwilling to leave the sanctuary, he represented to him the great expenses he had already been at, and offered to pay for him into the hands of some person in Dijon a thousand écus as the reward for the completion of his work, pledging himself that when it was finished, he would bring him back in safety and restore him to the same place in which he had now taken refuge. The alchemist seems now, however, to have had no inclination to renew his experiments ; —perhaps he had no great confidence in their success—and Jean de Bauffremont, finding that he would no longer put any trust in his promises, told him openly that from that moment he considered all their engagements broken, and that each must do his best for himself. He

then concerted measures for taking away the fugitive by force, which, as we have already seen, were carried into effect early on the following morning.

The legal investigation of this strange affair being brought to a close by the confession of the principal offender, the mayor and échevins demanded, in the name of the town, that Jean de Bauffremont should pay a fine of ten thousand écus of gold, to be employed on the fortification of the town-wall, and that his accomplices should be given up to the judgment of the municipal court. The latter point was yielded at once, without any hesitation, and on the 18th of March the court pronounced its sentence, according to which the men who had aided the Lord of Mirebeau in violating the sanctuary of the convent, were to be brought on a Sunday, in their shirts and barefoot, each with a lighted taper in his hand weighing three pounds, before the same gate of the town through which Pierre d'Estaing had been carried away, and there they were to cry "mercy" on their knees before the mayor and échevins, who were to be summoned for the occasion, and they were also to cry "mercy" to the whole town, at the same time making a public confession of their crime; they were then to recite the *amende honorable*, after which each was to have one of his hands cut off; they were next to carry the tapers to the monastery of the Jacobins, and there offer them at the high altar; after which they were to pay a pecuniary fine proportionate to their means, and to be banished from the town and jurisdiction of Dijon for ever. This sentence was executed to the letter on the first Sunday in April.

It appears to have been a much more difficult matter to pronounce judgment on the person of Jean de Bauffremont, who remained in prison till the month of December following, without any prospect of a satisfactory decision of his cause. He then wrote to the mayor to propose terms of arrangement, and sent the letter by one of the duke's councillors, but after the common council of the town had held two deliberations on the subject, he only received for answer that, since the cause was now in the duke's court, and before his bailiff, it was not in the power of the municipal body to enter upon his proposals. Jean de Bauffremont then wrote direct to the Duke of Burgundy, begging, in the most humble terms, that the duke would have compassion upon him. Three months again passed away; but at length, on the 26th of March, 1457, Duke Philippe, then at Brussels, granted the prisoner letters of pardon and restitution to his goods, on condition that he should give sureties for making his peace with the town.

This, however, was not so easily done. A new series of proceedings was commenced, in the course of which the Lord of Mirebeau died. They still remained undecided in the year 1462, when the cause was again prosecuted against Jean de Bauffremont's widow, Marguerite de Châlon, and his son Pierre de Bauffremont, and, by the duke's orders, the affair was carried before the parliament of Burgundy, then sitting at Beaune. This new process lasted till 1470, on the 12th of January, in which year the parliament condemned the heirs of Jean de Bauffremont to a fine of four thousand livres to the town, which was subsequently, by an agreement of the two parties, commuted for one thousand livres. It was not till the 6th of March, 1472, that the judgment of the parliament was executed, and that this long affair, which had been held in suspense during more than fifteen years, was finally terminated.*

* The documents of this remarkable story are published in an article in the last number of the *Bibliothèque de l'Ecole des Chartes*.

BASSORA.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH, ESQ.

Navigation of the Shat al Arab—City of Bassora—M. Fontanier the French Consul—His strange Proceedings—Assassination of the Shaikh of Zubair—Olden Commerce at the Head of the Persian Gulf—Ports of the Babylonians, of the Macedonians, of the Persians, and of the Arabs. One of the four Muhammedan Paradises—Sinbad the Sailor—Actual Commerce—Decline of the City.

THERE is but a short distance from Kurnah at the junction of the rivers Euphrates and Tigris, and beyond which the united streams are termed the Shat al Arab, or River of the Arabs, to Bassora, and the paddles of the steamer soon annihilated the interval that lay between us and the renowned seaport of the Khalifs. We anchored off the city on the 19th of June, and celebrated the safe descent of the river, and gratified our feelings of loyalty and attachment for the king under whose patronage the enterprise was being carried on, by firing a number of guns equivalent to the age of a now regretted monarch.

The town of Bassora—or, as it should be correctly written, Basrah—is scarcely visible from the river. The crumbling ramparts extend, however, to that point, where a custom-house and a dilapidated fortress mark the entrance of the canal by which the town itself is reached.

The first house that is met with upon this canal is the British Residency, which was occupied by an Armenian agent called Agha Barsaik. To the left of this, a very ordinary bazaar led the way to the central square, where a few handsome Saracenic edifices of olden time were still to be seen, while the chief bazaar of the town branched off to the southward. Beyond this, with the exception of the mosques, none of which possess either magnitude or magnificence, the solid churches of an enduring Christianity, and a few private residences, nothing but crumbling walls meet the eye, and a deathlike silence pervades the streets and suburbs of the city generally. The whole extent of town, interspersed with gardens and date plantations, is encircled by walls, which embrace almost the whole of the cultivated land, as well as that which is built upon, in their vast circumference, and these walls, although perpendicular on the outside, are sustained by a sloping embankment within, and are thus as much adapted to keep out the waters of inundations as an invasion of Arabs.

We were welcomed on our arrival at Bassora by M. Fontanier, the French consul, and the only European resident in the city. The appointment of this gentleman had been subsequent to that of the expedition, whose movements, indeed, appeared to be the chief, if not the sole object of his attention. But he also found leisure to mingle himself up with the intrigues of the Turkish and Arab parties in the city itself, and the history of his proceedings during the brief presence of the British steamers in these latitudes is so truly curious and amusing, and affords such a strange picture of what a French agent may be when placed in some remote yet not less responsible quarter of the globe; and his proceedings also involve themselves so intimately with our subsequent navigation of the rivers of Susiana, and the fall of Muhammarah, that it is impossible to pass them over in silence. Nor is there aught of caricature in these quasi-political revelations, for I shall state nothing that is not corroborated by the French consul himself in a work, a translation of which has been published in this country under the title of "Narrative of a Mission to India, &c."

In this work M. Fontanier avows that he considered it to be his duty, as the representative of France in the Persian Gulf, and on the rivers Euphrates and Tigris, to oppose, in every manner that lay in his power, the aggrandizement of Great Britain in that portion of Asia, and to exert himself to the utmost to undermine its influence. So far all fair; it is merely supplanting international amity by international enmity. The curiosity lies in the steps taken to insure success. The first was to recommend the Muntifik Arabs to bar the passage of the river with the trunks of palm-trees—a recommendation which led M. Fontanier into the extravagant error of recording in his work that he really did so far succeed as to engage us in hostilities with the Arabs. This little transaction, our acquaintance with which was officially transmitted by the writer, at the commanding officer's request, to the representative of French majesty, did not prevent M. Fontanier hastening to welcome us on our arrival at Bassora. He did so, he says in his published work, most sincerely, for he had studied the details of the expedition with great care, and although he knew the result aimed at, he did not imagine the projectors would flatter themselves that they should succeed all at once. "My mistrust," he says, "was directed to the future, not the present."

M. Fontanier resided at the time of our arrival in a house attached to the Roman Catholic church, which he afterwards changed for the convent, when its last tenant, Kaz Hannah, or John the Goose—who, originally a dealer in tobacco, had failed and turned priest—took his departure at the time that the ascendancy of the Shaikh of Zubair had driven the Turkish governor to seek satisfaction at the court of Baghdad.

M. Fontanier had, upon his arrival, accepted the hospitality of the British agent, and had been introduced by him to the governor, but he found that Agha Barsaik had not given him the best apartment. He believed that no one was allowed to visit him without the agha's permission, and, worse than all, he was viewed as a *protégé* of the English. He accordingly extricated himself from this dilemma by nestling in the church, but he had not a flag-staff to proclaim his dignity, and what is worse, no funds to erect one. This was, however, overcome by pulling down a portion of the French factory, upon which the French Bishop of Baghdad had spent, a few years back, 1200*l.* in repairs, and selling the materials, by which means the insignia of national honour and the attribute of personal importance was at length made to float over the wilderness of Bassora.

"Once installed," says M. Fontanier in his amusing narrative, "I received frequent visits from all those who disliked the authority of the English." And a circumstance soon occurred which, he relates, made it incumbent on him to check the influence of England. This was the approach of the Euphrates expedition, and the request made by Colonel Taylor, then British resident at Baghdad, for permission to establish coal and wood depôts at five different points on the Euphrates. M. Fontanier designates the unfortunate coal depôts as military posts and magazines, and he says that to ask permission to construct these posts and to establish a communication between them by means of steamboats was neither more nor less than to propose to take possession of the river. Imagine five coal and wood depôts holding eleven hundred miles of river and six millions of unconquered Arabs in subjection!

But this was not the only mare's nest discovered by the sagacity of the French consul. The arrival of a company of sepoy at Bassora, to re-

lieve the guard at the Baghdad residency, was converted by him into a military occupation of the country, and upon the return of the relieved guard, he takes credit to himself for having obtained their dismissal. So highly was his political importance raised by this imaginary triumph, that he exclaims, in a paroxysm of self-congratulation, that his mere presence had now become a serious check to British influence, and that false greatness no longer glittered when exposed to light.

At the time when the so-much dreaded steamer *Euphrates* arrived at Bassora, the government of the town was nominally vested in the hands of a Turkish governor called Mehemet Chelibi, but the chief power really belonged to an Arab usurper called Tajib Oghlu, otherwise Mehemet Ban Tajib.

Fifteen years ago, the Shaikh of Zubair, an Arab town at a short distance from Bassora, in the interior, belonging to the Zayir family, had usurped the government of the city. The Turkish troops under Daud Pasha were assisted by the Arabs of the Muntifik and Tajib tribes in recovering the city, which was ultimately effected, and upon which occasion three brothers of the Zayir's were slain, and a fourth escaped to Aleppo.

In return for the assistance thus afforded, Tajib was established as shaikh of Zubair, and the government of Bassora was farmed out to Mehemet Chelibi. But Tajib soon showed his ingratitude to the Turkish government, by making Zubair the centre of a large smuggling trade, and otherwise embarrassing Mehemet Chelibi in his government. The latter was well affected towards the English as the lovers of order; this was sufficient for M. Fontanier to declare himself in favour of Tajib. "Ban Tajib," he says, "sought my support, and my credit was at once established."

The Turkish governor, with a rival in the city openly supported by the representative of the French government, being unable to carry on affairs any longer, repaired shortly after our arrival to represent this untoward state of things to the Pasha of Baghdad. A plan essentially Turkish was then resolved upon. The days of obedience to a bow-string order are gone by. Mehemet Chelibi was intrusted with a secret firman authorising the assassination of the unfortunate shaikh. Armed with this firman, Mehemet Chelibi quitted Baghdad as secretly as possible, but not sufficiently so, but that Tajib was apprised of his departure and had time to collect his partisans. He was thus prepared to defend himself if the governor had been accompanied by such a number of followers as to have excited his suspicions. Mehemet Chelibi, however, took care to commit no such blunder, and went so far as on his arrival to pretend to be afraid of the shaikh, and to remain two days at the custom-house gates, not venturing into the town till the third day.

It was at this conjuncture that M. Fontanier states himself to have been made acquainted with the intended assassination through the medium of a young Jew whom he protected. "I had time," he says, "to put him (Tajib) on his guard, but I did not: it was in my power to save him, but my duty forbade me. I was obliged to forget that this man had never rendered me other than kind services, and to leave him to his wretched fate."

Mehemet Chelibi had taken the precaution to bring with him one of the Zayir Arabs, Ban Mutchari. Together they entered the town with great pomp, and proceeded to the hall where the divan was usually held. Ban Tajib met them there, and embraced the governor, as also the representative of the rival Arab tribe, but he notified to the latter, at the same time, that he must quit Bassora within the twenty-four hours. All par-

ties then seated themselves, conversation ensued, and at last the *cadi* was called in to read aloud the *firmans* for the new appointments. That of the governor was read, after which the *cadi's*, before attending to that of the Shaikh of Zubair. Ban Tajib seemed to feel this breach of etiquette; but the governor, to divert his attention, remarked that it was useless, in this season of the Ramazan, to keep fatigued Muhammedans under arms, and complained that he could not hear the contents of the *firmans*.

The Arabs who had accompanied Ban Tajib were turned out of the court of the palace; the soldiers of the governor himself were dismissed, with the exception of those who were employed, according to custom, in firing the cannon during the reading of the *firmans*. At length the reading was resumed, and Ban Tajib, perceiving that it still related to the *cadi*, rose with the intention of withdrawing. Whilst he stooped at the door of the *divan* to put on his slippers, an attendant shot him with a pistol in the loins, and the Arab who had charge of his pipe, having drawn his sword, was also despatched. On the report of the pistol the gates of the palace were closed, so that the followers of the murdered shaikh could not enter; they, however, threatened an assault, and did not disperse until the stripped and lifeless body of their chief had been thrown out of one of the windows. And so ended the first of M. Fontanier's sanguinary political farces.

Bassora was founded by the Khalif Omar, and therefore anticipated Baghdad. The first colony was composed of eight hundred moslems, and the building of the new city was, according to Ibn Haukal, performed by Atbak ibn Ghazuan. But the necessities of the commerce of the Persian Gulf, had always demanded that there should be an emporium and port on the Euphrates, and the Bassora of the early moslems only succeeded to the Abulah of the Persians and the Apologos of the Macedonians.

The celebrated historian Tabari, who wrote in the latter half of the ninth century, relates that in the latter times of the dynasty of the Sasanides, the Persian kings had fortified the city of Abulah, and that that place served as a bulwark against the invasions of the Indian fleets. In the earlier times of the same dynasty, the reverse was the case, and the Parthians issued from the Euphrates to extend their empire. Thus we have the testimony of Hamza of Ispahan, that Khosroes Nushirwan subdued the capital of Ceylon, which could not have been done without a fleet.

The Arabians were not indifferent to the commerce of the Persian Gulf. The Anti-Muhammedan kingdom of Hira was actively engaged in that commerce, and two Oriental writers, Masudi and Hamza, state that in the first half of the fifth century, the citizens constantly saw ships at anchor before their houses which had come from India and China.

The commercial relations which existed between India and the Indian Archipelago, and the Persian Gulf, and which dated from the time of the Babylonians, Phoenicians, and Israelites, were continued under the Greek kings who succeeded to Alexander, and were the principal cause of the power and importance so rapidly attained by the newly-founded city of Seleucia on the Tigris, and which was endowed with peculiar privileges.

While the Ptolemyian kings of Egypt were founding harbours of refuge along the whole of the western coast of the Red Sea, as far as to Zanguebar, and in the south of the peninsula of Arabia, to give greater facility to maritime expeditions, the Seleucian dynasty sought, for the same purpose, to avail themselves of the islands and harbours on the eastern side of the Persian Gulf. But the port which shared most in the prosperity of Seleucia was Apologos, which, we learn from the Periplus

of the Erythrean sea, was the place of relay for ships which ascended and descended the Tigris and the Euphrates. In the first years of our era the merchandise of India poured itself into this emporium, among which we find especial mention made of the wood called Tekka by the Malabars, and Teak by the English (*Tectona grandis*), of which wood—the oak of the East—most of the houses were built.

The identity of the Apologos of the Macedonians, and of the Abulah of the Persians, has been admitted by D'Anville and other geographers, and Abu-l-fada describes the canal of Abulah as being joined by that of Muakal, flowing from the Shimal, or north, at Nimiyah, or the "port" near Bassora. Now, this port still exists to the southwards of Bassora, and within it are the stranded war-sloops of the Turks; so that there is every reason to believe that this is the position of the port of the Macedonians and Persians.

The Nahri-l-Abulah was considered by the Arabians to possess so many natural beauties, and such perfection of climate, as to qualify it to constitute one of the four terrestrial paradises, the three others being the plain of Damascus, the garden of Samarcand, and the entrance-defile of Farsistan. This paradise of Abulah is now a grove of palm-trees, having an undergrowth chiefly of liquorice-plant and the dark-green mariscus with elongated spikelets, the banks of its canal being alone fringed with the graceful foliage and bright yellow blossoms of the acacia.

The idea of a paradise misled Gibbon, who speaks of Bassora as pure and healthy in its climate, and its meadows filled with palm-trees and cattle. The date forests merely line the river-banks, or extend inland along the canal-borders; but beyond, instead of meadows, is nothing but unproductive plain or extensive inundation. The unhealthiness of Bassora is proverbial, and in the autumnal season scarcely an inhabitant escapes sickness.

There is greater difficulty in determining the position of the port of the Babylonians. Teredon, on the authority of Abydenus and Eusebius (Vincent's *Commerce of the Ancients*) was founded by Nebuchadnezzar, and thus preceded Eziongeber on the Red Sea, from whence, in Solomon's time, commercial communication was established with Ophir and Hadramaut; and the most powerful of the kings of Israel established Tadmor, in the desert, as a station between Jerusalem and Teredon. Heeren gives his reasons at length for believing that Teredon became a Phœnician colony. In the time of the navigation of the Euphrates by Nearchus, it is designated as Diridotis. Eratosthenes, Pliny, Ptolemy, and Strabo all notice the city and port of Teredon, and Ortelius identified it with Bassora. I was myself inclined to seek for the site of the Babylonian port at a mound called Jibal Sinam, from such mounds being generally indicative of an Assyrian site, and from the one in question been placed at or near the supposed line of continuation of the Pallacopas. But I have since learnt that the mound in question is a natural hill of rock, and I am also led, from my researches on the position of the Erech of Scripture, to believe that the Pallacopas re-entered the bed of the Euphrates below the Babylonian marshes, and had not, as is generally supposed, a separate outlet to the sea.

Zubair and Tilha, the partisans of Ayisha, the favourite wife of Muhammed, erected the standard of revolt at Bassora, where was fought that celebrated engagement known to the Arabs as the day of the Camel, from an animal of extraordinary size rode by the mother of the faithful. Muawiyah, the lieutenant of Syria, who afterwards defeated

the victorious Ali, held possession for a time of the rising emporium. So rapid, indeed, was its rise in wealth and population, that in the time of Mirwan II., the fourteenth and last Khalif of the Ommiade dynasty, Bassora, following the example of Damascus and Kufa, asserted its independence, but the Mesopotamian "Ass," as the commander of the faithful was complimentarily called from his courage and perseverance, soon brought the citizens to order.

After the foundation of Baghdad by the first of the Abassade Khalifs, the fortunes of Bassora attached themselves to those of the capital. It had, however, its particular misadventures, having been pillaged in about 871 by the Zendj or coloured natives of Zanguebar, and sacked in 928 by the fanatic followers of Karmath. It had also its domestic broils and conflicts, the same as have ever belonged to it since, in the times of Sulayman the Great, it fell under the rule of the Osmanlis. But still these were the palmy days of Bassora. It almost equalled the capital itself in scholastic reputation, and in the number of celebrated authors and treatises which they produced. It was in the rival schools of Bassora and Kufa that the greatest subtleties of the Kuran were expounded, and the beauties of the language of the Kuraish were analysed, and the rules of composition fixed.

It was from Bassora that the Arabian sailors, renowned in antiquity—

Omnis eo terrore Ægyptus, et Indi,
Omnis Arabs, omnes vertebant terga Sabæi—

went forth and established themselves, in the seventh and eighth centuries, on the coast of Guzarat, Cambay, and Malabar, where the Romans had before carried on an active commerce, but had left no traces of their power. They established themselves at Canton in 758 A.D., and Harun al Rashid was the first to send an embassy to the emperor.

It is with this palmy epoch in the history of Bassora that the enchanting fiction of "Sinbad the Sailor" is associated, which has so long made of the seaport of the Khalifs a kind of fairy-land. The *Alif Lila wa Lilin*, or the thousand and one stories, must have had a most varied, popular, and legendary origin. They had no more durable tablet than the memory of itinerating story-tellers long before they were written, and must have undergone many changes. No two copies of these tales have been found alike. For example: M. Langlès gave a translation of "Sinbad the Sailor" in "Savary's Arabic Grammar," from the text published at Calcutta in 1814, and which contains geographical dates of a far more defined character than what are contained in the text of the Breslau and Cairo editions. This would appear to indicate that the Calcutta edition has been touched up by some learned person.

The Baron von Hammer Purgstall suggested some years ago, on the authority of Masudi, that these stories were not Arabian, but were translated from the Indian to Persian in the reign of the Khalif Al-Mamum, but Mr. Crichton has very justly remarked upon this, that such an opinion is opposed by the circumstance that a foreigner could scarcely have succeeded in giving so accurate a description of Arabian life and scenery.

Masudi, it is true, speaks in his "*Muruj al Zahab*" (Silvestre de Sacy, *Recueil des Notices et Extraits*, tom ix., p. 404) of a work which bore the title of "Sindebad," as originally composed in India, and which refers to a King of China, his seven vizirs, his queen, and of a son and his tutor. This is the "Sindebad" which Mr. Thomas Wright informs us, in his entertaining and instructive work upon the literature of England in

the middle ages, was translated into Latin at least as early as the thirteenth century, and became very popular in almost every language of Western Europe, under the name of the "Romance of the Seven Sages."

This "Sindebad" has, indeed, been generally recognised to have had an Indian origin.* It was translated at a very early period into Arabic, and occurs in the Breslau and Cairo editions of the "Arabian Nights Entertainments."

Mr. Reinaud† has also obtained from the text of "Hamza of Is-pahan," just published in St. Petersburg, a quotation from the author of the "Modjem al Tivarikh," to the effect that among a number of works that were written in the time of the Arsacide kings, was a book entitled "Sindebad." Some Orientalists have gone so far as to deduce from this that the narrative of "Sindbad" had a Persian origin, subsequently modified and altered by the Arabs.‡

But in the testimonies here quoted of Masudi and of Hamza, mention is made of Greek, Indian, and Persian books, and there is therefore every reason to believe that the book of "Sindebad" alluded to by those authors refers to the Indian "Sindebad," and not to the Arabian "Sindbad the Sailor."

Persian writers also notice, under the title of "Sindebad Nameh," certain narratives, which, at first compiled in prose, were afterwards related in verse. An account of one of these has been published by Mr. Forbes Falconer.§ These poems are but reproductions of the same Indian story, altered and adapted to the Muhammedan form of belief.

There is, indeed, every reason to believe that the narrative of the real "Sindbad" is of Arabian origin; that it is, in fact, a compilation from the narratives of travel and adventure current among the Arabs in the middle ages. Richard Hole published, in 1797, a dissertation entitled, "Remarks on the Arabian Nights Entertainments," in which the origin of Sindbad's travels and of other Oriental fictions is partially considered, and a distinguished geographer, M. Walckenaer, has lately published a memoir on the same question; but none have apparently treated the subject so successfully as M. Reinaud, who, in the translation of a text originally published by M. Langlès, and which contains the narratives of the journeys made by various Muhammedan travellers to India and China in the ninth century, shows that these narratives agree, in their main points, with the corrected text of "Sindbad," and hence leads us to believe that they may have materially assisted in the compilation of the popular fiction.

These narratives were collected by one Abu Sayid, or Zeyd Hassan, a native of Suraf, at that time the chief port on the Persian Gulf. The chief narrative, which serves as a basis to that of the other merchants, is that of one Sulayman, who travelled about A. D. 851, an epoch when the commercial relations between the empire of the Khalifs of Baghdad with India and China had attained their greatest activity.

Those glorious days of material prosperity and of literary enjoyment are, however, now utterly gone by. Bassora is now farmed by the Pasha of Baghdad for about 16,000*l.* sterling per annum. About thrice this amount is raised by the custom-house duties, by the sale of government dates, by the capitation tax, by the farming of spirits, and by occasional

* Loiseleur. Deslongchamps. Essai sur les Fables Indiennes. Paris, 1838.

† Relation des voyages faits par les Arabes et les Persans dans l'Inde et à la Chine dans le ix. Siècle de l'ère Chrétienne, &c. Par M. Reinaud, Membre de l'Institut. Paris, 1845.

‡ Mohl. Le Livre des Rois.

§ Analytical Account of the Sindebad-Nameh. By Mr. Forbes Falconer. London, 1841.

extortion (jurum). The custom dues are eight per cent., and at that rate each bag of dates fetches 1s. 8d. ; slaves, about 32s. ; and valuable horses as much as 6*l*. A hundred and fifty native boats, averaging sixty tons each, come annually to Bassora for dates, and about 2500 horses are annually exported to India. Bassora also exports salt, rose-water, sweet-meats, spirits, and pearls, besides a great variety of seeds, as onions, lupins, carrots, haricots, turnips, radish, &c., many fruits, more especially pistachio nuts, and a great variety of drugs, as jujube, colchicum, catechu, bugloss, absinth, aniseed, balm of Gilead (*balsamodendron Gileadense*, *hub ul bulessan*), gum arabic, almonds, mastic, gum tragacanth, agaric, dodder, &c. &c.

Most European fruits are met with in the bazaars, also some bananas, and abundance of water-melons. Vegetation is so rapid, that pot-herbs are of very inferior quality. As usual, baydanjam (*solanum melongena*) and the pods of *Hibiscus esculentis* are the chief. For six months of the year, the rivers and canals abound with such swarms of fish, as to feed the whole population at little or no expense; and for the other six, they are provided with an equally cheap and abundant diet from the boundless date forests. This facility of procuring the necessaries of life induces much idleness, and makes mechanical labour expensive. Beggars thrive well. M. Fontanier relates that a Roman Catholic professional mendicant saved upwards of 45*l*. sterling in the space of six months. Indigo, cotton, and sugar thrive in the neighbourhood, but no one cultivates them. White truffles also abound in the rich and fertile soil. Corn is imported from Suk al Shuyukh, rice from Lamlun, tobacco from Persia, indigo, sugar, spices, iron, and English and Indian manufactures from India ; slaves and coffee from the Red Sea.

Few spots are blessed by Heaven with a greater variety and profusion of nature's gifts than Bassora. It enjoys a position for commerce almost unrivalled; one which has rendered its past history always one of prosperity and distinction. Yet it is difficult to imagine a place more fallen than it now is. Its colleges for youth, its academies of poetry and learning, its halls for theological and grammatical discussions, are nowhere to be found except in a few ruins with high-sounding names. The bazaars and caravanserais, where the wealth of India and Persia found a market, and merchants congregated from all parts of the globe, have ceased to have even an ordinary attraction. No Atbak ibn Ghazuan superintends modern architectural improvements, no living Sindbad sips his coffee or narrates his adventures in its now deserted coffee-houses. The port of Abulah is filled with mud, and its paradise is a waste ; the canals, which were reckoned by Bilab ban Abi Burdah (may God reward him !) to be 120,000, on which boats were employed, are now for the most part (thanks to Turkish indifference and Arab wilfulness) converted into one great and continuous inundation. The tombs of Al Kara ban Sarir, of Talhali ban Abdullah (peace be to their memory!), and of other learned and holy men, have no longer any pilgrim visitors to their shrines, and are falling into decay ; the proud fleet of the Turks is foundered, and does not possess a vessel that could move from its place. Bassora is now a poor, dilapidated, half-populated, ruinous, and sickly town. Only a solitary tradition of the Bassora of fairy-land remains : the pir or head patron of the booksellers' guild in Constantinople, is the reputed descendant of Abdullah Yatimi, an inhabitant of Bassora, and the first of his trade.

IRISH LEGENDS.

BY J. L. FORREST, ESQ.

No. III.

AMONGST the peasantry of Ireland the common designation of the fairy tribe is the "Good People." In this general term they include the various classes and diversities of the race ; and with this gentle and respectful appellation do they distinguish those airy beings with whom their fancy peoples earth, air, and sky.

However they may *pretend* to speak lightly on the subject by day, by night, it is certain, they are by no means disposed to treat with levity the tales and stories which have gained currency amongst them.

This is especially the case where the peasant traveller, being benighted, happens to pass some wild and lonely locality which popular tradition has pointed out as a favourite resort of these merry elves. Then is developed the genuineness of the belief which the Irish peasant holds. Then are exhibited the strength of that faith, and the extent of that superstition, which lead him to confide in, not merely the possibility, but the very certainty of supernatural appearances.

The progress of education is, no doubt, sapping the foundation of these absurd opinions, but the march of knowledge is as yet but slow, and many years must elapse before the superstitions to which I allude shall have been thoroughly and completely swept aside.

There are thousands living who, like myself, can remember with what graphic minuteness of detail some old follower of their family—it may be a favourite nurse or upper servant—was wont to describe certain events which, though they had not themselves witnessed them, were nevertheless held to be veritable facts. And they can remember also with what undisguised indignation the narrators repelled the doubts or suspicions which some unorthodox unbeliever may have thrown upon their tale. Alas! the worthy class to which I refer is becoming day by day less numerous, and ere long, it is evident, but a small remnant will be left of those faithful dependants who, "through evil and through good report," have firmly adhered to the fortunes of their superiors.

Stories innumerable are recorded of the "Good People." Sometimes, but rarely, they are represented as ministers of evil. More generally, however, they are regarded in a rather favourable light, and are looked upon as the protectors of truth and innocence against the assaults of wickedness and oppression.

To describe them would be difficult. For myself, I confess I have never seen one; and there is but one person now living whom I have found bold enough to assert that he has been so favoured. That gentleman is an inhabitant of the beautiful city of Cork, and his veracity being undoubted, I should be inclined to attach some degree of importance to his testimony, were it not that his powers of vision had been, previously to the interview, very considerably enlarged by an anti-Mathewite indulgence in "potations pottle deep." Perhaps, however, his description of the individual (for he saw but one of the species) may not be altogether out of place. "The hour was late," said my informant, "when I left Twelve Tumbler Hall to proceed homeward. My horse, as you know, is well acquainted with the road, so, placing the reins upon his neck and

wrapping myself in my cloak, I permitted him to move on at his own pace. I know not exactly how it was, but I suppose I was in a meditative and abstracted mood, for I remember nothing till we came to Dripsey Bridge, at which place the animal had made a dead halt. On looking up, I discovered the cause of the delay, for, standing on a battlement of the bridge, I observed a strange unearthly-looking being dancing to a tune of his own making (such a tune I never heard before or since), and cutting the most grotesque capers imaginable. His hat, which was three-cornered, was set jauntily on his head. His coat, of the most old-fashioned build, was far too large for his small figure. His waistcoat depended half-way down his legs, almost concealing his nether garments, which were of scarlet colour. His shoes were square-toed, and ornamented with large silver buckles. His face was shrivelled, and bore the marks of great antiquity. I surveyed him quietly for a considerable time, but, at length, to test his nerves, I gave a loud halloo, on hearing which he immediately decamped. My horse arrived home safely that night, and I was found snugly deposited in a ditch at this side of Blarney. That was the only occasion on which I ever saw a fairy." The precision with which the tale is narrated, and the accuracy with which he describes the dress and features of the creature, must impress every unprejudiced reader with the truth of the story.

The scene of the following story is laid in a most picturesquely beautiful locality, the sweet Vale* of Inniscarra, and at no great distance from a fine old ruin, Castle Inch, last tenanted by Justin M'Carty, Lord Mount Cashell, who, adhering to the cause of James, after the capitulation of Limerick, retired to France, and entered the French service, in which he gained great distinction.

THE MOONLIGHT TRYST.

PART I.

Silvering earth with softest ray,
The moon walks on her heavenward way,
And tree, and stream, and mountain height,
Show beautiful beneath her light;
For on the fair Lee's winding stream,
Where calm and clear her waters glide
To mingle with the sparkling Bride,*
She sheds her soft and placid beam;
O'er Gorravagha's hill in beauty shines,
And tips with light its waving pines;
And pours her rays, in silver flood,
On distant Ardrum's leafy wood.

Through Inniscarra's peaceful vale,
Soft sweeps the sighing summer gale,
And with the quivering aspen leaves
Nature's melodious music weaves.

Hushed is the woodlark's ringing call;
Mute are the notes which suntide heard;

No more upon the rapt ear fall
The hum of bee and song of bird;
Yet still, on charmed soul and sense,
The stillness breathes its eloquence,
And the full heart, to thought subdued,
Joys in night's peace and solitude.

* The Bride forms a junction with the Lee near the picturesquely-situated old church of Inniscarra. The surrounding scenery is exquisitely beautiful.

Oh! far more fair at such a time,
 Each scene of beauty, fair and wild,
 Than when, at high noon's suntide prime,
 Its gaudier light had on it smiled!
 For, softened to a deeper tone,
 Tree, hill, and stream new beauties own,
 And from the deep blue vault of heaven,
 As if a curtain were unfurled,
 Unto the musing eye 'tis given
 To view the smile of many a world,
 Whose orbs, beneath the light of day,
 Abashed, conceal their timid ray.

At such an hour, how sweet it is,
 'Mid scenes of beauty such as these,
 While rests the sleeping world around,
 And meets the ear no mortal sound,
 To fancy each bright star that gleams
 The spirit of some absent friend,
 Whose thoughts—the twinklings of its beams—
 With thine in sweet communion blend;
 And drinks the soul from realms above
 Perennial draughts of purest love.

But what is love? A feeling sent
 From heaven's unchanging firmament
 To shed a joy round hours of sorrow,
 And, like eve's skies, from sunbeams borrow
 The promise of a glorious morrow—
 A mortal's mind and angel's blent—
 An emanation from the throne
 Where Love Eternal dwells alone—
 A feeling still to mortals given
 To wean from earth and lead to heaven—
 A fire of more than mortal birth—
 A rapture far too high for earth—
 A halo circling round the soul,
 That gilds each thought with lambent light,
 And lifts a torch of radiance bright
 To point out her eternal goal.

Undying love! thy spirit soars
 Afar amongst those happy shores,
 Where, 'midst the bright and starry throng,
 Thy voice is still the voice of song;
 Those brilliant orbs that stud night's skies,
 The undimmed beauties of thine eyes;
 Thy sighs the music of the gale,
 That drinks the perfumes of the vale,
 Or wakes at eve its gentle tale;
 The murmuring ocean's nightly moan
 Thy feeling's sympathetic tone,
 And every sweet and thrilling note,
 That fills the soaring skylark's throat,
 And sounds on earth, beneath, above,
 Are all thy varied voice, O Love!

PART II.

Over mountain and valley the moonbeams are playing;
 From their home in the forest the wild deer are straying;
 The flowers in their sweetness and fragrance are blushing;
 The streams from their fountains, in murmurs, are gushing;

And there's softness and peace in the calm, placid light
 Which gilds with its beauty the spring-tide of night.
 Where the streams wander free, where the wild flowers are blooming,
 Young CATHLEEN is waiting her dark CONNAL's coming,
 And her eye over valley and upland is roaming.
 Hist! hist! 'tis his footstep—he cometh, at length,
 Like the stag in the pride of his fleetness and strength!
 Ah no! 'tis the sigh of the wind as it weaves
 Its sweet summer-song through the thick-woven leaves;
 Or the dash of the stream, as it sweeps, in its pride,
 O'er its course to the valley down Gorravagha's side!

The buzzing brush of a thousand wings,
 The merry laugh of those elfish things
 That dance and play in the moon's soft light,
 Making a day of the deep midnight,
 Like hymns of home in a distant land
 On her wondering ears are sweetly fann'd,
 And CATHLEEN smiles on the moonlight revel,
 Nor dreams she of aught of danger or evil.

See, with smiling countenances
 The elfin spirits join in dances!
 Hark! as now they form a ring,
 How the tiny creatures sing!
 Half of heaven, and half of earth,
 They give their souls to song and mirth:
 Sadness, sorrow, find no place
 Amongst this happy, thoughtless race;
 Nor do Care's dull, leaden wings
 Check their bright imaginings.
 Hark! ten thousand voices join
 In their midnight hymn divine!

"The dew is falling fast,
 With refreshing in its fall;
 The twilight gray is past,
 And Night has spread her pall.

"The stars are fast appearing
 In the clear and cloudless sky,
 In seeming rapture bearing
 Their silent praise on high.

"The wind is sweetly sighing
 Through the softly moaning trees,
 That mourn the rapid dying
 Of the spring-tide's earliest breeze.

"The evening-bell is tolling
 Its last responsive knell,
 And the mists of night are rolling
 Down the side of mountain dell.

"Oh! 'tis the very hour
 When faëry spirits love
 To brush the dewy shower
 From each floweret as they rove!

"'Tis the hour for love and bliss,
 The enchanting hour of night;
 Noon hath none as soft as this,
 Though some perhaps more bright."

The strain is hushed, the train hath flown,
 And CATHLEEN sits once more alone,
 Thoughtful and sad on the trysting-stone.
 Dimm'd is the glance of her soft blue eye,

Her bosom heaves with many a sigh,
And her cheek is suffused with a pearly tear,
For the hour is long past, and no CONNAL is near.

Hark! those wings of gossamer
Again the whispering zephyrs stir.
Hark! a soft and witching strain,
Ten thousand voices wake again,
As if, across a silver sea,
Were borne some heaven-stirr'd melody.
Close and closer round they press her—
Heaven from evil keep and bless her!
Hark! those faëry phantoms, singing,
Now throng around and now caress her;
While the air, with music ringing,
Breathes withal the sweet perfume
Of roses in their summer bloom.

As from flower to flower thus ranging,
Still from fair to fairer changing,
Hand with hand in circle joining,
Song, and dance, and mirth, combining,
Weaving thoughts and spells unholy,
'Neath the gentle moonbeams shining,
On the spirit-throng press slowly.
Woe! oh, woe! to erring mortal
Who would pass their magic portal,
And at night's most solemn hour,
Dare the reach of faëry power.

Trembling, awe-struck, CATHLEEN gazes
On that magic dance's mazes.
Spell-bound now, those rites unholy
Fill her heart and senses solely.

Breathless, she would fain conceal her
From the gaze of those strange dancers.
Oh! her vain attempt not answers;

For the moon's bright rays reveal her.
Hush! the sprites again are weaving
Lays of magic and deceiving!

"Day was made for slavish mortals,
Day, its sunshine, and its flowers;
But, when closed are Day's bright portals,
Night and starlight then are ours!

"Night is ours. When peaceful Even
Smiles in gentleness on earth,
Spheres unnumbered spangle heaven,
Bright-winged spirits have their birth!

"Night is ours. The gentle whispers,
Breath'd among the sighing leaves,
Are the hymns of Nature's vespers,
Which the night-wind sweetly weaves.

"Night is ours—its shade and coolness,
Softness, silence, peace, and calm,
Shedding, in their magic fulness,
O'er the heart a soothing balm.

"Night is ours—delicious season—
Love's own Eden paradise:
Lingering in its precincts, Reason
Reads his lore from Beauty's eyes.

"Night is ours. Give day to others,
But to us the moon's pale light!
Hand with hand join, Sisters, Brothers,
Day for mortals—ours the Night!"

Soft! she sleeps. Our magic strain
Lulls her senses, soothes her brain.
Fan her with your silken wings—
Hush her with soft murmurings.
Seal her eyelids, so the dreamer
Find no power that may redeem her.
Mark, how softly she reposes!
See, her lips, twin blushing roses,
Scatter fragrance with their breathing!
Angel thoughts, sweet smiles are wreathing
Round those cheeks, whose loveliness
Might tempt an anchorite to kiss.
Gather up those raven tresses
Which the night breeze now caresses.
Mortal, purer, gentler, fairer,
Mortal couch not this night presses!
To our faëry mansions bear her;
There by fount, and mead, and river,
She shall bloom in youth for ever!
"Now God forbid!"

Wild shrieks are heard
As CONNAL speaks that dreaded word.
Hushed is laughter, mirth, and song;
Screaming fly that countless throng;
And as the autumn leaves are stirred,
And swift by autumn winds are driven—
As sweep the clouds across the heaven
When whirls the tempest o'er the sky—
So now those faëry dancers fly.
And, through the green and leafy wood,
The moon smiles on a solitude.

O'er sleeping CATHLEEN's beauteous form
Her CONNAL bends; then, stooping low,
He kisses her fair cheek and brow.
Why starts he? Ah! that cheek is warm!
Still do her fluttering pulses beat:
Her breath, with health and fragrance sweet,
Sighs softly o'er her half-closed mouth,
As o'er a rose-bank breathes the South.

"Nay, wake, my own loved CATHLEEN, wake!"
In accents passionate he spake;
Then raised her unresisting form,
And pressed her cheeks with kisses warm.
A look of deep and wild amaze—
A sigh, a witching smile, and then
A voice of joyous welcome, when
Her CONNAL meets her eager gaze.
With words of love and soft caresses,
He to his heart his CATHLEEN presses;
And, as the dear girl sweetly smiles,
Kind Heaven, with earnestness, he blesses,
Who from the toils had thus unbound her
Which faëry charms had woven round her.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CHRISTO.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF ALEXANDER DUMAS.

(CONCLUSION.)

XXIX.—LOVE AND DESPAIR.

"DEAD! DEAD!" exclaimed Villefort, in the paroxysm of excessive grief.

"Dead, do you say?" interrupted another voice. "Who said that Valentine was dead?"

The two men turned to the door, and there stood Maximilian Morrel, upright, pale, terrible.

Maximilian had been that morning, as was his custom, to inquire of M. Noirtier the progress of Valentine's health. Contrary to custom, he found the door open. There was no servant to announce him, so he went at once to the old man's room. He felt anxious, yet he had no particular cause for anxiety, for Monte Christo had promised him that Valentine should live, and he believed him. The old paralytic was alone, but his dilated eyes expressed an internal horror which was confirmed by the extraordinary pallidity of his countenance.

"What!" said Morrel, "what is the matter? Is some one again ill in the house?"

The eyes of the old man appeared to be ready to start out of their orbits.

"Valentine? Valentine?" exclaimed the young man.

"Yes, yes!" signalized the paralytic.

Maximilian rushed out by the little staircase, a minute sufficed to carry him through the intervening deserted passage, and arrive at the door of Valentine's room, which was wide open. It was at the moment of his arrival there that he heard a voice saying, "Valentine is dead!" and a second voice that repeated, like a sepulchral echo, "Dead! dead!"

M. de Villefort raised himself up as if ashamed of having been seen so overwhelmed with grief. The terrible profession that he had followed for twenty-five years, had made either more or less than a man of him.

"Who are you, sir," he said, "who so far forgets himself as to enter a house where death reigns? Go away, sir, go!"

But Morrel remained motionless. He could not withdraw his eyes from the frightful vision that presented itself to them, till M. d'Avrigny approached him to make him retire; he found that he had no excuse to make, and raising up his hands like a madman, turned away and disappeared.

But before five minutes had elapsed, the staircase was heard to creak beneath a heavy weight. Morrel was, with a superhuman force, lifting the arm-chair of Noirtier in his arms, and was thus conveying him to the first floor. Arrived at the head of the staircase, Morrel placed the arm-chair on the ground, and rolled it rapidly into Valentine's room. The pale face of the old man, his eyes lit up with a supernatural intelligence, came like a frightful spectre before M. de Villefort.

"See what they have done!" exclaimed Morrel, as he extended his hand towards the bed; "see, father, see!"

Villefort stepped back, and looked with astonishment at the young man, who was scarcely known to him, and who called Noirtier his father. But Maximilian had thrown himself upon his knees by the bedside, seizing the icy hand of Valentine, and not being able to weep, he tore the bed-coverings with his teeth, and roared rather than sobbed his grief. At length the hoarse and tearing sound that came with each respiration from old Noirtier's chest, seemed to call away his attention for a moment, and recovering somewhat from his agony, he exclaimed,

"Tell them, tell them that I was her betrothed! Tell them that she was my noble friend, my only love upon earth! Tell them, tell them, that this body belongs to me!"

"Sir," said M. de Villefort, to Maximilian, attracted towards the young man by hearing that he had loved her whom he wept for, "you loved Valentine, you say? You were her betrothed? I was ignorant of this love, of this engagement; and yet I, her father, I forgive you, for I see that your grief is great, is real. But you see the angel whom you hoped for has quitted this earth. Bid farewell, then, to all that remains of a once-loved being, and leave her to the priest who shall pray for the salvation of her soul."

"You deceive yourself, sir," exclaimed Morrel, rising upon one knee, "you deceive yourself; Valentine wants not only a priest, but also an avenger."

"What do you mean, sir?" muttered M. de Villefort.

"I mean," continued Morrel, "that there are two men in you, sir; the father has wept sufficiently, let the king's solicitor now do his duty. Valentine, sir, has perished by poison: I denounce the crime. It is your duty to find the assassin!"

For a moment Villefort sought for sympathy, first in the eyes of his father, and then in those of the doctor. But he found it in neither. M. d'Avrigny had approached a step or two, and moved his head evidently in approbation of the young man's words. The old man looked resolute and inflexible.

"Sir," replied Villefort, endeavouring to oppose the combined will of the three, and his own feelings, "sir, you deceive yourself; no crimes are committed in my house; fatality strikes me; it is horrible to think of it; but no one is poisoned!"

The old man's eyes grew red with passion; M. d'Avrigny opened his mouth to speak. But Morrel's energy of grief anticipated them.

"And I tell you," he exclaimed, "that people are poisoned here. I tell you that this is the fourth victim struck within the last four months. I tell you that you know it as well as I do, since M. d'Avrigny, who is here, informed you of it as a doctor and as a friend. Do you remember the words which he uttered in the garden of this house, the very evening of the death of Madame de St. Meran. These words, which you thought were spoken in solitude, fell upon my ear."

Villefort and d'Avrigny looked at one another.

"By my silence as by your own, we have become accomplices in the murder of Valentine; but one accomplice shall become an avenger, and if your father abandons you, Valentine, I, I swear it, will pursue the assassin."

"And I also," said the doctor; "I join M. Morrel in asking justice for the crime; my heart rebels within me to think that by my cowardly silence I also encouraged the assassin."

Noirtier now gave manifestations of his wishing to speak, but he intimated that it should be with M. de Villefort alone. The doctor and Morrel accordingly retired from the room. In about ten minutes M. de Villefort came, pale and trembling, to fetch them back again.

"Gentlemen," he said, in a voice of deep grief, "gentlemen, your word that the horrible secret shall remain buried with us?"

The two men made a movement of surprise and disapprobation.

"I beg of you," continued Villefort.

"But," said Morrel, "the guilty! the murderer! the poisoner!"

"Be tranquil, sir, justice shall be done," said Villefort. "My father has revealed to me the name of the guilty; my father wishes for revenge as much as you do, and yet my father begs of you, as I do, to keep the secret. Do you not, father?"

"Yes," answered Noirtier, resolutely.

Morrel uttered an exclamation of horror and incredulity.

"Oh!" continued M. de Villefort, "oh, sir, if my father, the inflexible man that you know him to be, makes this request from you; it is because he knows that Valentine shall be terribly avenged. Is it not so, father?"

The old man signalized "Yes."

"Swear, then, gentlemen," said M. de Villefort, as he took the hands of Morrel and the doctor, "swear that you will have pity upon the honour of my house, and that you will leave to me the duty of avenging her?"

D'Avrigny turned away and uttered a feeble "Yes;" but Morrel tore his hand away from that of the magistrate, threw himself by the bedside, pressed his lips upon the icy cheek of Valentine, and then hurried away with the deep moaning of a soul given up to despair.

"And now," said M. de Villefort, "I must fetch a priest to pray by poor Valentine's side."

The old man made signs that he wished to speak, and he then communicated to his son, that if he had no particular choice, he would wish that it should be a friend of his, the Abbé Busoni. Villefort made no objections, and Noirtier intimated that he would await the abbé's arrival by the couch of the dead girl.

XXX.—THE CHEQUE FOR SIX MILLIONS.

THE next day, at the same time that the friends of the family were repairing to the funeral of Valentine de Villefort, Monte Cristo took his way to the mansion of the Baron Danglars. The banker, observing the count's carriage enter the court-yard, went out to meet him with an affable but sorrowful countenance.

"Well, count," he said, extending his hand to him, "you come, I suppose, to condole with me. Truly misfortune is in our house; so much so, that I inquired of myself if I had not wished misfortune to the Morcerfs, that the proverb might be justified, which says, 'he who wishes evil to others, meets with misfortunes himself.' Most of our friends appear to have been visited by calamities this year. Witness Villefort losing all his family in so strange a manner. Morcerf dishonoured and dead, myself covered with ridicule by the wickedness of that Benedetto, and then after that—"

"What?" inquired the count.

"What ! are you not aware ? Eugenie, my daughter, has left us."

"Is it possible ?"

"She could not bear the affront put upon her, and is gone to travel with a relative. I doubt if she will ever come back to France."

"Well, what can you do, my dear baron ?" said Monte Christo. "These are family griefs, overwhelming to the poor devil whose child might have been his whole fortune, but supportable by a *millionnaire*. Philosophers may say what they like, but money consoles for many evils; and you, the King of Finance, ought to be more readily comforted than any one else."

Danglars cast a side-look at the count to see if he was in earnest.

"Yes," he answered, "the fact is, that if fortune gives comfort under affliction, I ought to be comforted, for I am rich. That reminds me that when you came in I was just filling up five cheques. Here, count," he added, with a self-sufficient smile ; "you who are the Emperor of Finance, as I am the king, have you seen many slips of paper of that size worth each a million ?"

Monte Christo took into his hand the slips of paper, which Danglars presented to him so ostentatiously, and read,

"The Regent of the Bank will please to cause to be paid to my order, and out of the funds deposited by me, the sum of one million, upon account."

"BARON DANGLARS."

"One, two, three, four, five," said Monte Christo. "How you go it, King Cræsus !"

"That is the way I do business !" said Danglars.

"It is truly wonderful, and the more so as I doubt not but so great a sum would be paid ready money."

"Do you doubt it ? Do yourself the pleasure to take my clerk with you, and you will see him come from the bank with cheques upon the treasury for the same amount."

"No," said Monte Christo, folding up the cheques ; "no, the thing is really too curious, I will try the experiment myself. My credit upon your house was for six millions, I have had nine hundred thousand francs, there therefore remains due to me five millions and a hundred thousand francs. I take your five slips of paper which I hold as good, at mere sight, and here is a general receipt for the six millions, which will set our account all right. I had it ready with me ; for, to tell you the truth, I was a good deal in want of money to-day."

And with one hand Monte Christo put the five cheques into his pocket, while with the other he held out his receipt to the banker. A thunder-bolt falling at the feet of Danglars could not have filled him with a more sudden terror.

"What !" he stammered out, "what, count ! Do you mean to take that money ? You must really excuse me, it is money that I owe to the hospitals, a deposit, and I had promised to pay it this very morning."

"Oh !" replied Monte Christo, "that is different. I do not care particularly for these five cheques, you can pay me with others. It was by mere curiosity that I took them, so that I could have said in the world, that without any advice whatsoever, without asking for five minutes' delay, the house of Danglars had paid me five millions on account. It would have been remarkable ! But here are your cheques, you can give me others."

Danglars stretched forth his hand to seize the papers, as a vulture strikes at the bars of his cage to hold a bit of flesh that some one is taking from it. But he quickly recovered himself, and gradually a smile pervaded his face, which a moment before had been ashy pale.

"But truly," he said, "I had not thought of it. Your receipt is as good as money."

"Oh, certainly, if you were at Rome, the house of Thomson and French would make no more difficulty of paying you upon my receipt, than you yourself have made. I may then keep this money?"

"Keep it! keep it!—excuse me," said Danglars, wiping the perspiration which had been oozing out of his forehead; and then trying to laugh indifferently, he added: "as if one crown were not as good as another! But there remains a sum of a hundred thousand francs between us?"

"Oh, a trifle," said Monte Cristo, "the commission must come to something like that sum, keep it and we shall be quits."

"Count," asked Danglars, "are you speaking seriously?"

"I never laugh with bankers," replied Monte Cristo, and he rose to go out just as M. de Boville, receiver-general for the hospitals, was announced.

"Good morning, my dear M. de Boville," said M. Danglars, with his stereotyped smile upon his lips. "I suppose you come here as a creditor."

"Precisely so, baron. The hospitals present themselves to you in my person; the widows and orphans come through my hands to ask from you a charity of five millions."

"My dear M. de Boville," said Danglars, "your widows and orphans must have the goodness to wait twenty-four hours, as the Count of Monte Cristo, whom you met leaving this house, carries away with him their five millions."

"Five millions!" exclaimed M. de Boville, "why, the man must be a nabob!"

"And you must feel," continued the banker, "that if I withdrew ten millions of money the same day from the hands of the regent, that it would appear very extraordinary."

"Truly; but the accounts must be made up to-morrow."

"Well, then, send at twelve, everything will be ready."

"I will come myself."

"Still better. I shall then have the pleasure of seeing you again."

So saying, the friends shook hands, and M. de Boville took his departure, with his portfolio under his arm. Once out of the room, Danglars' countenance assumed a strange expression.

"Fool!" he muttered to himself, "come at twelve, I shall be far away by that time."

He then locked himself in, examined all his drawers, from which he drew about fifty bank notes of a thousand francs each. These he enclosed carefully with Monte Cristo's receipt in a small portfolio. He next destroyed a bundle of papers, and then sat down to write a letter, which finished, he addressed to "Madame the Baroness Danglars." Then drawing a passport from his desk; "Good," he said, "it is still available for two months."

XXXI.—THE ROMAN BANDITS.

DRESSED in a simple surtout, whose dusty aspect spoke a long and hurried journey, but in the button-hole of which was the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour, a traveller apparently acquainted with only one Italian word, *allegro*, which he had probably borrowed from a page of music, and which he now used incessantly to the postillions, to their great amusement, was approaching the eternal city. But instead of rising from the bottom of his carriage to contemplate the great dome of St. Peter's, visible before aught else, our traveller had drawn from his pocket a portfolio, and thence a paper, which he read with a kind of respectful attention, and then folded it up again, saying,

"All right—it at least is quite safe!"

The carriage passed the Porta del Popolo, took to the left, and stopped at the Hotel of Spain. Our old friend Pastrini received the traveller at the threshold, his hat in his hand. The traveller alighted, ordered a good dinner, and inquired the address of the house of Thomson and French. A *cicerone* was instantly in attendance to accompany the traveller to that well-known house. At the same time a man separated himself from the group of needy descendants of the Marii and Gracchi of old who had assembled round the gateway, and followed him at a short distance with as much skill as would have done a spy of the Parisian police.

Arrived at the banker's, the traveller entered, leaving his guide in the ante-chamber.

"Messrs. Thomson and French?" asked the stranger.

A clerk arose and inquired whom he should announce.

"The Baron Danglars," answered the traveller.

The clerk bowed, and showed the way.

As the baron walked into the interior, the man who had so carefully followed his footsteps advanced into the ante-chamber. His shadow did the same. A clerk was writing at his desk, the man sat down, but not a word was spoken. Five minutes had elapsed when the clerk lifted his head from his writing, and looking attentively round,

"Ah! ah!" he said, "it is you, Peppino?"

"Yes!" answered the latter, briefly.

"Have you found something to look after in this stranger?"

"No merit in this case, for we have received intimation."

"Oh! oh! then we must know what is the amount, so I must be off to my observatory."

Ten minutes afterwards the clerk reappeared with a glowing face.

"We must be sharp," he said, "it is a round sum."

"Five millions, is it not?" inquired Peppino.

"If you know the amount, why do you come to me?" retorted the clerk, aggrieved at being forestalled in his information.

"To make sure that it was the man," replied Peppino.

At this moment Danglars reappeared. His face wore a joyous expression, and the banker was showing him to the door. The clerk was busy writing. Peppino observed the most profound silence, and an aspect of perfect indifference.

Returned to the hotel, M. Danglars dined with a zest which he had not experienced for some time past, and when, after an extra bottle of wine,

M. Pastrini made his appearance to inquire if his excellency would not visit some of the lions of the eternal city, he simply inquired,

"What for?"

"Why, to see!"

"I did not come to Rome to see sights," said Danglars, "I came upon business matters, and I shall want post-horses for my departure to-morrow at twelve."

Pastrini bowed acquiescence and retired. But Danglars had reckoned without considering the formalities of the police and the idleness of the postmaster. The horses did not arrive the next day till two, and the *cicerone* only brought the passport at three.

When the baron descended to his carriage at the door, the postilion inquired what road.

"The route of Ancona," replied the baron, and Pastrini having interpreted question and answer, the carriage went off at a good pace.

Scarcely, however, had they got three leagues across the Campagna di Roma, when it began to grow dark. Danglars did not know that it had been so late, or he felt that he would not have started. There was now no alternative, and he resolved to stay at the first relay. In the interim he reclined luxuriously at the back of his carriage, giving ten minutes' thought to the wife he had left at Paris, and ten more to his daughter travelling he knew not whither. He then gave ten minutes to his creditors, and the manner in which he should enjoy their money, and having after this nothing else to think about, he shut his eyes and went to sleep.

At length the carriage stopped, and Danglars supposed that he had arrived at the wished-for relay; but when he looked through the windows, he saw nothing but a dark grove and three or four men moving to and fro like shadows.

M. Danglars began to remember with a very disagreeable vividness certain interesting histories of Roman bandits which Albert de Morcerf had related to Madame Danglars and to Eugenie, at a time when the young viscount was looked upon as the future husband of the latter. These reminiscences were interrupted by the opening of the carriage-door, and a voice exclaimed "*See'di*," in a commanding tone. Danglars stepped down and looked around him more dead than alive.

"*Di quà*," said the same voice, leading the way along a narrow path. The ex-banker followed his guide without discussion, he did not require to turn round to know that he was followed by others. After about ten minutes' walk, performed without a word having been uttered, Danglars found himself at the foot of a low hill, before a small shrubbery, and three men forming a triangle, of which he was the centre. Peppino—for the guide was our old friend—opened a passage in the shrubbery which appeared to the banker only fit for a ferret. He was not however allowed to hesitate, for he felt himself pushed behind, and his corpulence being ill-adapted for the crevices of the Campagna di Roma, he fell upon all fours. Peppino struck a light and lit a torch. Danglars then found that he was in a wide but dark subterranean passage. The face of the walls was hewn into deep hollows for coffins, which peered from the midst of the white stone like those deep and dark eyes that are so eloquent in skeletons.

In a few minutes the party was challenged, and Peppino answered by

asking where the captain was. The sentinel made a gesture, and Peppino conducted the banker to an opening something like a door, which led into a compartment where was a man busy reading Plutarch's Life of Alexander.

"Is it the man?" asked the latter, lifting his eyes from his book.

"Himself, captain, himself."

"Well, show him to me, then?"

Peppino held up the torch; the banker's face bore the expression of the most hideous terror.

"The man is tired," said the captain, "let him be taken to his bed."

Danglars moaned as he followed his guide, but he neither attempted to pray nor to cry. He had no longer power, or will, or desire. He went because he was conducted. Suddenly his foot struck upon a step, and he raised his feet mechanically five or six times. A low door opened before him, he instinctively lowered his head not to strike it against the rock and entered into a small cell. He saw that it was clean and dry, and a bed made of dry grass covered with goat-skins was extended in a corner of the cell.

"Oh, God be praised!" muttered Danglars to himself, "it is a real bed!"

It was the second time within the hour that he had invoked the name of God: such a thing had not happened to him for ten years.

"Ecco," said the guide.

And passing out of the door, he drew a bolt after him, and left the baron to his thoughts. Nor were these altogether void of hope. Danglars felt that he was in the power of Luigi Vampa, but as he had not been killed immediately, he had been arrested to be ransomed. Albert de Morcerf, he remembered, had been taxed at four thousand crowns, but as he was a more important personage he might be taxed at eight. Well, it was a grievous affair, but anything was preferable to being buried alive in the catacombs. So saying, the banker laid himself down on the goat-skins and soon fell asleep.

XXXII.—LUIGI VAMPA'S TARIFF.

To a Parisian accustomed to curtains of silk or satin, it was not a prepossessing thing to awaken in a grotto of chalk. On touching the skin on which he lay, Danglars fancied that he had been dreaming of Lapland or Siberia. But a minute or two sufficed to recall his mind to the painful certainty of his position. His first feeling was to examine his pockets. He found in them the hundred napoleons which he had put aside for his journey from Rome to Venice. He had also his pocket-book, which contained a letter of credit for five millions and fifty thousand francs.

"Singular bandits," he said to himself, "they have left me my purse and my pocket-book! As I said to myself last night, they are going to ransom me. Why, I have my watch also! Let us see what o'clock it is."

So saying, he approached the door, through the crevices of which the flickering light of a lamp played dimly. It was half-past five. Before the door he observed there was a sentinel. The man was drinking brandy from a skin vessel, and the odour of the two combined was so repulsive to the banker, that he withdrew to the bottom of his cell with an expression of disgust.

At eight o'clock the man with the brandy was relieved by another sentinel. Danglars hesitated if he should open conversation with the bandits, or wait till they themselves made their terms known. He resolved upon the latter course. At twelve the sentinel was again changed. Danglars went to the crevice to examine his new gaoler. He was an athletic bandit with long red ringlets falling down his shoulders like hideous snakes. He had taken a seat at the bottom of the stair, and was busily engaged devouring black bread, cheese, and onions.

"I cannot imagine," said Danglars, still more disgusted than before, "how people can eat such horrible things!" And he went to sit upon the skins, the odour of which reminded him of the brandy of the first sentinel.

"But it was of no use, nature will have its way, and the imagination of Danglars, after recurring to most of the familiar dishes of his own table, began to persuade himself that the man might be less ugly, the bread less black and the cheese fresher than he imagined. He rose and went to knock at the door.

"*Che cosa?*" inquired the bandit.

"Friend," said the banker, "it appears to me that it is time to think of feeding me also."

But whether he did not understand, or had no orders upon the subject, the bandit took no notice of the suggestion, and the baron was obliged to return to his skins with an empty stomach. Four hours passed by when the giant was replaced by another sentry. Danglars recognised the intelligent face of his guide. Peppino was sitting down to a dish of fricasseed peas, a flask of Orvieto wine, and a little basket of Velletri grapes. On perceiving these gastronomic preparations, the water came to the banker's mouth.

"Let us see," he said to himself, "if this one will be more tractable than the other." And he knocked at the door.

"Coming," said the bandit, who was an adept in the French language, and he opened the door and entered into the prisoner's cell. The baron received him with one of his most affable smiles.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but am I not to be allowed to dine as well as others?"

"How!" exclaimed Peppino, "is it possible that your excellency should be hungry?"

"Possible, indeed," muttered Danglars, "why, it is twenty-four hours since I have broken my fast."

"And your excellency wishes to eat?"

"This very moment, if it is possible."

"Nothing easier," said Peppino, "everything that can be wished for can be obtained here, naturally, upon paying, as is done among all honest people."

"Naturally!" exclaimed Danglars, "although people who arrest you and imprison you ought at least to feed their prisoners."

"Oh, your excellency," answered Peppino, "that is against custom. But what will you have?—what will your excellency choose to take!"

"Oh, I am not particular, fowl, fish, or game, so long as I have something to eat."

Peppino called out in a loud voice, "A fowl for his excellency!"

And in a moment a young man appeared bearing a fowl in a silver dish.

The smoking and savoury repast was placed with a plate and knife and fork immediately beneath the banker's nose.

"Really, one would fancy oneself in the *Café de Paris*," muttered M. Danglars, as he prepared himself for the first cut.

"Excuse me, excellency," interrupted Peppino, placing his hand upon the baron's shoulder, "but it is customary here to pay before eating."

"Ah! ah!" exclaimed Danglars, "that is no longer the *Café de Paris*. No doubt you want to extort as much out of me as you can. There," he said, throwing a napoleon to Peppino. The latter picked up the napoleon. Danglars brought the knife again to bear upon the fowl.

"A moment, excellency!" said Peppino, "you have given me a napoleon on account."

"A napoleon on account for a fowl?"

"Undoubtedly so. It is now only four thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine Napoleons that your excellency owes me."

Danglars opened his eyes to an enormous extent at this gigantic joke.

"Ah! very funny!" he said, "very funny indeed!" And he began to cut. But Peppino withheld his arm.

"Come!" said he, holding out the other hand.

"What, are you not joking?" said Danglars.

"No, we never joke, excellency."

"What! a hundred thousand francs for a fowl?"

"It is incredible how difficult it is to rear poultry in these abominable grottoes."

Danglars threw himself upon his skins. The boy removed the fowl, and Peppino closed the door, and in a few moments the noise of his teeth left the prisoner no doubts as to how he was passing his time. It was clear that he was eating, and eating noisily too, like an ill-educated person.

"The brute!" said Danglars.

Peppino pretended not to hear him, but continued to eat. At length the banker's patience would hold no longer. He rose and went to the door.

"Come, sir," he said, "tell me at once what is wanted of me."

"Excellency, say rather what you want of us. Give your orders, and we execute them."

"I want to eat."

"What does your excellency wish to eat?"

"A bit of dry bread, since fowls are so high in these cursed caves."

"Halloa, there! bread!" cried Peppino.

The young man brought a small loaf.

"How much?" inquired Danglars.

"Four thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight napoleons. You have paid one in advance."

"What! a hundred thousand francs for a small loaf! You only asked that for a fowl?"

"Always the same price. Ten dishes, or only one, are at the same cost in this establishment."

"Still the same absurd buffoonery! Tell me at once that you wish me to die of hunger."

"No, excellency, it is you who wish to commit suicide. Pay and eat."

"Pay with what, animal?" exclaimed Danglars, indignant and irate.

"Do you think that one carries a hundred thousand francs in one's pocket?"

"You have five millions and fifty thousand in yours, excellency," retorted Peppino: "that makes fifty fowls at a hundred thousand francs, and half a fowl at fifty thousand."

Danglars shuddered, the bandage fell from his eyes. It was always a joke, but he did not find it to be so stupid a one as he had at first imagined.

"And how can I give you a hundred thousand francs?" he sighed forth.

"You have a credit opened upon the house of Messrs. Thomson and French at Rome, give me a cheque for the money upon them. Here are pen, ink, and paper."

Danglars took them and wrote. He then handed over the cheque to Peppino.

"And for you, here is your fowl."

Danglars was now allowed to carve up his fowl at leisure, but he did so with many inward groans. He fancied that the bird was very small at the price.

XXXIII.—THE PARDON.

NEXT day Danglars was hungry again. He had arranged that he should economize that day, and like an economical man he had put a quarter of the fowl and a bit of bread in a corner of his cell, but he had no sooner eaten these than he felt thirsty. He had not taken this into consideration, and he held out against it till his tongue began to stick to the palate of his mouth. Being no longer able to support the agony, he called for Peppino. The latter came at once.

"I want to drink," said the prisoner.

"Your excellency is aware," said Peppino, "that wine is at a very high price in the environs of Rome."

"Give me water, then," said Danglars, with but a faint hope of escape.

"Water, excellency, is more scarce even than wine in the catacombs."

"So you are going to jest again?" replied Danglars, endeavouring to force a smile; but the unfortunate man felt the dew of agony upon his temples. "Give me, then, a bottle of wine."

"Of what kind will your excellency choose?"

"Of the cheapest."

"They are all of the same price."

"And what, then, is that price?"

"Twenty-five thousand francs the bottle."

"Say," exclaimed Danglars, with an infinite bitterness of expression, "that you are going to strip me of every farthing I possess. It would be better to do it at once than tear me thus to pieces bit by bit."

"It is possible," said Peppino, "that that may be the project of the master."

"The master, who is he, then?"

"The same to whom you was introduced yesterday."

"Might I be allowed to see him?"

"Certainly."

And so saying, Peppino went away, and returned in a few moments, accompanied by Luigi Vampa.

"You have requested to see me?" said the latter to the prisoner, as he entered his cell.

"Is it you, sir, who are the chief of the persons who brought me here?"

"I am, excellency."

"What do you want, then, for my ransom?"

"Simply the five millions which you carry upon your person."

Danglars felt a fearful spasm quivering at his heart.

"I have only that in the world, sir; if you take it away from me, take also my life."

"It has been forbidden to us to spill your blood."

"What, you obey somebody, do you? I thought you were the chief here."

"I am the chief of these men, but there is one whom I obey, and it is by his orders that you are here."

"Will you take a million?"

"No."

"Two? three? four?—now, four? Surely you will let me go for four millions."

"Why offer us four for what is worth five?" said Vampa.

"Take all, take all," exclaimed Danglars, "and kill me at once!"

"Do not excite yourself, excellency; you will stir up your blood, which will raise your appetite to the consumption of a million per diem. Be more economical."

"Well, then, wretches," exclaimed the exasperated banker, "I will cheat you in your infamous calculations, make me suffer, torture me, or kill me, you shall no longer have my signature."

"As it may please your excellency," said Vampa. And as he withdrew, Danglars threw himself groaning upon the goat-skins.

Truly he felt that death, a quick and sudden death, was a ready means of disappointing the inveterate enemies who pursued him with their incomprehensible vengeance. Yes: but to die!

For the first time in his long life of mammon and self worship, Danglars began to consider whether he was prepared to die. The dungeon in which he lay was favourable to such reflections, and he continued wrapt in their frightful intensity for two days, but at the third, his resolution gave way, he asked for food, and gave another cheque. At the end of twelve days he made up his accounts, and found that there remained only fifty thousand francs.

Then there came upon him a strange thought; he who had given up five millions, determined to die rather than give up the fifty thousand francs that remained to him. He resolved to undergo any extent of privation, his fortune was gone, but there remained enough to prevent a man dying of hunger; he prayed to God to preserve to him these fifty thousand francs, and as he prayed he wept.

Thus passed three more days. Intervals of hope, cradled in insanity, crossed his mind. He thought that he might escape; that perchance the pontifical carbineers might discover this cursed place, and come to his help. Then the delirium of helplessness would come over him, and he saw nothing but an old man dying of hunger, in the empty room of a hut.

"O! my friends, my friends of early days! what have I done?"

And he fell with his face upon the ground to avoid seeing the apparition. At length rousing himself with a kind of despair,

"The chief!" he exclaimed, "the chief!"

"I am here," said Vampa, "what do you want of me?"

"Take my gold," muttered Danglars, "and let me live in this cave. I do not ask for liberty, I only ask to live."

"You suffer much then?" asked Vampa.

"Indeed I do. Cruelly!"

"There are, nevertheless, men who have suffered more than you."

"I do not believe it."

"Not those whom you have allowed to die of hunger?"

Danglars thought of the old man whom he saw and heard moaning in his hours of delirium, and again he dashed his forehead against the ground.

"Nor him whom you caused to be confined, knowing him to be innocent, for fourteen years in a dungeon?"

Danglars rose up astounded, his hair erect upon his head.

"Do you at least repent?" inquired a voice, that made every pulsation of his heart cease.

"Oh! yes, I repent, I repent!" exclaimed Danglars, and he struck his skeleton breast with his naked fist.

"Then I also pardon you," said the voice, and a man issued from the shade of a pilaster, and placed himself in the light.

"The Count of Monte Cristo!" exclaimed Danglars.

"You are deceived, I am not the Count of Monte Cristo. I am he whom you sold, delivered up, dishonoured. He whose betrothed you defiled; he whose father you left to die of hunger; he whom you also condemned to die of hunger, but who, nevertheless, pardons you, because he himself has to be pardoned; I am Edmund Dantes."

Danglars uttered one long shriek, and fell speechless. When he came to his senses, he found himself seated at the foot of a shady tree, the fresh air blowing over his countenance. He was thirsty, and approached a brook to drink. On stooping to quench his thirst, he perceived that his hair had become white.

XXXIV.—THE LION'S DEN.

THE necessities of this remarkable history demand that we should now return and follow the progress of events in the city of Paris, as they took place during the banker Danglars' untoward expedition to Rome.

One of the portions of the prison called La Force, the one in which the most dangerous prisoners are placed, is called the yard of St. Bernard, but the prisoners themselves in their energetic language, call it the Lion's Den, possibly because the captives have teeth which sometimes bite the bars, and at times even the gaolers.

It is a prison within a prison; the walls have twice the thickness of the other walls, and every day the gaoler examines the bars with care, and strikes the walls to ascertain the existence of hollow sounds. The yard attached to this portion of the prison is framed in by lofty ramparts, which, but for a short time during the day, allow the sun to penetrate into the gulf below. At that time the pale, careworn, and haggard shadows that rove about in these cold and dismal precincts rest themselves

against the wall that is absorbing however small a quantity of warmth. The Lion's Den has also its parlour. This is a parallelogram divided into two parts by two central gratings, which are placed at a distance of three feet from one another, so that the visiter cannot shake hands with the prisoner, or pass any thing to him.

In this yard a young man was walking to and fro, who was the object of a good deal of curiosity to the other inhabitants of the Lion's Den. He might have passed for a young man of fashion from the cut of his clothes, had not those clothes been in rags. His shirts were of fine linen, although unwashed and going to tatters; his boots were of the best make, and he sported a white pocket-kерchief, with an heraldic crown at the corner. As the young man walked up and down, his fellow-prisoners exhibited the interest which they took in him by their conversation.

"How beautiful the prince is to-day," remarked one of the robbers, "he has been unusually careful with his toilette."

"It is really flattering," said another, "to have such fashionable companions."

"He must be a famous fellow," remarked a third, "he has done business in the highest line, he is a really distinguished chap."

At this moment a voice cried out "Benedetto!"

"They are calling me," said the young man. And gliding along like a dark shadow, he approached the gate leading to the parlour. The gaoler opened it to let him pass. Behind the grating Benedetto perceived, with eyes dilated by curiosity, the gloomy but intelligent countenance of Bertuccio, who was himself contemplating with painful surprise the double gratings, the doors chained and barred, and the shadow that moved behind the iron bars.

"Good morning, Benedetto," said Bertuccio, with his hollow, sonorous voice.

"You! you!" said the young man, looking around him with an aspect of terror.

"Do you not know me, unfortunate child?"

"Silence! for God's sake, silence!" whispered the young man, intimate with the sharp sense of hearing possessed by walls and doors within the precincts of the Lion's Den.

"You would like to speak with me alone," said Bertuccio.

"Yes, yes," replied Benedetto,

Bertuccio drew a paper from his pocket, which he gave to the gaoler.

"What is that?" inquired the prisoner.

"An order to conduct you to a room, which in future shall be given up to you, and where I shall be allowed to communicate with you."

Benedetto could with difficulty refrain from showing the pleasure which this news gave him. He was convinced that it all originated in his unknown protector. In the meantime, the gaoler had opened a door which conducted by a narrow stone staircase to the first floor, and arrived at which he introduced the prisoner and his adopted father into a white-washed apartment having a fire-place, a table, and two other articles of furniture, a chair, upon which the Corsican seated himself, and a bed, upon which Benedetto carelessly threw himself. The gaoler withdrew.

"Well!" said the prisoner, "who sent you here?"

"Oh! oh! you are going quick, M. Benedetto."

"Am I not? and to the point, too. Let us spare useless words. Who sent you here?"

"No one."

"How did you know that I was in prison?"

"I recognised you a long time since in the insolent man of fashion, who frequented my master's house, and I have watched your career."

"Come, come, we shall burn. Let us speak of my father, will you?"

"What do you call me, then?"

"You, my dear sir, you were my adopted father. But it was not you, sir, who obtained for me an Italian nobleman as a respectable parent; who gained an entrance for me into the world of fashion, and an introduction to a certain king's solicitor, whose acquaintance I was very wrong in not cultivating, as it might have been of much use to me now; and who provided me with funds that would have enabled me to ally myself with one of the great families of Paris, had it not been for a slight accident. Now, excellent Corsican, you understand me, speak out."

"But are you not afraid of the scandal which my statement may occasion?"

"What is scandal to me? People of the great world, to whom reputation is synonymous with wealth, have always something to lose by scandal; notwithstanding their millions and their heraldic quarterings. I have nothing to lose, and I will know who is my father."

"Well, then, I have come expressly to tell you"

XXXV.—POISON FOR THE POISONER.

It was the evening before the public trial was to take place, upon the event of which the attention of all Paris was fixed. The history of the rise and fall of the Prince Cavalcanti had been accompanied by too many marvellous circumstances not to have excited the most profound curiosity. The king's solicitor had thrown his whole energies into the case. Alone, as usual, in his library, he did not on the evening that preceded the trial, retire to rest at the same time as the remainder of the household, but sat up till five in the morning looking over the last interrogatories, comparing the testimonies of witnesses, and preparing the act of accusation, one of the most powerful that he had ever written.

Morning broke upon him with a dark and sinister light, and seemed to tinge with blue the red-ink lines which lawyers are so partial to in all countries.

"To-day," he said, roused by the dawning light, "the man who holds the sword of justice must strike wherever there is guilt."

His head then fell downwards upon his chest, as if borne down by painful thoughts that involuntarily mixed themselves up with his duties. He took a turn or two in the room without raising his head, and then threw himself upon a sofa, not so much to seek for rest, as to relieve his limbs stiffened with fatigue and that cold of long toil, which creeps even to the marrow of the bones.

Gradually every one awoke; Villefort from his study heard those successive noises which constitute what may be called the life of the house; doors set in motion, the ringing of Madame de Villefort's bell, and the

first sounds of the child, which awoke gay and free of care, as most children do at that time of life. M. de Villefort rang the bell also in his turn. His new valet answered it, and brought with him a cup of chocolate and the morning papers.

The hour of breakfast came, but M. de Villefort did not make his appearance. A short time afterwards the valet entered the study.

"Madame requested me to inform you, sir, that it has struck eleven, and that the court meets at twelve."

"Well!" said M. de Villefort, "and what afterwards?"

"Madame has made her toilette; she is quite ready, and inquires if she shall accompany you, sir, to the court."

"What to do there?"

"Madame says that she feels much interest in the trial, and that she would wish to be present at it."

"Ah!" exclaimed Villefort, with a tone that frightened the servant, and made him recoil a step or two. "She wishes that does she? Tell madame that I wish to speak with her, and that I beg of her to wait for me in her own apartment; then come back to dress me."

The valet disappeared to reappear again soon, when he helped M. de Villefort to assume his solemn and professional dress of black. When he had finished, he said,—

"Madame said that she would expect M. de Villefort the moment that his toilette was finished."

"I am going there."

And Villefort, his papers under his arm, his hat in his hand, took the passage that led to his wife's room. He stopped a moment at the door, and wiped with his kerchief the perspiration that flowed down his livid forehead. He then opened the door.

Madame de Villefort was seated upon an ottoman, completely dressed, ready to go out. She had her gloves upon her hands.

"Oh, so you are come at last, sir?" she said in her usual tone, "but how pale you are! Have you been working all night? Why did you not breakfast with us? Well! do you take me with you, or shall I go alone with Edward?"

Madame de Villefort had multiplied her questions without obtaining an answer. M. de Villefort had remained cold and dumb as a statue.

"Edward," he at length said to the child, "go and play in the cabinet, I wish to speak to your mother."

Madame de Villefort seeing this stern aspect, and hearing this resolute language, shuddered.

"Dear me!" said the young woman, looking at her husband as if she wished to read his innermost soul, "what is the matter?"

"Madame, where do you put the poison which you are so much in the habit of making use of?" inquired the magistrate in a clear and decided tone, as he placed himself between his wife and the door.

Madame de Villefort experienced something like what might be felt by a lark when first within the grasp of the hawk's talons. She became pale to lividity.

"Sir!" she said, "I—I do not understand you."

"I asked you," continued the king's solicitor, in a perfectly calm voice, "where you hide the poison by means of which you have killed my

father-in-law, M. St. Meran, my mother-in-law, Barrois, and my daughter Valentine?"

"Oh, sir," exclaimed Madame de Villefort, as she joined her hands imploringly, "what do you say?"

"It is not for you to interrogate me, but to answer."

"Is it to a judge or to a husband that I am to answer?" murmured Madame de Villefort.

"To the judge, madame, to the judge!"

It was a fearful thing to see the palidity of that woman, the agony of her look, the trembling of her body.

"Oh, sir!" she muttered, "oh sir!"

"You do not answer me, madame!" exclaimed the terrible interrogator; and then he added, with a smile more terrible even than his anger,—

"It is true that you do not deny it! But your crime, madame, is not only known to me but to others. It must soon become public, and that is why I stand before you not as a husband but as a judge."

Madame de Villefort fell upon her knees.

"What, are you a coward?" exclaimed Villefort, in a voice of infinite contempt. "True, I have always remarked that poisoners are cowards. But how can you be a coward who have had the terrible courage to see expire before you two old people and a young girl, whom you have assassinated? You who have counted one by one the dying agonies of four murdered beings? It is impossible that you have not also considered where your crimes might lead you? No! no! I hope that you have kept some of this subtle, deadly poison to preserve yourself from the punishment due to your crimes."

Madame de Villefort uttered a wild shriek. A fearful terror invaded every feature.

"Madame, you must feel that the wife of the first magistrate of the capital cannot dishonour her husband and her child by perishing on the public scaffold."

"No! oh no!" stammered out the miserable woman.

"Well, then, madame, it will be a good action on your part, and I thank you for it."

"You thank me, for what?"

"That you have kept a few drops of your poison, to save you from an ignominious death."

"Oh!" exclaimed Madame de Villefort, "what have I said? Pardon me, sir, let me live! Think that I am your wife! of the love which you have borne me! For my child! oh let me live for our child's sake!"

"No, one day, if I let you live, you may also kill him as you have done others."

"I, I kill my son!" exclaimed the mother, and with a frightful, a delirious laugh, she added, "I kill my Edward, ah! ah! ah!"

"Madame," said de Villefort, approaching her, "if, at my return, justice is not done to the living, I shall denounce you with my own mouth and arrest you with my own hands."

Madame de Villefort fell almost senseless on the carpet.

The king's solicitor went out, and on going away he turned the key of the door twice in the lock.

XXXVI.—THE TRIAL.

PUBLIC curiosity in regard to the trial of Benedetto had risen so high that the demand for seats infinitely surpassed the means of accommodation, even in the hall of the old Palais de Justice ; every influence was exerted to obtain the privilege of admission, and an hour before the commencement of proceedings the court was completely packed by the successful candidates. An immense crowd had also assembled around the gates of the old palace and in the adjacent streets, interested by the notoriety of a convict having successfully played the part of a prince.

Beauchamp, as one of the kings of the press, had his place of reserve, into which he had introduced his friends, Chateau-Renaud and Debray.

"Well!" said Beauchamp, as they had with difficulty forced their way through a whole host of gendarmes and police officers, "so we have at length got a place to see our friend?"

"Alas, yes!" answered Debray, "the worthy prince!"

"A man who had Dante for genealogist, and who traced back his ancestors to the *Divina Commedia*!" observed Chateau-Renaud.

"But who is that?" interrupted Beauchamp, directing their attention to a lady who, carefully veiled, occupied a seat immediately behind a front pilaster in the gallery. "If I do not deceive myself, that is Madame Danglars!"

"Impossible!" said Chateau-Renaud, "ten days after her daughter's flight, and only three since her husband's bankruptcy!"

"Oh!" remarked Debray, "it is some veiled and unknown lady, a foreign princess, perhaps the mother of Prince Cavalcanti herself!"

How often is the truth spoken in jest!

"Hush! Hush!" exclaimed the by-standers.

"Silence!" shouted out, with a loud voice, the usher.

"The court! the court!" buzzed every one around. And, in a few moments, a profound silence succeeded to the hum of suspense and anxiety.

As the jury walked into their places, the judges took their seats, and M. de Villefort, the object of general attention and of an almost universal admiration, placed himself, without uncovering his head, in his arm-chair, and cast his eyes tranquilly over the assembled crowd.

Every one looked with surprise at that grave and severe countenance, upon the impassibility of which, personal griefs appeared to have no effect, and every one seemed to feel a certain degree of fear of a man who was apparently a stranger to the ordinary emotions of humanity.

"Gendarmes!" said the president, "bring the accused."

At these words, public attention became still more excited, and every eye was fixed upon the door by which Benedetto was to enter.

Immediately the door opened, and the prisoner appeared.

The impression received was the same by every body, and no one was deceived by the expression of his countenance.

His features did not bear the impress of that deep emotion which throws the blood to the heart and discolours the cheeks and the forehead. His hands were gracefully disposed, one holding his hat, the other placed within the opening of his white waistcoat; his eye was calm and even bright. Scarcely had he entered the hall, when his look was inquiringly

directed towards the judicial bench, and he appeared to examine the king's solicitor with a penetrating thoughtful eye.

The president demanded that the act of accusation should be read. It had been, as we know, prepared by the eloquent and experienced pen of Villefort.

During the reading, which was long, and which for any one else would have been overwhelming, public attention did not cease to direct itself towards Benedetto, who supported the weight of the testimony brought against him with the spirit of a Spartan.

Never had Villefort been so pointed nor so eloquent; the crime was presented under the most lively colours; the previous acts in the life of the accused, his waywardness when still of tender years, his ingratitude to his adopted parents, his long career of crime and guilt, were exposed and dwelt upon with all the talent, that an intimate acquaintance with the workings of the human heart and the practices of society could supply to a mind so tutored and experienced as that of the king's solicitor.

By this exordium alone, Benedetto was for ever lost in public opinion, even supposing that a more material punishment did not await him from the hands of the law.

The prisoner scarcely paid the slightest attention to the successive charges that were brought forward against him: M. de Villefort, who examined him often in pursuit of those psychological studies which he so frequently had occasion to make of accused persons, could not make him once lower his eyes, whatever fixedness and depth he gave to his look.

At length the act of accusation ended.

"Defendant," said the presiding judge, "your name?"

Benedetto rose up.

"Excuse me, Mr. President," he said, in a perfectly calm voice; "but I see that you are going to adopt an order of questions that I cannot follow. I have the pretension, which I will justify afterwards, of being an exception from ordinary defendants. Do then, I beg of you, permit me to answer you in a different order; I will not the less answer all."

The president, surprised, looked at the jury, the members of which sapient body looked at the king's solicitor. A great astonishment manifested itself throughout the court. Benedetto alone did not manifest the slightest emotion.

"Your age?" said the president, "will you answer that question?"

"I am twenty-one, or rather, I shall complete twenty-one years in a few days, being born on the night of the 27th or 28th of September, 1817."

M. de Villefort, who was busy taking a note, raised his head at the mention of the date.

"Where were you born?" continued the president.

"At Auteuil, near Paris," answered Benedetto.

The king's solicitor again raised his head, and looked at Benedetto as he would have looked at the head of Medusa, and became livid. As to Benedetto, he gracefully wiped his lips with the corner of an embroidered kerchief.

"Your profession?" inquired the president.

"First of all I was a forger," answered Benedetto, with perfect composure; "I afterwards became a robber, and finished by being an assassin."

A murmur, or rather a burst of indignation and of surprise, broke forth from all parts of the court.

"Do you now consent to give your name?" asked the president, "the brutal affectation with which you have enumerated your crimes, which you qualify as professional, would lead the court to suppose that by delaying to give your name, you wished to give it lustre by the titles of infamy which precede it?"

"It is wonderful, Mr. President," said Benedetto, with a most gracious tone and polished manner; "how you have been able to read to the very bottom of my thoughts; it was precisely with that view, that I begged of you to alter the order of questions."

Astonishment was now at its height, there was neither impudence nor cynicism in the words of the defendant, the court anticipated a burst of thunder from beneath this dark cloud.

"Well," said the president, "your name?"

"I cannot tell you my name, for I do not know it; but I know that of my father, and can tell it to you."

A painful and dazzling fright almost blinded M. de Villefort, and acrid drops of sweat fell from his cheeks upon the paper which he almost convulsively held in his hands.

"Tell us the name of your father, then?" continued the president.

Not a breath, not a sigh, interrupted the silence of the vast crowd of persons assembled; every one awaited.

"My father is the king's solicitor," answered Benedetto.

"The king's solicitor!" exclaimed the president, almost stupified with astonishment; "the king's solicitor!"

"Yes, and since you wish to know his name, I will tell it to you—his name is Villefort!"

The explosion so long withheld out of respect for the court, now broke forth like thunder. The interjections, the insults cast at Benedetto, who remained indifferent, the movements of the gendarmes, the energetic gestures of the police officers, the more doubtful expressions that in every large and mixed assembly comes to the surface in times of trouble and scandal. All this lasted at least five minutes before the magistrates and the ushers could reproduce order. Several persons had rushed to M. de Villefort, who sat stupified in his arm-chair, offering him consolation, and making protestations of zeal and sympathy. Silence was nearly re-established, with the exception of a small group, who, it was said, were helping to revive a lady who had fainted. At length, the voice of the president was heard, addressing the prisoner in a commanding tone.

"Defendant, do you dare to trifle with justice? Do you wish to give to your countrymen a manifestation of profligacy and corruption which is without example?"

"Gentlemen," replied Benedetto, "God forbid that I should wish to insult the court, or to produce a useless scandal. You asked me the questions, and I answered them. I told you that my father's name was Villefort, and I can prove it. I was born in the house, No. 28, Rue de la Fontaine, in a room furnished with red damask. My father took me in his arms, after telling my mother that I was dead, wrapped me in linen marked with an H and an N, and carried me into the garden, where he buried me alive."

A shudder ran through the assembly on seeing the king's solicitor be-

come so lividly pale during this statement, that he seemed like a man whom the lightning had suddenly converted into a corpse.

"But how do you know these details?" inquired the president.

"In the garden where my father buried me, was a man who had long been seeking for a Corsican's revenge. He saw my father bury something in the earth, and struck him with a dagger, the moment the operation was concluded: then thinking that it had been a treasure, he dug me up and brought me back to life again. This man took me to the Foundling Hospital, where I became No. 37. Three months afterwards, the Corsican's wife came to Paris, claimed me as her son, and carried me away with her to Corsica. I was not happy with my adopted parents. My perverse disposition carried me irresistibly towards evil. One day, I was cursing God that he made me so wicked, when my adopted father said to me, 'Miserable young man, do not blaspheme! The crime comes from thy father, not from thyself; thy father, who abandoned thee to Satan if you died, or left you for misery, if a miracle had not saved your life!' From that time I ceased to blaspheme, but I have cursed my father. This, Mr. President, is the reason why I have caused that scandal at which this assembly still shudders. If it is one crime more, punish me for it; but if I have convinced you that, from my birth, my destiny was lamentable, painful, fatal, pity me!"

"But your mother?" inquired the president.

"My mother believed me to be dead; my mother is not guilty. I did not wish to know the name of my mother—I do not know it."

At this moment a loud scream, followed by a sob, emanated from the centre of the group which surrounded, as we before said, a lady. That lady had now fallen in an hysterical attack, and, as she was being carried away, her veil was removed from her face and betrayed the features of Madame Danglars.

"The proofs? the proofs?" exclaimed the president, "remember that a tissue of horrors, such as you have narrated, will require to be supported by the strongest possible proofs."

"Proofs?" said Benedetto, smiling. "If you want proofs, look at M. de Villefort, and ask me again for proofs."

Every one turned towards the king's solicitor, who advanced under the burden of those thousand eyes, more dead than alive.

"Father," said Benedetto, "they ask for proofs; do you wish me to give any?"

"No, no," stammered out M. de Villefort; "no; it is useless."

"How, useless?" exclaimed the president. "What do you mean to say?"

"I mean to say," replied the king's solicitor, "that it is vain for me to fight against the decrees of fate. Gentlemen, I feel that I am in the hands of a revengeful God. There is no necessity for proofs, all that this young man has said is true."

"What! M. de Villefort; are you not giving way to an hallucination? What! Do you enjoy all your faculties? Such an extraordinary unexpected accusation has disturbed your mind. Come; recover yourself!"

The king's solicitor shook his head dolefully. His teeth chattered with the agony of apprehension. A heavy silence like that which precedes all the catastrophes of nature enveloped the whole court as if with a mantle of lead, and upon many present the hair stood upright on their heads.

"I enjoy all my mental faculties, sir ;" at length answered the fallen man ; "my body alone suffers, and that is easily understood. I acknowledge myself guilty of all that this young man charges me with, and I hold myself from this moment at the disposal of the king's solicitor—my successor."

After uttering these few words with an almost stifled voice, M. de Villefort turned with an uncertain step, while the whole court was still buried in consternation, towards a door, which the usher mechanically opened for him.

XXXVII.—THE ATONEMENT.

VILLEFORT traversed the crowd of spectators, gendarmes, and police-officers, without an obstacle. The crowd, compact as it was, opened a way for him ; he was guilty by his own avowal, but was protected by his grief. Great griefs are indeed so venerable, that there is no example even in the most unfortunate times, but that the first movement of a crowd has not been one of sympathy for a great catastrophe.

Having reached his carriage, he opened the door for himself, and throwing himself on the cushions, simply pointed out the direction home. The weight of misfortune crushed him ; he did not know what might be the consequences, he had not measured them, but his instinct seemed to acquaint him with them all at once.

At this moment he felt something that annoyed him on the cushion. He put his hand behind him to feel what it was ; it was a fan belonging to Madame de Villefort, that had been accidentally left in the carriage ; this fan awoke a reminiscence, and this reminiscence was like a flash of lightning in the middle of the night.

"Oh !" he said, as he thought of his wife, and the thought was like a red-hot iron passing through his heart.

For upwards of an hour he saw before him his misery under only one aspect, and now suddenly another presented itself to his mind not less terrible. That wife ! he had just been to her an inexorable judge ; he had just condemned her to death ; and she, crushed by remorse—she, poor woman, weak and without defence, was perhaps at that very moment preparing to die !

"Ah !" exclaimed Villefort, as he moaned in grief and agony, "that woman only became criminal because she touched me. She caught the passion of crime as the cholera or plague is caught, and I punish her !—Oh ! no, no ! she shall live—she shall follow me—we will fly together—quit France for ever. I will confess myself to her ; every day I will tell her, in humiliation, that I too have committed a crime !—alliance of the tiger and the serpent ! Oh ! worthy wife of a husband such as me ! She must live and repent, and educate my son, my poor child. She loved him ; it was for him that she did every thing ; we must never despair of the heart of a mother who loves her child ; she will repent, and none will ever know that she was guilty."

Villefort lowered the windows of the carriage. He breathed the air more freely than he had done for some time back. "Quick ! quick !" he cried out to the coachman, and the horses, put to their speed, almost flew to their home.

The carriage stopped in the court-yard of his mansion. Villefort

jumped out upon the threshold of the door. He saw that the servants were surprised at his coming home so soon, nothing further. He ascended the staircase; he entered the little room where Edward's bed was made every evening, and threw himself towards the door of his wife's apartment; he had doubly locked it, but a moment sufficed to open the door.

"Heloise!" he exclaimed.

Madame de Villefort was standing before him, pale, her features contracted, and looking at him with eyes of a fearful fixidity.

"Heloise! Heloise!" he said, "what is the matter with you?—speak!"

The young woman extended her arm, stiff and livid, towards him.

"It is done, sir," she said, with a gurgling sound, that seemed to tear her throat, "what more do you wish?"

And she fell her whole length upon the carpet. M. de Villefort ran towards her and seized her hand. Madame de Villefort was dead.

Villefort, drunk with terror, recoiled to the threshold of the door, looking at the corpse. Suddenly he exclaimed,

"My son! where is my son? Edward! Edward!"

This name was pronounced with such an agony of distress, that the servants rushed up stairs to his assistance.

"My son!—where is my son?" asked Villefort.

"Master Edward is not down stairs, sir," answered the valet.

An icy perspiration inundated Villefort's brow. His ideas began to turn in his brain like the works of a clock that are breaking of themselves to pieces. He returned to the room where lay the corpse of his wife, wiping his forehead with one hand, supporting himself against the wall with the other.

The body of Madame de Villefort lay across the door of the cabinet in which Edward must necessarily be. The door was half open. Villefort advanced a step or two, and he saw his child lying upon a sofa. The unfortunate man experienced a sentiment of pleasure—the child was no doubt asleep—he had no longer but to step over the body, to seize the child in his arms, and fly away with him, far, far away!

He took his resolution, and passed over the body of his wife as if he had been crossing a fiery gulf. He took up the child in his arms, pressed it to his bosom, calling it by its name; he fixed his burning lips to its cheeks, they felt livid and icy; he felt its limbs, they were stiff; he put his hand upon its heart, his heart no longer pulsated—the child was dead.

A paper fell from Edward's bosom. Villefort stooped on his knees to pick it up—the child fell from his arms, and rolled a lifeless mass, to its mother's side. Villefort, recognising his wife's hand, read hastily—

"You know that I was a good mother, since it was for my son that I became a criminal!"

"A good mother does not go away without her son!"

As Villefort finished the perusal of this fatal note, he heard the sounds of approaching footsteps. Lifting up his head, bowed down by a supreme agony, he saw the Abbé Busoni standing before him, as calm and as cold as usual.

"You here, sir!" he exclaimed; "it appears that you never come but when death is in your train. What do you want?"

"I come to tell you that you have paid me your debt, and that henceforth I shall pray God that he is satisfied as I am."

"That voice!" exclaimed Villefort, recoiling; "that voice! it is not that of the Abbé Busoni!"

"No."

The abbé tore off his wig, shook his head, and his long black hair, set at liberty, fell upon his shoulders, and framed his manly countenance.

"It is the face of the Count de Monte Cristo!" exclaimed Villefort, his eyes injected with red blood.

"It is more than that. M. de Villefort, seek better and search further."

"That voice! that voice! where did I hear it for the first time?"

"You heard it for the first time at Marseilles, twenty-three years ago, the day of your marriage with Mademoiselle de St. Meran. Search your memory."

"You are not Busoni?—you are not Monte Cristo? You are then my secret and inexorable enemy! I did something to grieve you at Marseilles—oh! pity me!"

"Yes, you are right, you are right," said Monte Cristo, crossing his arms upon his wide chest; "seek further! seek further!"

"What did I then do to you?" exclaimed Villefort, whose mind was by this time floating upon the confines where reason and insanity mingle in that kind of mist, which is not exactly a dream, nor yet quite a wakeful perception, "what have I done to you?—tell me!—speak!"

"You condemned me to a slow and hideous death; you killed my father; you took away from me love with liberty, and fortune with love! I am the spectre of the unfortunate man whom you buried in the dungeons of the Castle of If. To this spectre, issued at last from its tomb, God gave the aspect of the Count of Monte Cristo, and covered it with diamonds and gold, so that you should not recognise it till to-day."

"Ah! I recognise you, I recognise you!" exclaimed the horrified de Villefort, "thou art——"

"I am Edmund Dantes!"

"Thou Edmund Dantes!" exclaimed the unhappy man, and seizing him by the wrist, he pointed to the body of his wife and child. "Edmund Dantes look, and say are you revenged?"

Monte Cristo turned lividly pale in contemplating this frightful spectacle. He now, for the first time, felt that he had carried his revenge too far—that vengeance does not belong to man but to God.

But M. de Villefort broke the terrific silence by a long and hideous burst of laughter, then quitting Monte Cristo's hand he precipitated himself on the staircase.

A quarter of an hour afterwards, the door of Valentine's room opened, and the Count of Monte Cristo reappeared. He was pale, and his eye was lustreless, all the features of that countenance, generally so calm and so noble, were contracted by grief. He held the body of Edward in his arms, to which no assistance that he could afford had been able to restore life. He put one knee on the ground, and deposited the body solemnly by its mother's side.

Then rising up he went out, and meeting a servant on the staircase,

"Where is M. de Villefort?" he inquired.

The servant without answering pointed with the hand to the garden.

Monte Cristo passed out by the garden-door, and saw Villefort sur-

rounded by his servants, a spade in his hand digging up the soil, in a kind of frenzy.

"It is not here yet," he said, "nor even here!"

And he dug further on.

Monte Cristo approached him.

"Sir," he said in a tone almost of humility, "you have lost a son, but—"

Villefort interrupted the sentence.

"Oh! I shall find him," he said, "you may pretend that he is not there, but I shall find him even if I should have to dig till the day of judgment."

Monte Cristo recoiled with horror.

"Oh!" he said, "he is mad!"

And as if he feared that the walls of the accursed house should fall upon him, he hastened away into the street.

"Oh! enough, enough," he said, "let me hasten to save the last."

XXXVIII.—CONCLUSION.

It was about six o'clock in the evening; an evening of an opal colour, through which an autumnal sun filtered its golden beams till they fell upon the blue sea.

Upon that immense lake, which extends from Gibraltar to the Dardanelles, and from Tunis to Venice, a light yacht of elegant form was gliding through the first vapours of the evening. Its motions were like those of the swan, which opens its wings to the wind, and appears to slide upon the water, and it advanced at once rapidly and gracefully, leaving behind it a phosphoric line.

A man stood upon the deck looking with a dilated eye upon a dark mass that issued out of the water, like a cone.

"Is that Monte Cristo?" asked the traveller in a voice apparently of deep sorrow.

"Yes, excellency," answered the helmsman, "we are arriving."

"We are arriving!" muttered the traveller, with an inexpressible tone of melancholy. A moment afterwards a flash of light was seen, and the sound of a gun came from the rock into the sea.

"Excellency," said the padrone, "that is the signal, will you answer it yourself?"

"Oh yes!" said the traveller, as if rousing himself from a dream.

"Ten minutes afterwards the sails were taken in, and the anchor was let go, scarcely five hundred paces from the shore. A boat took the traveller ashore.

He had scarcely landed when a hand touched him on the shoulder, and a voice made him shudder.

"Good evening, Maximilian," said the voice, "you are punctual; thank you!"

"Is it you, count!" exclaimed the young man, with a movement indicative of joy, and squeezing the hand of Monte Cristo in both of his.

"Yes, you see, as punctual as you are; but come, there is a room prepared for your reception."

The young man observed with surprise that not a word was pronounced by those who brought him. He had not even paid them, and they were gone.

"Ah!" said the count, "you are looking for your sailors?"

"Yes, I have given them nothing, and they are going away."

"Don't trouble yourself about that, Maximilian," said Monte Cristo, laughing, "the approach of *my* friends to *my* island is never charged by the coasters of the Mediterranean."

Morrel looked at the count with astonishment.

"Count," he said to him, "you are not the same here as at Paris;—here you laugh."

The brow of Monte Cristo grew dark in a moment.

"You are right to recall me to myself," he said, "the pleasure of meeting you had brought gaiety to my heart."

"Oh count! and why should you be happy to see him who is going to die?"

"Are you not comforted?" asked Monte Cristo with a strange look.

"Did you ever think," answered Morrel, "that I could be? No, Monte Cristo, I am at the end of my journey, and I shall go no further. You told me to wait and to hope. I waited, that is to say I have suffered for a month! I have hoped (man is a poor and miserable creature), I have hoped what? I do not know, something insensate! a miracle—and now I have come to die in your arms."

"My friend," he continued, "you indicated the 5th of October as the term of the trial that you demanded of me. It is to-day the 5th of October;" and drawing out his watch, "it is now nine o'clock—I have still three hours to live."

"Let it be so!" replied Monte Cristo, "follow me!"

Maximilian followed the count mechanically, and they were within the grotto before Morrel perceived that he had even entered a passage in the rock. He felt carpets under his feet, a door opened, a bright light dazzled his eyes, the odour of perfumes bathed the atmosphere. They had entered into that wondrous apartment previously described, and where marble statues bore upon their heads baskets that were always full of flowers and fruits. Morrel looked vaguely at these delights, and then hesitated to advance, as if he feared they should enervate him.

Monte Cristo smiled and led him onwards.

"Is there any harm," he said, "in our spending the last three hours like the Romans of old, who awaited death crowned with flowers?"

"As you like," answered Morrel, "death is always death, that is to say, forgetfulness, absence of grief. I understand now, why you made an appointment with me here, in an isolated island in the midst of the ocean, in a subterranean palace, fit sepulchre for a Pharaoh; it is that you love me, count, love me sufficiently to procure me a soft and voluptuous death, which will permit me to pass away uttering the name of Valentine, and pressing your friendly hand in mine."

"Yes, you have guessed rightly," answered the count, "that is my wish. But do you regret nothing, Maximilian?"

"No!" answered Morrel.

"Not even me?" asked the count, with visible emotion.

Morrel did not answer, but a large tear stole from his eye, and rolled down his cheek like a silver furrow.

"What!" said the count, "there still remains a regret for this world, and yet you die!"

"Oh! I beg of you," exclaimed Morrel with an agonised voice, "count, do not prolong my agony!"

The count thought that Morrel hesitated. "Do I deceive myself," he said inwardly, "has this man not yet tasted sufficient misery to deserve happiness?"

"Morrel," said Monte Christo, "you know that I have no relatives in the world, I have always looked upon you as my son, live and I will make you my heir. I have a hundred millions at my disposal. They are yours."

"Count," answered Morrel, "I have your word," and he added, taking out his watch, "it is half-past eleven."

Monte Christo rose, and taking from a cabinet a silver box supported by four caryatids, symbols of angels ascending to heaven, he placed it on the table. He then lifted the elegantly sculptured lid, and drew from beneath a smaller box of gold and emerald. This latter small box contained an unctuous half solid substance, of which the count took a small quantity in a spoon and offered it to Morrel, looking silently, but earnestly and expressively in his face.

"There is what you asked of me," he said, "there is what I promised you."

"And while still alive," said the young man, taking the spoon, "I thank you from the bottom of my heart."

At this moment Ali came in, bringing tobacco and pipes. Gradually the lamps grew pale in the hands of the statues that bore them, the young man felt the pipe escaping from his hand, objects were rapidly losing all distinctness, and it seemed as if he saw dark openings in the walls, and a gulf beneath his feet.

"Friend!" he exclaimed, "I feel that I am dying, thank you!"

He attempted to stretch out his hand, but his arm was no longer obedient. His languid eyes closed themselves against his will. A slight noise caused an effort that once more raised the weary eyelids. He saw before him a woman of wondrous beauty, smiling sweetly upon him, she seemed like the angel of mercy, abjuring the angel of revenge.

"Is it already heaven that opens before me?" thought the dying man "that angel resembles the one that I have lost."

Valentine precipitated herself towards him.

"Valentine! Valentine!" exclaimed Morrel, in the innermost part of his soul. His lips moved, but no sound came from his mouth.

"Valentine!" said Monte Christo, solemnly "for the future you must no longer quit one another on earth, for to find you he was willing to precipitate himself into the tomb. Without me you were both dead; I give you back to one another; may God place to my account, these two existences that I save!"

Thus saying Monte Christo disappeared.

Nearly an hour elapsed since Valentine had been watching by the side of her lover. At last she felt his heart beat, a gentle breath opened his lips, and the slight tremor that announces the return of life, shook the young man's body. Soon his eyes opened.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, in an accent of despair, "I still live, the count has deceived me!"

"Maximilian," muttered Valentine, "awake, and look at me?"

Morrel uttered a loud shriek, and, as if dazzled by a celestial vision, fell upon both his knees.

The same morning, by the first glimmer of daylight, Morrel and Valentine were walking together on the sea-shore. Valentine was relating

to Morrel how Monte Cristo had saved her, by the semblance of death, from which she had only awoke in the sepulchre of the family. Morrel shuddered. At this moment a man advanced towards them. It was Jacopo, the skipper of the yacht.

"I have a letter," he said, respectfully, "to give you from the count."

"From the count!" exclaimed the two young people together.

Morrel opened the letter and read.

"My dear Maximilian,—

"A felucca awaits your orders. Jacopo will take you to Livorno, where M. Noirtier expects his grand-daughter, to bless her before she accompanies you to the altar. All that is in the grotto, my friend, my mansion in the Champs Elysées and my little house at Tréport, are the marriage presents that Edmund Dantès presents to the son of his master, Morrel. Mademoiselle de Villefort will be kind enough to take the half, for it is my earnest request that she will give to the poor of Paris, all the fortune that comes to her through her father, now mad, and through her brother who, with her step-mother, died last December.

"Tell the angel, Morrel, who is going to watch over your life, to pray sometimes for the man, who, like Satan, for a moment fancied himself the equal to God, but who now acknowledges with infinite humility, that in the hands of God alone are supreme power and perfect wisdom. These prayers may somewhat assuage the remorse that he carries away with him to prey upon his heart.

"As to you, Morrel, here is the secret of my conduct towards you. There is neither happiness nor misfortune in this world, there is the comparison of one condition to another, that is all. He only who has experienced extreme misfortunes is qualified to enjoy supreme felicity. It requires to have wished to die to know how pleasant it is to live.

"Live then and be happy, dear children of my heart, and never forget, that to the day when it shall please God to unveil futurity to man, all human wisdom consists in these two words—

"Wait and hope !

"Your friend,

"EDMUND DANTES, COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO."

During the perusal of this letter, which first acquainted Valentine with the madness of her father, and the death of her brother and step-mother, tears fell rapidly down her pale cheeks; her happiness cost her very dear.

"But where is the count?" interrupted Morrel.

Jacopo pointed to the horizon.

The eyes of the two young people turned in the direction indicated, and upon the blue line that separated the sky from the Mediterranean, they perceived a white sail about the size of the wing of an albatross.

"Gone !" exclaimed Morrel, "gone! farewell, my friend! farewell, my father!"

"Who knows," sobbed Valentine, "if we shall ever see him again?"

"Oh, he has taught us," replied Morrel, "that human wisdom dwells in two words—

"WAIT AND HOPE !"

MICHELE OROMBELLO.

BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

I.

FILIPPO VISCONTI.

ONE night, in the summer of 1418, a masqued fête was given by Filippo Maria Visconti, Duke of Milan, in honour of the Princess of Carrara, of whom he was passionately enamoured. This revel, unusually magnificent even for Visconti, whose entertainments were always of the most splendid description, was attended by all the principal nobles of his court; by the legate of the reigning pontiff, Martino V.; by Antonio Carrarra, surnamed from his dissimulating and malignant character, Malizia, ambassador of Gianna, Queen of Naples; by Don Garcias Cavaniglia, deputy of Alfonso V., King of Arragon and Sicily; by the Venetian, Genoese, and Florentine envoys; and the representatives of the different Italian states. Nor was that wanting, without which no festival, however gorgeous, can be perfect,—beauty. A lovelier array of dames was never seen than was collected on this occasion. Foremost among them ranked the queen of the revel,—the beautiful Princess of Carrara. It is scarcely necessary to describe her, and indeed her charms almost defy description. Suffice it to say, she was one of those superb blondes only to be found in the north of Italy, with light satin tresses, eyes at once lustrous and languishing, and blue as the skies; features cast in the most exquisite mould; a full, voluptuous figure; and a complexion so delicate and so transparent, that the brightest bloom could not compare with it.

The fair princess was in her first year of widowhood—her consort, Brunoro, Prince of Carrara and Padua, having died suddenly after their union, not without strong suspicion of poison. Her fascinations of manner and person, as has just been observed, completely captivated the licentious Visconti, who left no means untried to obtain possession of her, but failing in his attempts, he resolved upon divorcing his duchess, or otherwise removing her, to make way for the new object of his passion.

Beatrice di Tenda, Duchess of Milan, was considerably older than her lord. Her first husband, Facino Cane, the renowned condottiere, having been slain, together with Giovanni Maria Visconti, the present duke's elder brother, on their way to the church of Saint Gothard, an alliance was immediately formed between her and Filippo, who by this means obtained the sovereignty of Tortona, Novara, Vercelli, and Alexandria, and defeated the claims of Ettore Visconti, another aspirant to the dukedom of Milan. Regardless of the advantages he had derived from the duchess, Filippo, as soon as his government was firmly established, began to neglect and ill-treat her—making it evident he had espoused her only for convenience. To indifference succeeded aversion; and his dislike was manifested by repeated acts of cruelty and oppression. He compelled her to submit to every possible indignity; to wait upon him at table; and to perform offices, from which the meanest of his attendants revolted. Beatrice bore this tyrannical usage with the most exemplary patience.

She neither repined, nor remonstrated ; trusting that implicit obedience to her lord's will would at length turn his heart. But so far from being moved to compassion, Filippo was irritated by her conduct. He heaped fresh insults upon her, and sought some plausible pretext to rid himself of a burden he began to find insupportable.

About this time he became enamoured of the Princess of Carrara, and his hatred for the one increased in proportion to his passion for the other. A hint dropped by the princess was not lost upon him. When warmly urging his suit, she checked him, and observed in a significant tone—"I pray your highness to desist from further importunity. So long as the present bar exists between us, I can never be yours." "I understand," replied the duke, "it shall be speedily removed." And from that moment, his whole thoughts were bent upon destroying the duchess.

Several means of accomplishing his purpose presented themselves. But he rejected them all, from a fear that in case suspicion should fall upon him, the four cities he had received as the dower of the injured duchess would revolt, and involve him in a war, which, at this juncture, he was anxious to avoid. He resolved, therefore, to proceed cautiously and securely.

Somewhat less ferocious in manner, though not less sanguinary in nature than his brother Giovanni, whose thirst for blood was so insatiable that he would deliver criminals to his hounds to be chased ; and torn in pieces, Filippo Visconti had not one redeeming quality, except courage, and this was tarnished by cruelty. Utterly destitute of generosity, he never requited a favour but with an injury ; and having no regard for his plighted faith, was held in distrust by all his allies. Still he was crafty and calculating, and his cunning made him a match for most of his opponents. In person he was tall, and finely formed. His features were handsome, but disfigured by a sinister expression. His demeanour was singularly majestic.

During the early part of the fête, Filippo devoted himself exclusively to the princess. Attired in her colours, white and blue, and attended by a band of courtiers similarly arrayed, he received her on her arrival at the palace ; conducted her to the dancing-hall, the music-chamber, the brilliantly-illuminated gardens, the banquet, and finally to a small conservatory filled with the choicest flowers, which none were permitted to enter but themselves. There, while engaged in a tender *tête-à-tête* with his mistress, who, flattered by his homage, and bewildered by the enchanting scene around her, appeared disposed to lend a more favourable ear to his suit, the duke was greatly astonished and offended by the sudden entrance of an attendant. The name of the new comer, who was remarkable for his personal strength and forbidding aspect, was Squarcia Giramo. He had filled the office of master of the hounds to the late Duke Giovanni ; and his savage disposition recommended him to the favour of Filippo, who placed him near his person. The princess having abandoned her hand to the duke, uttered a slight scream at Squarcia's appearance, and hastily withdrew it ; while her lover, plucking his dagger from its sheath, seemed disposed to sacrifice the unwelcome intruder to his anger. Something, however, in the look of the latter arrested his arm.

"When your highness learns what news I bring," he said, "you will thank, not menace me."

"Speak then," cried the duke, fiercely.

"I cannot speak here," replied Squarcia. "Will it please your highness to grant me a moment's private audience?"

"No," replied Visconti, impatiently. "If you have some secret matter to disclose, you must await a more favourable opportunity. Begone!"

"What I have to say relates to the duchess," rejoined Squarcia, mysteriously.

"To *her*!" exclaimed Visconti, in surprise. "Nay, then, I *must* hear it."

Hastily apologising to the princess, and promising to return instantly, he quitted the conservatory.

On gaining the adjoining apartment, he ascertained from Squarcia, whom he employed as a spy upon Beatrice, that a circumstance had just occurred, which raised a suspicion that some secret attachment existed on her part. The sum of the attendant's relation was as follows. About an hour ago, a mask, habited as a minstrel, had approached the duchess, and greatly delighted her by his voice and musical skill. After listening to his singing for some time, during which she betrayed extraordinary emotion, she commanded him to remove his vizard. The minstrel complied; and on beholding his features, which were those of a youth of remarkable personal attractions, she had fainted.

"Is this all?" observed the duke, when Squarcia concluded.

"It is, your highness."

"I see nothing in it. The duchess was struck by an accidental resemblance in the youth to some one she formerly knew, that is all. Thou art an officious knave, to trouble me with so slight a matter."

"It is not so slight as your highness imagines," rejoined Squarcia.

"I have never seen the duchess so agitated before."

"Where is she now?" demanded Visconti.

"She has been conveyed to her own apartments," answered Squarcia.

"And the minstrel?"

"He is in the music-hall. He stood like one stupefied after the occurrence; but when the duchess was removed, he wandered with slow steps and a dejected air in the direction I have mentioned."

"Bring him hither," said the duke, after a moment's reflection, "I would question him."

Squarcia departed, and presently returned with a youth, whose good looks Visconti acknowledged had not been overrated. He appeared about eighteen, and his proud bearing proclaimed him of distinguished origin. The contrast between his noble and prepossessing countenance and the lowering and villanous looks of Squarcia was too striking to pass unnoticed.

"By Saint Ambrosio, a handsome gallant!" exclaimed the duke as he approached. "How are you called, boy?"

"Michele Orombello," replied the youth.

"I neither remember your name nor person, Messer Michele," pursued the duke, fixing a scrutinising glance upon him. "How long have you been in Milan?"

"Three days," replied Michele. "I came in the train of the ambassador of the Queen of Naples."

"Malizia is graced in his follower," observed the duke, sarcastically. "And now, Messer Michele, as I doubt not you have a quick eye for beauty, tell me whom you think the fairest dame in my court?"

"Were your highness to ask me whom I think the most injured, I could answer more readily," rejoined Michele.

"Whom should you say, then?" demanded Visconti, sternly.

"Your duchess," replied the youth.

Squarcia laid his hand upon his dagger, and looked at his lord, but the latter took no notice of the movement.

"You are a frank speaker, Michele," said Visconti; "but I like you none the worse for your boldness. The duchess is a deeply-injured lady, granted. You are, no doubt, eager to redress her wrongs."

"I would shed the last drop of my blood in her defence," cried Michele.

"I thought as much," rejoined Visconti. "Her highness shall be made acquainted with your devotion. If I can prevail upon Malizia to transfer you to the duchess's service, will you consent to the exchange?"

"Consent!" echoed Michele, his countenance beaming with delight, "I am transported with joy at the thought. But your highness is mocking me."

"Not so," replied Visconti, "I am as much rejoiced as yourself that the duchess will have an attendant so devoted to her interests. And now, rejoin your companions, signor. To-morrow, I will speak to his excellency."

"Accept my heartfelt thanks, my lord," said Michele, bending the knee before him. "I have scarcely deserved this kindness at your hands."

Visconti stamped upon the ground impatiently, and the youth arose.

"Keep strict watch over him," observed the duke to Squarcia, as soon as they were alone; "and if aught further occurs, apprise me instantly. You were right in your suspicions. There is some mystery about this youth which I cannot fathom."

"I will resolve it for your highness," replied Squarcia, smiling grimly. "Having got the scent, I will hunt down the game as surely as ever did my best wolf-hound in the days of Duke Giovanni."

"Go then, brave dog," rejoined Visconti, pushing him from him; "and if you bring down the noblest hind in the forest, your reward shall be proportionate to the service."

"My reward may be a dog's—a blow when the deed is done," observed Squarcia, drily, "No matter. Your highness's commands shall be obeyed."

With this, he departed upon his mission, while Visconti returned to the princess.

Elated by his interview with the duke, and unable to conceive why such good fortune had so suddenly befallen him, Michele Orombello could listen no more to the music, nor take any further part in the dance. Separating himself from the crowd of revellers, he pondered over the occurrences of the evening. The idea of the duchess was ever present to him. He thought of her marble cheek, which, pale as death before, had crimsoned at the sound of his voice; of her large, lustreless black eyes, which had kindled with new fire, as he proceeded with the melody. He heard again her commands to him to unmask—her cry when the order was obeyed—and his bosom palpitated with strange emotions. Was the interest she felt in him love? He scarcely dared to ask himself the question. And yet his heart refused to answer in the negative.

While occupied with these reflections, he felt a gentle pressure on his arm, and heard a low voice breathe in his ear, "Follow me."

Looking round, Michele perceived a masked female, and pursuing her retreating figure through the throng, entered the great hall, in which the dancers were still footing it merrily. Thence he tracked her down a flight of marble steps into the garden, and proceeding along a terrace lighted with coloured lamps, struck into a dark walk, edged with clipped yew-trees. Here his conductress paused, and said in a whisper, "Follow that path, signor. It will bring you to a temple, where you will find the lady who expects you."

With a beating heart and quick step, Michele hastened along the path indicated to him. Just as he was about to enter the temple, he cast a look behind, and fancied he could discern through the darkness a man creeping stealthily after him. As he gazed at the object it disappeared, and, thinking he might be deceived, he pushed open the door of the structure, and beheld the duchess.

She was alone. By the light of a lamp placed upon a table beside her Michele saw that her countenance bore the traces of severe suffering, and though she struggled to maintain her composure, she was still fearfully agitated. The youth's first impulse was to throw himself at her feet. She instantly raised him.

"I have sent for you," she said hurriedly, "to tell you you are in danger. I have heard of your interview with the duke, and of his promise to you. It must never be fulfilled."

"Wherefore not, madam?" asked Michele, in astonishment.

"You must depart at once, and secretly, if you would preserve your life," she continued, without noticing the question. "The duke meditates your destruction."

"How have I incurred his resentment?" inquired Michele.

"By your boldness of speech," she answered. "But I am the chief cause of his enmity against you."

"You, madam!"

"To be plain," replied the duchess, after a moment's hesitation, "he thinks I love you, and would place you near me that he may destroy us both. But I will defeat his scheme. You, at least, shall avoid the snare."

"Think not of me a moment, madam," replied the youth, passionately.

"Suffer me, I entreat you, to remain with you at whatever risk to myself."

"I have already told you it cannot be. If you would prove your devotion to me, you will go. I owe you some explanation of my strange conduct, and you shall have it. I am interested—deeply interested in you. Do not mistake me. It is not love I bear you, at least, not the love the duke supposes. You resemble one whose memory is most dear to me—so strikingly, that I could almost fancy you were he."

"Beseech your highness to tell me his name!" cried Michele eagerly.

"First let me know your own, and your history?" rejoined the duchess.

"I am ignorant of both."

"I am called Michele Orombello," replied the youth, "and all I know of my history is this. I was found on the banks of the Lago di Guarda by a peasant, whose name I bear, and to whom I am indebted for my early nurture. Becoming dissatisfied with my condition as I grew in years, I

quitted my humble home and protector, and wandered from city to city, encountering various vicissitudes and adventures, until I reached Naples, where I was fortunate enough to attract the attention of Antonio Caraffa, who appointed me his page. Hence I chanced to accompany him on his embassy to the court of the duke your husband."

"Have you no clue to your birth?" asked the duchess, who had listened with breathless interest to his relation.

"Only this," he answered, producing a fragment of a letter. "It was found upon my person by my preserver, Orombello. The few words that can be deciphered refer to the destruction of an infant,—alluding, doubtless, to myself. It appears to be an order from some powerful noble to his vassal. But I have vainly sought to discover the writer."

"Give it me," cried the duchess, snatching the paper from him.

As she gazed at it, a violent tremor seized her. She shivered from head to foot, and would have fallen, if Michele had not tendered her support.

"Your highness knows who wrote that letter?" he remarked, as soon as her agitation had in some degree subsided.

"I do," she replied. "But do not question me. I dare not—cannot tell you. The knowledge would be fatal. I am now more than ever anxious for your safety. You must quit the palace without a moment's delay. Repair to the northern gate of the city, and in an hour a fleet steed shall be provided for you. Do not draw the bridle till you reach Novara. There you will be safe. My faithful subjects will protect you. To-morrow I will despatch messengers to Vincenzo Marliano, governor of the citadel. He is my assured friend, and you will learn from him the meaning of this mystery. Take this gold—these ornaments," she added, opening a coffer, and spreading its glittering contents before him, while she at the same time detached a string of pearls from her neck and a circlet of gold from her head; "take them," she cried, forcing them upon him, "you may need them."

So saying, she opened her arms, and straining the youth, who was bewildered with astonishment, to her bosom, wept aloud.

From this sad embrace they were roused by the sudden opening of the door, which was instantly closed with a jar that shook the whole building. Breaking from her companion at the sound, the duchess beheld Visconti. He was accompanied by several nobles of his court, and a numerous train of attendants, among whom was Squarcia Giramo. A smile of bitter satisfaction played upon his features.

"Lost! Lost!" shrieked the duchess.

"You shall not perish unavenged!" cried Michele, drawing his dagger, and springing upon the duke.

But the blow was intercepted by Squarcia. Seizing the youth's arm, he wrested the weapon from his grasp, and would have plunged it to his heart, if Visconti had not prevented him.

"Harm him not," he cried, "I have another fate in reserve for him. My lords," he continued, "you have all been witnesses to my dishonour, and will testify to the truth of what you have seen?"

"Assuredly, your highness," they answered.

"How say you, then," he continued. "Is the duchess guilty, or not?"

"Guilty," replied the assemblage, with one voice.

"One word in arrest of judgment, my lord," exclaimed the duchess, advancing towards him.

"Not one," replied Visconti, harshly repulsing her. "Squarcia Giramo, let the adúlteress and her paramour be instantly conveyed to my castle of Binasco. There let the torturers deal with them."

"They shall force no avowal of guilt from me," cried the duchess.

"Nor from me," added Michele.

"Let them die upon the rack then," rejoined the duke. And followed by his train, he quitted the temple, and returned to the festivities within the palace.

II.

BEATRICE DI TENDA.

THE ancient castle of Binasco, whither the captives were conducted, in obedience to the duke's mandates, lies about three leagues from Milan, on the road to Pavia. It is a vast and gloomy pile, and, at the period in question, was strongly fortified. The duchess and her companion were placed in dark subterranean dungeons, and underwent the most horrible tortures. More than twenty times Beatrice was stretched upon the rack, but her firmness was proof against the severest agonies. Resolutely denying the crime laid to her charge, she refused to exculpate herself by any explanation of her mysterious conduct towards Michele Orombello. Conveyed to their place of imprisonment in separate litters, the unhappy pair had not exchanged a word since their fatal meeting in the temple. All the duchess's inquiries concerning her fellow-prisoner were met by sullen silence on the part of the gaolers; nor could she learn aught relating to him, until one day, Squarcia Giramo, who superintended her examinations, and regulated the degrees of torture to which she was subjected, entered her cell, and informed her, with a look of savage delight, that he had confessed.

"It is false, villain," returned Beatrice, incredulously. "He cannot have confessed a crime he has never committed."

"The youth is not made of such stubborn stuff as your highness," rejoined Squarcia, grinning. "When we were about to bind him to the wheel this morning, he requested to be released; acknowledged his guilt in full; signed the confession, which has since been transmitted to the duke, whose arrival at the castle is momentarily expected; and prayed only for speedy death to put a period to his sufferings:—a petition, I have no doubt, that will be readily granted."

"Horror!" cried Beatrice, distractedly. "Can this be true?"

"I swear it by my soul's safety," returned Squarcia. "And I advise your highness to follow your lover's example. Further obstinacy will avail you nothing."

"Wretch!" cried Beatrice, fiercely. But instantly checking herself, she added—"You say the duke is expected at the castle. On his arrival tell him I *must* see him without a moment's delay. I have a secret to disclose, which it is important to him to know, but which, if he comes not instantly, shall never pass my lips. Tell him this. And take heed no injury is done the youth, or I will yet find means of terribly avenging his death on all concerned in it. Do you hear me?"

"I hear, and will obey your highness," replied Squarcia. And he quitted the cell.

Words cannot paint the anguish of the duchess. Severe as had been her recent bodily suffering, it was nothing to the mental torture she

now endured. Several hours elapsed, and Visconti came not. At length, worn out with vain expectation, she was about to abandon herself wholly to despair, when the massive prison-door revolved upon its hinges, and admitted her husband.

He was cased in complete armour, except his helmet, which he had laid aside on reaching the castle, and his looks were as formidable as his steelly apparel.

"What would you with me, madam?" he demanded, after a pause, during which he eyed her sternly.

"I would make a bargain with you for the life of Michele Orombello," she answered.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Visconti. "And what do you propose to offer me in exchange?"

"My own life," she replied.

"It is mine already," rejoined the duke.

"Not so, my lord," replied Beatrice; "you cannot lawfully execute me till I have confessed the crime with which I am charged. I may expire upon the rack, but I will maintain my innocence to the last, unless you consent to spare this youth. His life is of no consequence to you compared with mine. Put me to death without warrant, and the four cities I brought you in dower—Tortona, Novara, Vercelli, and Alexandria—will revolt from you. This you know full well. Comply with my request, and I will utter whatever you may dictate, and declare myself justly condemned."

"Your love for this youth is stronger than I thought it," remarked Visconti;—"stronger than a chance attachment could be. Who is he?"

"My son," rejoined Beatrice.

"Your son!" ejaculated the duke, recoiling.

"Hear me, Visconti," continued the duchess. "Before I wedded my first husband, Facino Cane, I had indulged a guilty passion for one of my father's pages. The fruit of my indiscretion was a son. The infant was committed to Antonio Marliano, now grand seneschal of Novara, but then my humblest attendant. He told me he had destroyed it. I will not dwell upon the remorse occasioned by the dark offence I had committed, or by the still darker offence by which I sought to hide it. My peace was gone for ever. And I looked upon my after sufferings as the just retribution of Heaven for my criminal conduct."

"Let this pass, madam," observed Visconti, scornfully. "How did you recognise the youth?"

"His voice first attracted my attention," replied the duchess, "and when I beheld his features, their resemblance to him I had loved was too striking to be mistaken. My heart assured me he was the son I had supposed dead. And on ascertaining his history I found I was not deceived."

"The youth is not aware of the secret of his birth?" demanded the duke.

"He is not," rejoined Beatrice, "and never shall be. It shall perish with me."

Visconti was for some time lost in reflection. The duchess watched his countenance with the most intense anxiety. But it was impossible to read what was passing in his breast. At last he spoke.

"I will spare the youth on the terms you propose," he said.

"Swear it," she rejoined, "by all your hopes of salvation."

"My word must suffice," he answered, coldly. "It is as binding as the strongest oath."

The wretched Beatrice did not dare to contradict him.

"In a few minutes all shall be in readiness," pursued the duke. "Perform your part of the agreement, and doubt not I will perform mine."

So saying he withdrew.

His first object was to seek out Squarcia Giramo. After giving several directions to the attendant, he thus concluded :—

"Make every preparation for an execution. Let a block be placed in the base-court, and let the headsman with the instrument of death upon his shoulder take up a position beside it. When Michele Orombello is dismissed from my presence, if I make no sign, suffer him to leave the castle uninjured. But if I wave my scarf, seize him, and let his head be instantly stricken off."

"I understand," replied Squarcia.

Soon after this Visconti betook himself to a platform overlooking the court, whence he perceived that his injunctions had been exactly fulfilled. A trumpet was then sounded, and the summons was immediately answered by a large train of nobles and gentlemen, who had accompanied him from Milan. The duke acquainted the assemblage that he had called them to hear the confession of the duchess, who having repented of her guilt, desired to atone for it with her blood. As he spoke, a door at one end of the platform opened, and Beatrice was led forth, while from a portal at the opposite extremity came Michele Orombello. Thus confronted, the miserable mother and her son gazed at each other in silence. Enfeebled by the torture he had undergone, Michele looked like the shadow of himself. The duchess seemed to have suffered equally, and to be equally prostrated. But she had evidently strung herself up to some mighty effort, and her deportment retained its accustomed majesty. Her attire was somewhat disordered, and her dark hair unbound and floating over her shoulders. Her appearance awakened the deepest commiseration amid the beholders.

"My lords," she said, firmly, "you are no doubt aware for what purpose I am brought hither. I confess myself culpable towards the duke. I neither expect, nor desire mercy. All I request is, that the punishment of my offence may be visited on my own head. I alone am guilty. Do not let him I have tempted suffer for my fault!"

Michele, whose faculties seemed completely benumbed, made no attempt to interrupt her. He looked as if he did not clearly understand what was said. And when she had done speaking, his head dropped upon his breast.

"This gold, and these ornaments—the latter known to belong to the duchess—were found upon the person of the younger prisoner," said a gaoler, stepping forward.

"They were given him by me," rejoined Beatrice, "and corroborate what I have just asserted—that I was the temptress!"

"They do!" vociferated Visconti, dashing them to the ground, and trampling them beneath his mailed feet with feigned fury. "You have heard the duchess's confession, my lords, and shall now hear my decision. In consideration of Michele's youth, and the circumstances advanced in his favour, I consent to spare his life. But for her who has dishonoured

my bed, and stained my name, I have no compassion. She dies within the hour!"

There was a deep, dread silence, broken only by the sobs of Orombello, who, though scarcely conscious of what was going forward, seemed to comprehend the perilous situation of the duchess. He made several attempts to throw himself at Visconti's feet, but was prevented by those around him.

"Take the prisoner hence," said the duke to the guards, "and set him at liberty."

"Let me embrace him before he goes. Let me bid him an eternal farewell!" cried Beatrice.

"You ask more than can be granted, misguided woman," rejoined Visconti. "Remove him."

The command was obeyed, and as Michele was forced away, he cast one look of inexpressible anguish at his mother.

"Leave me, my lords," said Visconti, motioning the nobles to withdraw. "I have a few words to exchange with the duchess."

They were alone, and regarded each other face to face. And he who had seen them, and been ignorant of the relation in which they stood to each other, would have taken Visconti for the offender and Beatrice for the judge,—so overawed was the former by the look fixed upon him. Neither spoke, but each guessed the other's thoughts.

Suddenly, Beatrice exclaimed—"I hear him in the base-court. I shall see him once again!" And before she could be prevented, she ran towards the low wall edging the platform, and leaning over it, gazed into the court beneath. "I see him," she continued. "The guards release him!—he is free! He takes his way towards the gate! You have kept your word, Visconti, and my dying breath shall bless you. My poor son! his footsteps totter. He is so weak he can scarcely support himself. He will fall! No, he revives. Oh! that dreadful rack. You might have spared his tender limbs, Visconti. But he will live, and I am satisfied. Ah! what do I behold? There is a block behind that pillar, and a man beside it, wielding a huge, two-handed sword."

"The block and the sword for you," said the duke. "Come away."

"Squarcia Giramo is among the crowd. I should know his hideous face among a thousand. He looks this way. He expects some signal."

"He is eager for your execution," rejoined Visconti. "You have looked long enough," and he dragged her forcibly from the parapet.

"Visconti!" cried the duchess, falling on her knees. "You mean to kill him. You have played me false."

"What makes you think so?" returned the duke, detaching the scarf from his breastplate with his left hand, while with his right he kept fast hold of the duchess. "What makes you think so?"

"Your manner—those fatal preparations—every thing," replied Beatrice.

"He will speedily be beyond my reach," rejoined Visconti, waving the scarf, unperceived by the duchess.

The signal was immediately answered by the flashing of the sword. Visconti, who cast a glance over his shoulder, could not see the blow struck, but he heard the dead dull sound marking the descent of the weapon upon the block.

"Ah! what is that?" cried Beatrice, alarmed at the noise. "Answer me! as you shall answer your Maker. Have you slain him?"

"Go and see," replied the duke, releasing her.

Beatrice rushed to the parapet. She beheld a group round the block, which divided the next moment, and disclosed the headless trunk of her son.

The miserable mother staggered backwards, and caught at her husband for support.

"False duke!" she cried, regarding him with a withering glance; "false and disloyal gentleman! you have broken your word with me, and henceforth none shall trust you. Your name shall be tarnished—your memory abhorred. Shame and dishonour shall be your portion, and the pangs you have inflicted upon me shall be returned with tenfold sharpness upon yourself!" And overcome by the violence of her emotion, she sank senseless on the pavement.

She recovered from her swoon only to prepare for instant death. Before she was led to the block, she had a brief conference with a priest, who was appointed to administer to her the last rites of religion, and to whom she gave a ring. She then calmly resigned herself to her fate, and the headsman performed his office. When all was over, the monk quitted the castle, affirming he had masses to say that night at the monastery of San Simpliciano, at Milan, for the soul of the departed duchess.

Visconti returned the next day to the palace. On arriving there, he was horrified at learning that the Princess of Carrara was dangerously ill. She grew hourly worse, and expired the same night in dreadful agonies. It was evident from the appearance of the body that her death had been occasioned by poison. Suspicion fell upon the monk, who was ascertained to have visited her on his return from Binasco, and he was immediately sought for. But he had already provided for his safety, and fled to Venice.

THE MUSIC OF EARTH.*

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

I.

O! the music of earth does it dwell in the sound,
Where the halls of the gay with soft measures resound?
Does it live in the song, in the mirth-giving strain,
That the light-hearted minstrel ne'er carols in vain?
No! but for the moment the minstrel may please;
But yet there's a music far dearer than these,
By nature awaken'd—of heavenly birth,—
'Tis the heart-stirring strains of the music of earth!

II.

O! the music of earth is past human control,
For its sounds are the chords that enrapture the soul:—
'Tis the voice of the winds that go murmuring by;
'Tis the song of the lark from his home in the sky;
'Tis the hum of the bees when at morning we roam;
And the voice of affection that welcomes us home;
'Tis the laughter of children in innocent mirth
That falls on the ear—the sweet music of earth!

* Set to music by J. P. Kingt.

PIQUILLO ALLIAGA;

OR,

THE MOORS IN THE TIME OF PHILIP III.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY EUGENE SCRIBE,

MEMBER OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAP. V.—THE COURT AT VALLADOLID.

THE Duke of Uzeda was reclining in an easy chair before a table loaded with books and papers, with none of which he appeared, however, to concern himself, when a valet entered to announce the Duke of Medina Cœli.

"Tell the duke, that if he had given notice of his visit, I would have spared him a few moments, but at present I am too busy."

He then rose up, and after taking a turn or two in his study, and glancing at the gilded book-shelves, he stopped before a Venetian mirror. "My colour," he said, "does not improve—the air of Valladolid never did agree with me." He then looked at his hair, and fancied that the black die was becoming rusty. "I hope," he continued to himself, "that Cazoleta will not disappoint me," and he rang the bell furiously. Those who were waiting anxiously for an audience, felt convinced that nothing but important state matters thus excited his excellency.

The valet hastened into his study.

"I am not at home," said the duke, "but if any one should come from Madrid," and he whispered to the valet, although they were alone.

The valet had scarcely retired when a gentle knock was heard at a side door that was shielded by tapestry. The duke rose to admit the Countess of Altamira.

The countess was a superb person, no longer young, but she had sworn to be beautiful as long as she could, and had kept her word. The reader will remember, that the countess filled a high station at court, although in general disfavour with every one, owing to circumstances which it will be necessary to explain.

Don Juan d'Aguilar had had two sisters, both much younger than himself. The first, Isabella d'Aguilar, of a sweet disposition, and amiable character, had married Alonzo d'Albayda, one of the chief barons of the kingdom of Valencia, and Fernand d'Albayda, who had long since lost his parents, was the sole issue of this marriage.

The second sister, and the youngest, Florinda d'Aguilar, was extremely beautiful, but proud and selfish. She had married the Count of Altamira, first equerry to King Philip II., that she might find occupation for her ambition and passionate love of intrigues at court. After the decease of her husband, unable to effect any thing herself with the king,

she had looked out for the future by attaching herself to the person of the Infanta. The rivalry of favouritship with the future king was run between the countess, the Marquesa de Vaglio, a gentleman of the chamber, called Muriel, and Royas y Sandoval, since Duke of Lerma, but the latter got so decidedly a-head of his competitors, that the others were fain to give in, and the *coterie* entered into a kind of compact, to divide the favours of the prince, and to participate benefits when he should become king. As the confessor of Philip II. was a Dominican, and, consequently, the whole of the Inquisition went with him, the new party attached to its fortunes the father Jerome Florentin, a person of high consideration among the Jesuits, who looked upon the Inquisition and the Dominicans as their rivals and natural enemies. In order then that the Society of Jesus should occupy that situation with the future king which the Dominicans enjoyed with Philip II., they agreed to meet all the prince's expenses, as the king allowed him no money.

But when, on his accession to the throne, Philip III. placed the royal authority in the hands of the Duke of Lerma, the latter found all parties ready to give in their adhesion, the patriarch of Antioch, Ribeira, brought with him all the clergy, and Royas de Sandoval, the Inquisition. To avoid giving offence to either party, the duke appointed to the office of king's confessor, a poor bare-footed Franciscan, by name Gaspard de Cordova, who was incapable of interfering in state affairs. As to the Marchesa de Vaglio and Muriel, the duke did not trouble himself as to what became of them; but the Countess of Altimira, was not a character to be thus passed over, or laid aside. She upbraided the minister, till he was obliged to give her the appointment of first lady of the queen's bed-chamber, but the ministerial cabinet was closed against her for ever. From that time forward, the countess vowed enmity to the minister, and the main occupation of her life were endeavours to effect his overthrow. She first of all addressed herself to the queen, but Margaret received her confidence with cold indifference. She then turned to the Father Jerome, and the two added to their number the monk Escobar y Mendoza, afterwards so distinguished in the world of letters.

But still no means presented themselves of overthrowing the all-powerful minister, till the countess won over to her party his own son, the Duke of Uzeda, whom the Duke of Lerma had all along been preparing to succeed to him as the king's favourite. The Duke of Uzeda was not naturally wicked, but he was a fool, a handsome radiant fool, more self-satisfied than belongs even to the generality of fools, the countess had only to say that she loved him, to be beloved in return, and the more she professed to admire him, the more he adored her. Once won over, Uzeda became one of the party. Father Jerome took charge of his mind, the countess of his heart, and Escobar of his conscience.

In the meantime the Duke of Lerma and Sandoval had held consultations upon the progress made by Uzeda, and they had felt constrained to acknowledge, the one that his son, the other that his nephew, was little better than a fool. All confidence, power, and credit, were in consequence withdrawn from him, but out of family regard, they left him the appearance of that which they took away. Escobar and the countess did not fail to render the duke sensible of this neglect, and he was indignant and furious, almost as much so as the countess herself pretended to be.

CHAP. VI.—THE CASKET OF PERFUMERY.

MATTERS were in this condition, when the duke, who was so busily engaged in his study, was interrupted by the entrance of the beautiful countess.

"You, countess!" exclaimed the duke, delighted, "and so early!"

"I am going away—family affairs. I will tell you all about it presently."

"You are going away! and must I remain alone at Valladolid, where I am already wearied to death? Why did the court come to so tiresome a place?"

"Do you not know? Why, to separate the queen from her relative, the dowager empress, sister of Philip II. Since the queen has been forbidden to talk politics, she has actually conversed with no one, save her old Austrian relation. The minister, terrified at this intimacy, next took upon himself to forbid their holding conversation alone or in the German language, but as they disregarded his orders, the queen has been removed hither."

"It is not credible."

"No, it is so very paltry, such a mean jealous policy, so unworthy of a great minister, so unlike monsenor, what you would do, if you were there."

"Certainly," answered the duke, with an air of infinite capability, "but the question is how to arrive there."

"Perhaps we are nearer to that than you think, thanks to the queen, who shall help us without being aware of it."

"How so?"

"I will tell you," she said, approaching the duke with an air of great mystery. "Since your uncle, Sandoval, terrified by the steps taken by the queen in favour of my brother, Don Juan d'Aguilar, and my nephew, Don Fernando, an intercession, of which they are both ignorant, even up to the present moment—obtained from the king in the name of the Inquisition, and of the Court of Rome, that he would never talk politics to the queen—the royal chamber, you are aware, has been closed to his majesty—her husband."

"I understand she has not got the better of her anger yet."

"Not at all, she does not appear to be in the least angry, but rather indifferent to the whole matter. She is neither ambitious nor wicked, nor jealous; the more I observe her, and a lady of honour has nothing else to do, the more I feel convinced that she entertains a secret passion."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes, and if I knew the object, it would no longer be her who should be queen, but myself. But perhaps I shall yet discover it. In the meantime it is certain that the King of Spain and India is not at all pleased with his widowhood, and your uncle, Sandoval, who thought that he was doing a very clever thing, will find that he has done a very foolish one. The queen, from what I know of her character, would never have sought to obtain an undue ascendancy, while another . . ."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, that in the situation in which the king is placed, a young,

pretty, clever, woman—one who is in our interests—could obtain an empire over him that might at once overthrow that of the favourite.”

“An excellent idea!” exclaimed the duke, as much delighted as if it had originated with himself.

“You, my dear duke, are allowed to converse whole hours every evening with the king, they have no apprehensions, for they have no notion of the astuteness of your intellect, nor of the depth of your designs.”

“Oh, I take care to conceal both,” said the duke, with a look of profound wisdom.

“Well, you must bring over the king to converse with Father Jerome. His majesty has passions, but he is devout. He entertains scruples which it concerns his confessor to bear the burden of, and then he will act as we may arrange. When Father Jerome shall have smoothed away the first obstacles, then you can begin to persuade the king that he is no better than a widower, and I will second you on my return.”

“Where are you going, then?”

“To Madrid, and perhaps to Pampeluna. My brother, Don Juan d'Aguilar has been suddenly taken ill, I have just received the news from my niece, Carmen, a charming young girl, an angel of goodness.”

At this moment some one knocked at the door. The duke went to open it. It was the valet. He bowed to the countess, and whispered to his master, “The person and the casket awaits your excellency.”

The duke answered with visible embarrassment, “Tell him to wait a moment.”

“What is it?” asked Florinda, observing the duke's confusion.

“Nothing, nothing, I assure you; only some one asking for an audience.”

The countess knitted her fair brows with angry distrust. “Monsenor duke,” she said, “there must be no secrets between us, or —”

“Well, then, since you insist upon knowing, it is a casket that is being brought to me.”

“By whom?”

“By a boy from the Senor Cazoleta's.”

“The perfumer!” exclaimed the countess, bursting into laughter, “well then I shall retire, these are mysteries which I respect; good bye, my dear duke, I shall soon be back again.” So saying, she withdrew by the secret door, just as the valet was showing in Piquillo Alliaga by the other. The valet then retired and left him alone with the duke.

CHAP. VII.—A NOBLE PARENT.

WHEN for the first time we see the author of a well known work, or of one in which we have been much interested, it is impossible to refrain from certain emotions of sympathy and curiosity; how much more so then must this be the case when we find ourselves for the first time face to face with the supposed author of our days!

Piquillo was so much disconcerted that a cloud came over his eyes, and his limbs trembled beneath him. “Take care,” said the duke, as he advanced to help him. This first mark of interest reassured Piquillo. “You will let the casket fall and break it!” was a next observation which did a good deal towards upsetting the impression left by the first; and he has—

tened to place the casket on the table. The duke sat down to examine its contents one by one. Piquillo took advantage of the opportunity to approach the table, and to tender his letter, which he did with a trembling hand.

"Does your excellency know the handwriting? It is that of a person who recommends me to your notice."

"No. A letter of recommendation. Well, I will read it." So saying, he threw it on one side, amidst a pile of neglected correspondence.

"Your excellency," continued Piquillo, "has surely not forgot a person—whom you once loved—who dwelt at Seville, the Senora Alliaga."

"I do not know the name."

"No," replied Piquillo, "that was an honourable name, perhaps you knew that of La Giralda."

"La Giralda? oh yes! fine talent, beautiful person, but gone by, disappeared. Is she still alive? She must be very old."

"She is younger than your excellency," retorted Piquillo. "As to whether she is alive her letter will tell you. Will you please to read it?"

"You can give my compliments to La Giralda," said the duke, irritated by the allusion to his age, "and tell her I shall read her letter at my convenience."

"You shall read it now. I do not go out of this room till I have received an answer to it."

The duke surveyed Piquillo from head to foot, astonished at his audacity, then took up the letter, broke the seal, and perused its contents. As he did so his face glowed with passion, and his features became contorted with anger. "This is then the message which you have the honour to bring me, sir, is it?"

"There is no honour in it," replied Piquillo, "neither for you nor for me, we are both equally humiliated, and justly so, you to have me for a son, and I monsenor, to have you for a father!"

"Be comforted, we have not arrived at that point yet," said the duke, getting furious. "If I had not been rich and powerful you would not have come to me, nor would La Giralda have honoured me with a doubtful paternity. I disavow, repudiate it. Too many might claim participation in the honour, and I abhor litigation."

"Ah!" exclaimed Alliaga, "it is lucky for you that some slight remnant of respect saves you, were it not for that you should not escape my just indignation with your life!"

The duke, terrified at the mine which he had exploded, ran to the bell-rope and pulled at it vigorously. Four or five servants answered the hasty summons. The duke turned towards them with dignity, and said, "Put this boy out of doors, and if he should come back again, I permit you to drub him as he deserves."

Piquillo was about to throw himself upon the duke, when the servants held him back. "Monsenor," he exclaimed, as they were dragging him away, "you occupy a lofty position, I an humble one. I do not know what destiny awaits us, one or the other, but this I feel, that you shall remember this day—the day when you turned me out of your house—yes, you!"

The duke felt uneasy for a moment after Piquillo's departure, but he soon turned to his cosmetics, and having made his toilette, he repaired to the king's presence as he had promised to the countess.

CHAP. VIII.—THE DEATH OF DON JUAN D'AGUILAR.

REPUDIATED, outcast, disgraced, Piquillo hurried along the streets of Valladolid scarcely knowing what to do. All his hopes were destroyed, all his projects overthrown, the future was one great gulf. The desire of revenge alone remained. Absorbed in these reflections, he saw a man pass by, whom he recognised as the steward of Don Fernando. He hastened after him. "Alas! Senor Alliaga," answered the old servant, to his inquiries as to where Don Fernando was to be found, "he received orders the day before yesterday to start for the Netherlands."

Nothing remained for poor Piquillo but to retrace his steps. His head on fire, his skin burning and dry, he repaired to his hostelry and ordered a mule for the next morning, but during the night a violent fever declared itself. Without friends or relatives, attended only by strangers, the young man struggled for ten days betwixt life and death. Luckily his landlady was a kind-hearted person, and his doctor not a druggist, so that he recovered, and after a few days' convalescence found himself better off in health and strength than in funds. The latter had been so much diminished by the expense of a sick bed, that he deemed it expedient to take up the pilgrim's staff, and he re-entered on foot, the great city which a few weeks before he had first visited in a travelling carriage drawn by four mules.

He was not ashamed to present himself at the hotel of Don Fernando, and he was received as if he arrived in a chaise. Good masters make good servants. A letter was awaiting him from Aïxa, it contained only a few words.

"We are in Madrid. As soon as you arrive come to see us, for we are very unhappy, and we want our friends. We are at present at the hotel of the Countess d'Altamira, in the street of Alcala.

"AÏXA."

Piquillo hastened away at once to the house indicated. At the sight of him the two young girls uttered a cry of joy. They were both in mourning. "Where is your father?" asked Piquillo, looking around with an anxious eye.

"Alas!" answered Aïxa, "he is dead!"

"My patron, my benefactor, is no more," murmured Piquillo, "and I was not there to serve him, or to attend upon him!"

"He asked for you, and blessed you," said Carmen, weeping. "He expressed his last wish that you should remain with and protect his daughter," added Aïxa.

"I will obey you, my master," said Piquillo, as he raised his eyes heavenwards.

After Piquillo and the young ladies had somewhat regained their composure, the latter related to the young secretary the circumstances attendant upon the last illness and death of the Viceroy. Fernando had been written to, but he had left for Ostend. The Countess of Altamira had alone come to soothe his last hours. She had promised to take Carmen under her protection till her marriage with Don Fernando. Carmen would not separate herself from Aïxa, so the countess proposed that both the young girls should accompany her to Madrid. But she took Carmen aside and asked her who Aïxa was.

"She is my sister," answered Carmen, naïvely.

"But her family, her parents?"

"She does not want any, since she is my sister."

"Her birth, her social rank?"

"I have never heard any thing about it, from herself or my father."

The countess then took Aïxa apart, and assuming her most seductive look, expressive of the utmost interest, she said,

"Who are you?"

"The sister of Carmen, the adopted daughter of Don Juan d'Aguilar."

"But your own family?"

"Don Juan alone was acquainted with it."

"But do you know nothing about it?"

"I know that it loved me."

"Why so?"

"Because it trusted me to Don Juan d'Aguilar."

"Do you think it will trust you to me?"

"I do not think it would wish to separate me from Carmen?"

"Have you then asked its permission?"

"No, it will send it."

"How so?"

"I do not know—but I shall receive it?"

"What makes you think so?"

"Because it watches over me!"

Florinda d'Altamira could learn nothing more, so she took the two young girls with her to Madrid, leaving it to time and opportunity to enable her to make further discoveries.

CHAP. IX.—THE BARBER IN DISTRESS.

THE next day Piquillo arrived at an early hour at the hotel of the Countess of Altamira, breathless and with a horror-struck countenance. To the anxious inquiries made by the young ladies, he answered by relating at length the history of his connexion with the barber Gongarello, and his niece Juanita; related how they had mysteriously disappeared from their little shop in Madrid, and to crown the catastrophe that an *auto da fé* was publicly announced by the holy Inquisition, among the sufferers in which were the unfortunate Moorish barber and the pretty, kind-hearted Juanita. It was resolved to refer the matter to the countess, and Carmen charged herself with the mission. But the latter only expressed regrets, and said that she had no power over the minister or the grand inquisitor, that the moment was most ill chosen to interfere, as the persecution of the Moors had been only lately resolved upon, and that no one at court would, at the present moment, venture to speak in their favour. When Carmen returned with this unfavourable answer, Aïxa repaired to her writing-table, and said,

"I will see what I can do."

She then wrote a note, sealed it, and directed it, saying, at the same time to Piquillo,

"I cannot indicate to you the means of making this letter arrive at its destination. That must depend upon you. I have done my part, you must do yours, secretly and with despatch."

When Piquillo returned to the hotel d'Albayda, he looked at the

mysterious letter, and could scarcely believe his senses when he found that it was addressed to "Her Majesty the Queen of Spain." He could not explain to himself how Aïxa, a young orphan, brought up in the remote province of Navarre, who had only been a week in Madrid and knew no one, could venture to write to the queen. Then all the difficulties that presented themselves to delivering the letter to the queen's person passed across his mind. He felt for a moment overcome with a sense of the total impossibility of success. Then the thoughts of poor Juanita being burnt at the stake inspired him with new resolution. It came to his mind that his old friend Casilda might help him in this emergency. So he hurried away to her shop; it was evening, and was brilliantly lighted up. The Senora Casilda was alone, amidst her pomatum-pots and scent-bottles. She raised her head, surprised on seeing Piquillo. The ungrateful youth had not paid her a visit since his return from Valladolid.

"Well!" she said, "you managed to irritate the duke to a pretty extent. He wrote to say that he should withdraw his patronage if you were not dismissed from our service, and the Senor Cazoleta returned him answer that to please his grace you had been expelled the house from that moment."

"Ah!" said Piquillo, sighing, "I was badly received indeed, for I went to ask pardon for one in whose favour none will venture to speak, and yet who wants it very much, for Gongarello, your relative."

"Do you know what has become of him then?"

"Yes, he has been these five years past immured in the dungeons of the Inquisition with his niece Juanita, and they are to be drawn forth from thence to adorn a public *auto da fê*."

Poor Casilda turned as cold as marble, and began to tremble in every limb. She loved Gongarello and the little Juanita, and their fate appalled and terrified her to the utmost degree.

"Perhaps," added Piquillo, as the poor woman somewhat recovered the first shock, "you might do something towards saving them."

Casilda said she would do any thing in the world so long as her husband knew nothing about it. Piquillo then inquired if, as perfumers to the court, they had the *entrée* to the palace.

"Every morning," was the answer.

"Then you must go to-morrow to present to her majesty some gloves and perfumery."

"I will do so."

"And you must give this letter to herself, when no one sees you."

"How can I do that? there are always two ladies of the bedchamber present. Stop! I have it. I will convey it in a new pair of garters. She always receives them with her own hands."

Piquillo jumped upon Casilda's neck, and kissed her.

"Piquillo, what are you about? my husband is coming into the shop."

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CHAP. X.—THE QUEEN AND THE MINISTER.

THE day following there occurred in the palace after morning service an event that filled the whole court with surprise, and opened a wide field for conjectures. The queen, who had not seen the Duke of Lerma for some years past, had requested an interview through the medium of

the Countess d'Altamira, her first lady of honour. The duke, astonished and almost frightened by a favour, the motives of which he could not understand, hastened to the presence of his sovereign, and when they were alone and the doors carefully closed, the queen said to him in a calm, soft voice,

"Monsenor duke, you have for some years enjoyed a most peaceable reign in Spain."

The minister, surprised by so sudden and so bold an attack, rose and bowed to disavow the fact, but the queen continued in the same quiet manner—

"I do not reproach you for it, it is the will of my husband. He has made you king by his grace as he is himself king by that of God, and you exercise the royal prerogative in the interim. I, banished to my private apartments, separated from my husband, deprived even of family and friendly intercourse, appear like the rest of the world to yield to your ascendancy. But do not be deceived, what you think you owe to your skill, you are only indebted for to my indifference."

Again the minister attempted to mutter a few explanatory phrases, but the queen prevented him.

"You think yourself powerful because I let you have your own way, but I can tell you this, monsenor duke, and you will believe me, if this very night I chose it the door of this chamber shall be opened to the king, and to-morrow his shall be for ever closed to you."

The duke shuddered, and grew pale.

"Too true," he said to himself, and then making an effort, "your majesty," he said, "while accusing me, herself at the same time vindicates and justifies the conduct which I have pursued. If such is the character of the king her husband, was it not necessary for the state that there should have been an individual to be relied upon near the royal person. I acknowledge that the guide whom he selected is not infallible, that he might have chosen better, that without going out of his palace he might even have found a preferable councillor. But why does that superior intelligence immure herself apart from her king and subjects? Why not before have revealed herself to us her faithful subjects, who would feel ourselves so happy in working hand in hand with her in furthering the prosperity and glory of this kingdom?"

"I guess, monsenor, what you mean," said the queen, smiling, "but I do not want to divide power with you." The duke breathed more freely.

"Power is too weighty a burden for a woman, but while I freely leave you all the rights of the crown, I still reserve to myself the power of doing good sometimes, or of sometimes preventing evil."

"Has your majesty," said the duke, in the most amiable and gracious manner possible, "some unfortunate person to recommend to me, or rather any orders to give me?"

"Yes, sir," replied the queen, in a severe tone, "and one that refers to the Moors."

"Your majesty really takes a great interest in a proscribed race."

"It is your fault. I received a gracious hospitality from the Moor Delascar d'Alberique. And when I wished, in accordance with my promise given to that effect, to return the hospitality, you opposed yourself to it."

"So marked a manifestation of favour would have acted prejudicially

to certain projects entertained with respect to the Moors by the king's council."

"I have remained consequentially debtor to the Moor; and I can only acquit my debt by protecting them whenever the occasion shall present itself."

"It appears to me that your majesty fully repaid the obligation received by conferring a title of nobility on the Moor D'Alberique, a title which has enabled the family to resuscitate the claims of their ancestors by quartering their arms with the flower of the pomegranate* on a field of azure."

"Ah! a flower of Granada!" exclaimed the queen, blushing. "I can scarcely think, that in taking such an emblem, they thought of the kings of Granada, their ancestors." And unconsciously her eyes fell upon a turquoise which she had had set as a ring, and which she invariably wore upon her finger, and then, as if the sight of the gem had inspired her with new courage, she said, "It appears, sir, that it is sufficient that the Queen of Spain should interest herself in the fate of the Moors, that they should be proscribed and persecuted; but listen to what I say, the Moors shall remain in Spain, and you shall not drive them out of the country, so long as I remain in it. What I say is very rash, and may even shorten my days."

"Heaven!" exclaimed the minister, "can your majesty entertain for a moment the idea of such a crime?"

"No, no, not a crime, a *coup-d'état*. But I authorise you to communicate what I have said to you to the Inquisition, and to tell them that the prelude to these persecutions, the *auto-da-fé* of Tuesday, shall not take place!"

"But it cannot be prevented. It has been solemnly announced—the populace would murmur."

"Your brother, Sandoval y Royas, who knows how to excite the populace, must also find the means of appeasing them. Unless this execution is put off, and a poor man, Gongarello by name, a barber, I believe, and his niece Juanita are set at liberty, this very night, I will be reconciled with Philip, to-morrow I ask for your dismissal, and as for the Grand Inquisitor, I will soon provide for him."

The minister was stupified. At length he bowed, and promised that her majesty's order should be obeyed. "But this man," he added, "cannot return to his shop in Madrid."

"No," answered the queen, "he must be removed to some distance from the capital, as to his niece, a good and pretty little girl I am told, I will provide for her myself."

The duke, on being dismissed from the conference, hastened, still filled with terror, to his brother Sandoval. The latter urged resistance, but the duke pointed out the danger thereof, and added that for the last two nights, the Father Jerome, of the Society of Jesus, had been in intimate conversation with the king. This decided the matter. The Grand Inquisitor and the minister were in equal danger from different sides, and it was determined that for the time being the queen should be propitiated, and the persecution of the Moors should be carried on with greater secrecy.

* Flower of Granada in Spanish.

CHAP. XI.—LIBERATION OF THE BARBER.

THE evening of this memorable day, Piquillo was sitting in the study of Fernando d' Albayda, when the steward of the house came to inform him in a mysterious manner that a lady wished to speak to him. Piquillo was not proud, he desired that the unknown visiter might be shown up at once. The Senora Casilda advanced on tip-toe, her face beaming with joy, and said in a low voice, "Can you receive them? they are below in the street."

"Whom do you mean?"

"Our friends, those who owe every thing to you, Gongarello and his niece."

Piquillo uttered an exclamation of surprise, and said, "Let them come, let them come."

Casilda ran out and returned in a few moments with the barber and his niece. In a moment they were at Piquillo's feet, who attempted in vain to raise them.

"Our saviour! our saviour!" exclaimed Juanita.

"It is magical, incomprehensible!" ejaculated the barber, "and especially that petition which it appears that I wrote without knowing any thing about it."

"Hold your tongue," said Piquillo, "unless you wish to re-enter the prisons of the Inquisition."

"I am dumb," replied the terrified barber.

"And you, also, Casilda, be strictly silent upon the subject of the petition."

"Ah!" said Casilda, "how I trembled, when I presented the garters, the queen discovered the petition at once."

"Which I had written," interrupted the barber.

"Her majesty hid it in a moment, and gave me a look that said I must be silent or there would be danger for all. I went home terrified, when lo, this evening who should present themselves at the perfumery but—"

"Me, me!" exclaimed the barber, "I and my niece, who thought we should never return to the land of the living. Five years have we spent in a horrible dungeon, a—"

Piquillo and Casilda interrupted the barber with looks of terror.

"A place," muttered Gongarello, "sufficiently agreeable—for a dungeon, but I am glad that I am out of it. I am ordered to reside in Alcala d' Henares, five leagues from hence; but no matter, there are beads everywhere. As for Juanita, thanks to you, she remains at court."

"At court?" said Piquillo, astonished. "Is it possible?"

"It is certain; she is appointed to be in attendance upon the queen's person."

"Ah!" said Piquillo, "this does not come from me but from an angel, whom I cannot name to you, for I am discreet. Perhaps one day I may be able to make you acquainted with your benefactor."

"Till that time comes," said Juanita, "we will pray for that person, whosoever she is."

"Yes, yes," added the barber, with tears in his eyes, "we will pray for her, but I should like to know her."

"That you will not, till you have learnt a little more discretion, and I think," continued Piquillo, "that the sooner you quit Madrid the better."

Next morning Piquillo luckily found Aïxa alone. Carmen was writing letters by the countess's dictation. He related to her all that had taken place: the success of the letter, the liberation of the prisoners, and the situation given to Juanita. Aïxa raised her eyes in gratitude and exclaimed, "God bless the Queen! may she be happy!"

"Do you know her majesty?" inquired Piquillo, with a certain degree of timidity.

"No, Piquillo."

"You have met her sometime or other?"

"Never!" answered Aïxa, "I have never been to court, nor can I be presented there, I am not a great lady, I am but a poor girl."

Piquillo shuddered with joy. Aïxa stretched out her hand to him and continued, "If I do not tell my parentage to you, my most faithful and devoted friend, it is because the secret is not my own. It would compromise more than me. Persecutions, Piquillo," she said, lowering her voice almost to a whisper, "are recommencing against the Moors, the more rigorous and dreadful that they are carried on in secret."

"What is the object of these persecutions?"

"To convert them to the Catholic faith, and those who have not been baptised are put to the torture. Have you been christened, Piquillo?"

"Not that I know of."

"Would you allow yourself to be christened?"

"If my heart and reason approved of it, perhaps so, but not if they wished to force me to it."

"Right," said Aïxa, looking at him with an eye beaming with courage and confidence. "It is well."

CHAP. XII.—LA GIRALDA'S DYING INJUNCTION.

WHEN Piquillo quitted Aïxa he went to Carmen, and related to her the wondrous liberation of Juanita, without acquainting her with the means by which it had been effected. Carmen felt very anxious to see the young Moorish girl, and at length she was brought to her by the Countess of Altamira. Carmen and Aïxa received the barber's niece with so much interest and sympathy, that Juanita was filled with gratitude and affection towards them, feelings that were in no small degree increased by knowing that the two sisters were the friends and protectors of Piquillo. Piquillo was sometimes put in requisition to conduct Juanita back to the palace after these visits, and he ventured one evening to recur to remembrances of by-gone days, with especial allusions to the dinner and supper at the hotel of the Golden Sun.

"And what of Pedralvi?" he added.

The colours that had faded in the prisons of the Inquisition appeared to be at once restored to Juanita, for she became positively crimson.

"I do not know what has become of him," she at length found courage to answer. "When he entered into service with Gines Peres it was merely that he might be near me, and when my uncle Gongarello was obliged to quit Pampeluna, you should have witnessed his despair. But he told me that he would be industrious and work hard, and that when he

should have made a little fortune, that he would come and ask me from my uncle. And perhaps he came," said the young girl, weeping, "he could not find me, and would have thought that I was unfaithful, that is what grieves me more than my imprisonment."

Piquillo comforted her, and promised that at the return of Fernando d'Albayda he would have inquiries instituted as to what had become of Pedralvi, and that he had no doubt but that he would be found out. Juanita was delighted with this promise, and on her part offered to do any thing in her power to forward Piquillo's prospects by interesting the queen in his favour, and thus it was that young Alliaga had by accident three young girls for friends and protectors. But the pleasant and agreeable life that he was passing, did not lead him to forget his mother. He had written to her to come to Madrid, and had taken the hotel de Vendas Novas for her accommodation, but he received no answer in return to his letters, and wondered what could be the cause of it. At length one morning a note was brought to him, in which he was requested to come immediately to the hotel of Vendas Novas. Piquillo ran thither instantly, but instead of La Giralda whom he hoped to embrace, he only found the Senora Urraca. She was in mourning.

"My mother, my mother!" exclaimed Piquillo, "where is she, why is she not come with you? She is ill—perhaps dead!"

The old woman buried her face in her hands, and wept.

"Yes," at length she said, "La Giralda has sunk beneath her sorrows. She hoped that the protection and power of the Duke of Uzeda would have opened the road to fortune for you, but when she received your letter, and the account of the humiliating reception which you had met with, it touched her to the heart, and nothing could ever rally her again. On her death-bed she charged me to convey her blessing, and she wrote two letters, one for you and the other—"

"For whom?" interrupted Piquillo.

"For whom?" answered the old woman, still hesitating. "You must excuse the falsehood that was told you in reference to the Duke of Uzeda. He appeared to be the most advantageous party, and your happiness was consulted more than the truth. Your mother's letter will tell you the rest."

Piquillo hastened to open it. La Giralda asked pardon on her death-bed for having deceived him, and begged him, as a last request, to be himself the bearer of the second note to its address. "He," she added, "who shall have the heart and the friendship of a father towards you, you can believe if not me." Piquillo looked at the superscription of the second note. It was directed to *Delascar d'Alberique, Merchant and Manufacturer in the kingdom of Valencia.*

BOOK THE FOURTH.

CHAP. I.—THE DEPARTURE.

PIQUILLO was grieved to quit Madrid. He was so happy near Aïxa, Carmen, and Juanita. And then again, he said to himself, a rich merchant and manufacturer was not likely to greet an unknown child, that came to him after the lapse of twenty years, any better than a noble lord. He should certainly be rebuffed, probably expelled the house as before, but it was his mother's last wish that he should present the letter, and he

was resolved to fulfil her injunctions. He bethought himself that the kingdom of Valencia was luckily far away from Madrid, and that he alone would witness the humiliation to which he was about to be exposed.

He accordingly took leave of his young friends, begging them at the same time not to question him as to the cause of his journey, and promising to return soon, the more so as Fernando d'Albayda was expected, he had announced his proximate return, and Piquillo relied much more on his friendship for his future success, than on the dubious reception which he was about to encounter from his own family. The young pilgrim started with few hopes in his heart, but many regrets. He had about eighty leagues to travel, and he took the easterly route through the province of Cuença. The country by which he travelled was in harmony with his feelings, nothing could be more arid or repulsive than a great portion of New Castile. The whole district seemed to be uninhabited, its indolent and lazy population presented so little activity or movement. The farmer's plough, the shepherd's herds, the activity of commerce and industry were nowhere to be seen. The noise of a workshop or a manufacture, or the song of a workman, were nowhere to be heard. Every thing was silent and dead. But the third day, as he entered into the kingdom of Valencia it appeared as if the magician's wand had been stretched out, and had suddenly awoke that torpid population, and endowed it with life and activity. At the sight of this continuous garden, in which the very air was impregnated with the perfume of orange and lemon trees, of the fields of barley, maize, and hemp, that stretched away like an amphitheatre, of the forests of mulberries, carobs, olive and fig trees that crowned the heights, Piquillo stood still, filled with delight and surprise, and rested for a moment in the shade of a grove of aloes and pomegranates, festooned with vines, whose luxuriant bunches of fruit hung down above his head. Never had any thing to equal what he saw before him presented itself hitherto, either to his sight or to his imagination. Neither the cold nor damp climate of Navarre, nor the arid plains of Castile, the only countries that he had seen, had ever given to him an idea of so fertile, so splendid, so productive a soil, where at every point a most laborious and skilful industry had been brought to second an extraordinary luxury of vegetation. The amount of art and genius employed by the Moors of the kingdom of Valencia in the cultivation of the land could not be imagined in the present day, were it not that the traces of their labours are still to be met with, as if in defiance of their conquerors, who have never not only been able to surpass them but not even to imitate them.

The waters of the Turia, which flow into the sea a little below Valencia, were retained by a dam about two leagues above their mouth, and seven main derivatives, three on one bank and four on the other, carried the flood into the plain, where, spreading like a fan, it went to fertilise the whole of the Huerta. From each of the seven principal arteries, the same system is repeated on a smaller scale, and an infinite number of secondary veins, carried each their portion of the waters to the most humble fraction of land, that lay hid in the midst of the plain. This system, the idea of which is so simple,* nevertheless, presented in its application numerous difficulties, which could only be got over by the most ingenious foresight. One of these difficulties presented itself in the necessity of preserving throughout such a gradation of level that all the lands should, without exception, en-

* And which is practised at the present day by the Arabs.—*Translator.*

joy in their turn the benefits of irrigation. The plain itself, although tolerably level, did not present such a perfect and geometric level as to answer all these purposes, and they were obtained by other canals and raised aqueducts.

In walking across the plain one sees every moment little canals passing great ones, and I know not how many miniature aqueducts raised one upon another, conveying to a few perches of land a stream of water of about the size of a man's leg. At another spot, in the midst of a level plain, the soil bulges out suddenly to a height of three or four feet, which obliges you to stop the speed of your horse: this is a subterranean aqueduct carried in this direction. Another difficulty was to distribute the waters equally, so that every one might partake of them in their turn, for to make the waters rise from an *acequia* (that is the name of these canals) almost all the others must be left dry. After the work of the engineer there came then the work of the administrator and of the legislator. This work was also done by the Arabs, and exists to the present day as they have left it. Each of the seven main branches corresponds with one of the days of the week; but as even all the water turned into that would not be sufficient to supply all the minor channels, the latter have each their particular hours of the day, as the larger have their days of the week.

It is now nearly eight centuries since these details were arranged, and that every thread of water had its hour and minute assigned to it. When that moment arrives the farmer opens his channel with two or three strokes of the pick-axe, and as the water proceeds onwards every other tiller of the soil is at his post to do the same, and thus at length the land is submerged and covered with several inches of water for a certain time. The next day the same thing takes place in another part of the Huerta, and thus at the end of the week the whole country has been every part in its turn impregnated by the fecundating waters.

CHAP. II.—THE TAX-GATHERER.

If such provident labours excite the traveller's admiration in the present day, what effect must they have produced when they presented themselves in full operation to Piquillo as he descended into the plain, walking from prodigy to prodigy. This smiling and animated scene banished every melancholy idea from his mind. The sun that had arisen radiant began now to be burning hot, the morning air and a walk of some hours had awakened the young traveller's appetite, and he perceived not far from him a clean and elegant hotel, a rare thing in Spain, and a miracle reserved for the country in which every thing excited his surprise. The landlord and the servants had also that appearance of good-humour which results from contentment and prosperity. The contents of an enormous iron pot simmered beneath a capacious chimney, while a host of jacks of various dimensions presented an amphitheatrical display of joints of mutton, fowls, and partridges turning slowly before a red fire which was rapidly tinging them with a brown and inviting colour. Travellers, merchants, and workmen were seated at different tables, not according to their appetites, but according to their rank, and still more so according to their purses.

At the moment that Piquillo entered the Golden Pheasant a man

dressed in black, and who had the appearance of an alguazil, was turning his back to the door, and had just paid his account with the landlord. Piquillo felt an involuntary shudder which he could hardly explain to himself. He fancied that there was something in the manners and aspect of the traveller that resembled those of his former master, the detested Captain Juan Baptista Balseiro. But then again it was not at all likely that the captain should have gone over to the ranks of his natural enemies and become an alguazil, and therefore he must have been deceived by an erroneous impression. Be it as it may, the sight of the alguazil destroyed the beauty of the hostelry. He made some inquiries of the landlord, but with no effect. He then sat down to a fowl served up with a bottle of small Benicarlo wine, and was about to commence operations, when a whole family of paupers arrived at the window at which he was seated. The mother carried a child in her arms, two others followed holding by her petticoats, the fragments of which threatened to remain in their hands; the eldest son supported his two sisters, and the father, whose features were marked by sickness and suffering, leant upon the shoulder of a boy about fifteen or sixteen years of age, who looked at him with his eyes full of tears. As Piquillo looked at the starving family he suddenly saw himself sick and ill, seated in the streets of Pampeluna eating the rind of a melon.

"Senor Manuelo," he called out to the landlord of the Golden Pheasant, "could you not serve out a soup from that capacious pot for this poor family? They ask for nothing, but maybe would accept it from a friend," he added, turning round to the mother, who lifted her eyes to his full of a grateful expression. The father alone said nothing. He was not yet accustomed to misfortune, and a remnant of pride made him hesitate. Piquillo held out his hand towards him. "You may surely accept," he said, "what is offered to you by a friend, who was once like yourself, and does not blush to say so."

A murmur of approbation ran through the whole room at these words, uttered by Piquillo in a noble and unaffected manner. The poor man pressed Piquillo's hand against his heart, while Manuelo, the landlord, hastened to serve up dinner to the family upon the green sward, and the little children clapped their hands with joy, at the sight of a large bowl of olla podrida. When the simultaneous repasts of the poor and of their entertainer were concluded, Piquillo entered into conversation with the head of the family. Sidi Zagal, a Moor by origin, had established himself in New Castile, where he had tenanted a piece of land belonging to the Marquis of Pobar. By his labour and that of his family, they had converted a piece of barren and unproductive soil, into a garden, when, under the pretence of baptising them, he and his children were suddenly thrown into the prisons of Cuenca. At length, after a year's imprisonment, the tears of his wife caused him to give way, and, to the joy of the Bishop of Cuenca, he and his family were admitted to the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman faith. But on his return to the scene of his labours and exertions, his landlord had made over his land, of which Sidi Zagal had more than doubled the value, to another, and now offered him a tract similar to that which he had reclaimed. The Moor had nothing left but to emigrate; and thus it was that he had repaired with his family to the kingdom of Valencia—converted, but penniless—Christian, but ruined.

Sidi Zagal had just finished his narrative, when the sound of a travelling equipage was heard, and several persons stepped down and entered the hostelry, with a noise proportionate to their importance.

"A good dinner, good wine, the best of every thing!" exclaimed one of the travellers.

"At your service, gentlemen," answered the landlord, in a humble tone.

"Who are the new comers?" inquired Piquillo, aside.

"Tax-gatherers," was the answer.

"And he who is at their head—that fat man?"

"The receiver of the province of Valencia, Don Lopez d'Orihuela."

Piquillo bowed. The fat man did not return the salute; he affected not to observe Piquillo, but he cast a look of surprise and contempt upon Sidi Zagal and his family.

"What is that?" he said to the landlord, as he pointed to the group with his cane.

"Moors, or rather Christians, who have just arrived from New Castile, on their way to the kingdom of Valencia."

"Well, have they paid the right of change?"

"What is that?" asked Piquillo.

Don Lopez d'Orihuela did not condescend to notice the interruption, but continued,

"Do you not know that Moors cannot pass from one province to another, without paying certain rights to the government?"

"What a tyranny!" exclaimed Piquillo, regardless of the landlord's repeated intimations to him to hold his tongue.

"Heh! what is that? Who spoke?" continued the fat man. "Let me see—it is three ducats a head—you are nine—twenty-seven ducats to pay to the king, represented by me;" and he held out his hand.

"But, sir," said Piquillo, "these poor people are without a maravedi."

"That does not concern me. They must pay or retrace their steps."

"But if they appealed to your generosity?"

"I should answer in one word: I am not paymaster but receiver. I bought my situation dear enough, and here is my secretary Murveido, who will tell you that I am myself hard pushed, and that the Duke of Lerma is always beforehand with us."

"And yet your excellency is in arrears for the two last payments," added the secretary.

"That was not what you were asked," said Don Lopez, irritated.

"Thank Heaven! I have abundance of credit."

"But you do not give any," exclaimed Piquillo, "and if one was as merciless towards yourself as you are to others—"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the tax-gatherer, getting furious.

"I do not want any body, I—"

"Perhaps so," exclaimed a strong clear voice from the other extremity of the room. All eyes turned towards the new speaker, and there stood leaning against the wall, a handsome young man enveloped in a cloak and motionless as a statue, and who, having come in a few minutes before, had not lost a word of the conversation.

CHAP. III.—THE MEETINGS.

THE sudden appearance, as well as the voice of the stranger, took all present by surprise, but upon none did it produce so great an effect as upon the tax-gatherer Don Lopez d' Orihuela. He forgot his dinner which had just been placed before him, rose up confused, and bowed profoundly, as he muttered "the Lord Yezid!"

"Himself, Lord don Lopez d' Orihuela, put on your hat and do not leave your dinner on my account. You ask, I believe, twenty-seven ducats for these poor people, it is a good deal considering that the most of them are children."

"Ah, true," said Don Lopez, "I did not remark that there were children among them."

"No matter! no one respects more than I do the rights of the king and his revenue," and he threw the twenty-seven golden pieces on the table.

"What, Lord Yezid, do you wish to interfere in so trifling a matter. We could have arranged the affair together to-morrow, for I was bound from hence to your house."

"You may spare yourself the trouble then, for neither my father nor myself will transact any further business with you."

"What, the credit which you was kind enough to open for me?"

"That young man," said Yezid, pointing to Piquillo, "was in the right; why should credit be given to you, who will give it to no one. We have already waited too long."

"But I shall lose my place—it will be given to another."

"Who it is to hope will fulfil its duties with less harshness."

So saying, Yezid turned away, and entered into conversation with Sidi Zagal. While these events were passing Piquillo had been puzzled beyond expression with the appearance and the voice of Yezid. It was not the first time that he had contemplated his handsome imposing countenance. It was not the first time that the tone of that voice had resounded in his ears and roused generous and noble instincts in his nature. He wished to address him, to ask him whence came the feelings which he experienced on seeing him, but Yezid had spoken a few words of comfort to the mother and her children, had dropped his purse into Sidi Zagal's hand, and vaulting upon his horse, which was held by a servant at the door of the hostelry, was in a few moments far away. But, as Piquillo saw the young Arab borne away so swiftly by his steed, the memory of past events flitted across his mind, he stood in an instant in the Sierra de Moncayo, his friend disappearing from him in a similar manner. "It is him," he said to himself, "it is my benefactor." Then turning to the landlord, "Do you know him?" he asked. "Do you know who he is?"

"Most undoubtedly," replied the landlord, smiling; "as well as the Lord don Lopez does, and to his cost."

"His name—his name?"

"Ask it from the poor, the unfortunate, they will tell it to you."

"Ah, true!" interrupted Sidi Zagal. "He said to us, 'Come all of you, and my father will give you food and employment—and you will find friends also. (Piquillo shuddered; they were the same words that Yezid had spoken in the forest.) He did more, he gave me his purse to enable us to continue our journey. Yes, my wife and children, you have no

longer poverty and misfortune to dread, for Yezid d' Alberique protects you!"

"D' Alberique!" exclaimed Piquillo. "What name did you utter?"

"His! He is the son of Delascar d' Alberique,"

"Delascar!" said Piquillo, restraining himself with difficulty.

"Yes; but what is the matter with you, noble stranger?" inquired Sidi Zagal and his children, as they saw him turn pale.

"Oh, nothing—nothing, my friends. I shall hope to see you again soon."

And so saying Piquillo continued his journey, his mind filled with strange and oppressive thoughts.

As he advanced across the Huerta of Valencia, and when, as the queen herself had done on a former occasion, he asked to whom belonged these golden harvests, these numerous herds, and those factories that rose up here and there, and that to every question there came the same answer, to the Moor Delascar d' Alberique! Piquillo felt discouraged, and said to himself, it is impossible that such a man should pay attention to the poor Piquillo or receive him with open arms. He was now only a few leagues from Valparaiso, the residence of the Moor and his family, and the nearer he came to the termination of his journey, the more he felt his fears get the better of him. If he had dared, he would have retraced his steps, and to defer presenting himself for a few hours, he stopped at a pretty little hostelry, situated on a flowery acclivity, and having for sign a flower-basket. Signs seldom speak the truth, but this one did not deceive the traveller, for from the window at which Piquillo sat, he saw nothing around but tufts of flowers that embalmed the air and delighted the eye. Absorbed in his thoughts and the beauty of the surrounding scenery, he did not remark that he was the object of close attention. At a few paces' distance, and outside of the inn, there stood a man dressed in black, who kept his eyes fixed upon the window where sat Piquillo. The latter at length met his sight, and he recognised the alguazil whom he had met the evening before at the Golden Pheasant. He was resolved to ascertain if it was or was not Captain Juan Baptista Balseiro, and he met his gaze with a firmness which, notwithstanding the stranger's practised audacity, manifestly caused a momentary confusion. Piquillo had at first felt something like dread at fancying that he had again come in contact with his fierce master and enemy, but subsequent reflection told him that it was the bandit who had cause to dread recognition and not himself, and he accordingly left the window and stepped out to confront the alguazil. But the latter had disappeared; it was in vain that he looked first one way, than another, no one was visible. He re-entered smiling, and ordered breakfast; and alone, seated at a table, he was just concluding his repast, when he heard a clear sharp voice suddenly pronounce behind him one single word—"Piquillo!"

He at once turned round to see who called him.

"It is certainly him," said the same voice, "that is all that I wanted to know."

Piquillo seized a knife that was on the table and rose up. But the man in black fled hastily away, and before Piquillo could reach the door, had run into the country and hid himself in a wood of orange and lemon-trees.

THE HAZEL SCEPTRE.

THE children were sleeping sweetly in their close beds, the yellow wolf-dog snored upon the great hearth-stone, the cows ruminated behind their gorse hurdles ; the dying glimmerings of the embers quivered along the polished surface of the old oak furniture and the arm-chair of the grandfather.

"It is now, dear people, that one ought to make the sign of the cross," said the venerable old man, "and repeat in a low tone a prayer for the poor souls of those whom one has loved. Behold the hour of midnight sounds at the church of St. Michael upon the strand-midnight of the blessed Pentecost.

"It is the hour when true Christians lay their heads upon pillows of chaff, contented with what God has given them, and lulled to sleep by the dear noise which little children make in breathing."

But Perik Skoarn himself had no little children—he was a young, bold fellow, a bachelor. He had seen the nobles of the neighbourhood at mass in the parish church, and he was envious of their horses with silver-plated bridles, of their mantles of velvet, and of their silk stockings with variegated clocks.

He would be rich like them, in order to have at the church a bench covered with red leather, and to be able to conduct to the *pardons* beautiful *pennérêz*, seated upon the crupper of his horse, with the arm leaning familiarly upon his shoulder.

See, then, why Perik walked upon *al Lew-Drez*, at the foot of the sand-hills of St. Eflam, whilst Christians reposed in their houses protected by the Virgin. Perik was a man fond of grandeur—of pretty girls—his desires were as numerous in his heart as nests of sea-swallows upon the great rocks.

The waves sighed mournfully in the dusky horizon ; the crabs gnawed in secret the bodies of the drowned ; the wind which whistled in the clefts of Rock-Ellas imitated the signals of the wreckers of *al Lew-Drez*—but Skoarn continued still to walk about.

He looked towards the mountain, and recalled to his memory that which the old mendicant of the cross of Yar had said to him. The old man knew every thing that had happened in the country. At that time our oldest oaks were acorns, and our oldest ravens' eggs not sat upon.

Now the old mendicant of Yar said to him that where the sand-hills of St. Eflam now were, there stood formerly a powerful city, whose fleets covered the sea, and it was governed by a king having for a sceptre a hazel wand, with which he could change every thing according to his will.

But the city and the king were damned for their crimes so effectually, that one day, by the command of God, the sands were raised like bubbles out of boiling water, and swallowed up the city. Nevertheless, every year upon the night of Pentecost, at the first stroke of midnight, a passage was opened into the heart of the mountain, and permitted one to arrive even at the palace of the king.

In the farthest hall of the palace was to be found suspended the hazel wand which gave every power, but to reach it one must, indeed, be very quick, for as soon as the last stroke of the midnight-bell died away, the

passage closed, and it could not be opened again till the following Pentecost.

Skoarn had retained this recital of the old mendicant of Yar in his memory, and you see why he walked so late upon the sands of *al Lew-Drez*.

At length a sharp tinkling resounded in the steeple of St. Michael. Skoarn started ! He beheld by the light of the stars the granite rocks which form the summit of the mountain, he saw them slowly open like the mouth of a dragon when awaking.

He then secured to his wrist the leather thong fastened to his *penbas*, and dashed into the passage—at first obscure—then illuminated by lights like those which glimmer during the night in the burial-places. He thus arrived at an immense palace, the stones of which were carved like those of the church of Folgoat, or of Kemper-upon-the-Odet.

The first hall where he entered was full of trunks, where he saw heaped up as much silver as there are grains of corn in the chests after harvest. But Perik Skoarn wished for something better than silver, and passed through. At that moment the sixth stroke of midnight sounded.

He found a second hall surrounded with coffers which overflowed with more gold than the racks overflow with herbs in flower in the month of June. Perik Skoarn loved gold, but he wished still for something more valuable, and he went further on. The seventh stroke sounded.

The third hall where he entered was furnished with baskets where pearls gushed out like milk in the earthen pans of Cornouaille in the beginning of spring. Skoarn would willingly have taken them away for the pretty girls of Plestin, but he pushed on while listening to the sound of the eighth stroke.

The fourth hall was all in a blaze of light, with small chests filled with diamonds, throwing out a greater lustre than the bonfires of furze upon the hills of Douron on St. John's eve. Skoarn, who was dazzled, stopped an instant, then ran forward to the last hall, hearing at the same instant the sound of the ninth stroke.

But there he stood suddenly seized with admiration. In front of the hazel wand, which was seen suspended at the farthest end, were ranged a hundred young girls, beautiful enough to destroy the souls of saints. Each of these held in one hand a crown of oak and in the other a cup of *gwin ardent*. Skoarn, who had resisted silver, gold, pearls, and diamonds, could not withstand the sight of these lovely creatures—friends of sin.

The tenth stroke sounded—he heard it not—the eleventh rang, and he remained immovable. At last the twelfth was heard, and it mournfully resounded like the report of a cannon from a ship in distress among the rocks and breakers of Cape St. Matthieu.

Perik, frightened, would have turned back, but there was no more time. All the doors were closed ; the hundred young maidens had become a hundred statues of granite, and all was darkness.

You see how our fathers have related the history of Skoarn, and you know now that which is sure to happen to a young man who allows his heart to be too easily led away by seduction. Young people, take instruction ; it is good to walk along with your eyes cast towards the ground, for fear of coveting the stars, which belong to God and his angels.

A DREAM OF STILL LIFE.

It is a curious question—why, when *painting* can show but *one* point of action or feeling, we attribute to it the capacity of change and of progress; forgetting its fixation in our idea of continual motion. The dancer's foot—the musician's finger—the orator's arm—the archer's arrow—the bird's wing—the cataract's fall—the wind's sweep—the very lightning of heaven—these, whose essence is motion, are immovable on the tablet, and we behold their passage in their immovability. We imagine thereon their sound, and hear it in their silence.

I know not if these, perhaps only *seeming*, anomalies have been investigated. When Paul Verronese was asked why he had painted certain figures in shade, for which no cause was seen in the picture itself, he replied, “Una nuevola che passa”—a cloud *is passing*. He felt the actual motion in his own stationary picture.

I have endeavoured to describe in Poetry the pictorial suspension of movement and sound, while each appears in its full exercise. Thus far I have—in my own judgment, at least—succeeded, that, while the fixed capacity of Painting conveys no idea of its fixedness, it is most painfully impressed by the *motional* character of Poetry. Mine are not metaphysical habits: I fear that

—— “Nequeo monstrare, et sentio tantum.”

A French writer disposes of our question yet more summarily. “Le spectateur ne fait naturellement nulle attention aux intervalles de tems, dont le poete a besoin, pas plus qu'en sculpture il ne s'avise de reprocher à Dupatz ou à Bosis que leur figures manquent de mouvement. C'est la une des infirmités de l'art.” All this we knew before. We did not want a *so it is*, but a *why it is*?

The reader has, ere this, recollected Keats, and his sonnet on a sculptured vase, representing a procession with music.

“Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare:
Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal.”

Φ

A DREAM OF STILL LIFE.

Another child of night around my sleep
Hover'd, with cincture gray and shadowy wing—
Another sad and dreamy mystery.

* * * *

I stood upon a wide and silent plain,
Wide as the level world:—it had no bound,
Other than Heaven's descending firmament,
Whose blue and concave distance closed it in.
But, whether its strange light was of first morn,
Mid noon, or cadent evening, knew I not:
For there the Sun his state diurnal stay'd;
And, each in their elliptic duly spher'd,
The planets paused around him:—belted Jove,
Ringed Saturn, Vesta pale, and ruddy Mars,

Hermes, and furthest Uranus ; with these,
Most near, the night's new empress argentine,
And all her company of hosted stars—
Sirius, Orion, and the Pleiades,
And the dim opal of the angel dawn.

The earth was all one sheeted emerald ;
The sky, one vaulted sapphire ; the orb'd sea,
One pearl of silence :—Nature's general pulse
Was laid in calmer than an infant's sleep,
And nought of life was in the universe.
The mighty heart was stopped ; and every vein
Stagnate—upon their ebb and flow suspended.
Mortality's pale peace was statued there ;
While round me brooded heavily, no sound
Audible, but a deep and covering sense,
That filled my spirit with its vacancy.

I gazed upon the sky—but not a cloud
Gave token of a yet awakening wind ;
Upon the earth—but her tall forests stood
Without a rustling leaf ; upon the sea—
But her ships rested on the stricken wave
Without a stirring sail.

I was alone—
The riches of the charm'd world were mine.
I might have walk'd amid the thrones of kings,
And spoil'd their treasures, while the sceptred corse
Sate in its powerless pride and stay'd me not :—
Or reft the plumage from the warrior's helm :—
Or rifled on her cold unshrinking lip
The kiss of beauty. Tasselled canopies,
And feathery crests, and veils of gossamer,
Stood—as if sculptured in the silent sky.

Oh ! how I wished and pray'd in that lone hour
For the loud-bolted thunder—the forked flash—
The whirlwind—ought of sound or motion—though
Death in their living speed were charioted !
The deep in its dumb convex—oh ! for the Storm-
Spirit to wake its strings, the wide wild strings
Of ocean's harp, and glad me with their waking !
The mountains—oh ! how merciful had they been—
How merciful—to fall and cover me !

The spoiler !—I had hail'd that man my friend,
My brother, who had deal'd upon me scorns,
Whips, wounds, and fetters ; who had portion'd me
In the swart mine, the galley, or the leash
Of slaves in Moorish deserts :—I had well borne
To be the crowded gaze of infamy,
The proverb'd taunt and by-word of the time ;
Might I but meet the bless'd human form
Speaking and looking round me. The doom'd wretch,
Who, from his airless cell, walks forth to death,
And sees the pavement all alive with eyes
Watching him on his scaffold, cannot know
The bitterer feeling of my loneliness.

* * * *

The child of night shifted his shadowy wing.

There was a spousal company.* The bride
 Upon her young betrothed lover lean'd :—
 The blush was on her cheek ; there coldly fix'd,
 And rest of all its mingled mutable grace :—
 The sunless sapphire of her eye was pale—
 Its spirit had perish'd :—on her lip the smile
 Was struck, as by Canova's natural hand ;
 Whose cunning almost might have carved her breath—
 Did she but breathe—as easily as the curls
 Whose stillness darkened round her upturn'd brow.

With lightly-circling dance the damsel train
 Stood round her ; kindred ; fair-apparell'd guest ;
 And paranymp—as the many-pillar'd waste
 Of old Esthonia, once with human joy
 Instinct, and nuptial revelry. So these
 Stood ; poising lute, timbrel, and finger'd harp—
 Silent :—and scatterings of unfaded flowers,
 Flung from their moveless hands, rested in air.

* * * *

The child of nigh shifted his shadowy wing.

And they of that festivity were changed
 Unto a band of mourners. The long way
 Was troubled with their dark caparisons.
 It was the funeral of some mighty chief,
 Whose ashes were already in their rest :—
 For the proud hearse which drew them, and the steeds,
 Deck'd in their gorgeous pall and plumery,
 Stirred not. The banner, multiplying forth
 His chivalry, tall crest, and silken scarf—
 Which erst his lady winded round his arm,
 Of Love's own argent, heralded with Hope's
 Clear azure, and the gules of Victory—
 Stream'd out their triumph monumental.

And

She underneath the broad and breathless shade
 Of that once happy token—she, who had wrought
 Its colours for the confident strife—was there ;
 With tresses, like itself, dispersed, nor yet
 Waved by the idle wind. Upon her pale
 Cheek the congeal'd sorrow hung, as snow
 Upon the floral drop that bears its name.
 Her arms, stretch'd in affection motionless,
 Seem'd as embracing that heroic hearse.

* * * *

The child of night shifted his shadowy wing.

And from its plumage rose a pillar'd hall.
 The ancient fathers of the realm sate round
 In grave consult. The peril of the state,
 Its glory, guard, and guidance, were on those
 Deep-thoughted brows. An open volume lay—
 The code oracular of the nation's law,

* “ There was a spousal company.”

In Esthonia, there is a place where are several huge stones. Traditionally, it is the petrification of a nuptial procession ; the bride and bridegroom being the larger stones, and the company the smaller ones. The peasantry are accustomed to perform dances and invocations round the larger stones for fair weather, and round the smaller ones for rain.

Before the chief in place :—his finger fell
 Upon the question of some dubious text ;
 While lifted his pale eye its vacancy
 Unto the tribuned orator, who forth
 Stood in the midst with high and bold intent
 Of eloquence, as when the torrent hung
 O'er wondering Athens, and the people sway'd
 To wrath or calm.—The mantled arm was there
 And parted lip : but moveless all and mute,
 As that still theatre.

The curule chairs

Which held the senators of early Rome
 When the Gauls came among them, were not graced
 With such untiring patience.—A profane hand
 Might have pluck'd by the root each reverend beard—
 No sceptre raised to avenge it.

* * * *

But the child

Of night shifted again his shadowy wing.
 And vanish'd was that silent architecture :—
 While a deep forest spread before me.—At
 Its roots a river stretch'd, whose intervals
 Of brightness slept along the tangled copse.
 The branches of those thick and numerous trees
 Were bended, as with a strong tempest, ready
 To kiss the lowest earth, then spring again
 Back to the sky :—but voice of storm or wind
 Gave not its music to mine hoping ear,
 Of this wild glade who were the habitants ?
 Beneath a tall, unquivering aspen lay
 A bandit and his victim. Down the throat
 The purple stream was stiffen'd : knees and arms
 Were interlaced through that long agony
 Which death relax'd not. On the ghastly steel—
 Half in the dead man buried, and half bared
 In the assassin's clutch—Heaven's lightning hung
 Its pale and fix'd exposure.

* * * *

And again

The shadowy wing was shifted.

Temple, tower,

Palace, and arsenal, and theatre
 Gave out their cold clear line against the sky,
 That seem'd as their own solid marble. Files
 Of never-glancing spears were serried round
 The monarch's wheel—prelate and acolyte,
 With cross, and palm, and chain'd censer, stood
 Deep in the sacred portal—men of all
 Nations and vestures throng'd the various mart ;
 Moslem and Frank, sun-tinctured child of Ind,
 And sallow Muscovite—the still artizan
 Bent o'er his idle woof—the hammer hung
 In the smith's lifted arm, descending not.
 Popular hand and voice were as the dead
 Of the Campanian cities, when slow time
 Unearth'd them from their sudden sepulchre.
 So these : but in the fresh regards of life
 Lifeless, her summer hues and hours ; nor yet
 Paled with the ashes of a thousand years.

* * * *

Again the wing was shifted.

The broad sea—

And tempest with darkness! I beheld it
 By a strange sudden light, which rose within
 Mine own sear'd eyeballs. On the crested wave,
 Filling the drench'd and skyless hemisphere,
 A gallant bark was pinnacled: her prow
 Looked downward, where the lowest visible foam
 Tithed not the half its waters: round her sides
 The signal-flash rested immovable;
 And men were crowded on them with spread hands,
 And rigid brows of horror, bristled hair,
 And opened lips from whence I heard no scream,
 Measuring the deep expectant.

My wrought brain

Endured no more: it boil'd and heaved within me;
 And with its motion all those motionless
 Horrors had instant and combined life.—
 Sky, earth, and ocean, in their multitudes
 Instinctive swarm'd and swung before me: clouds
 Gather'd, and forests swept, and billows raved;
 And sun, and moon, planet, and star, went forth:—
 And all arose—man, and the elements.
 Then sounds of wailing some and some of joy,
 Rang in mine ear; the bridal harp, the moan,
 The song, the shriek, the shout, the cannon's roar,
 Closed round me in their dreadful diapason.
 The light feet thrud the measure—the fresh flowers
 Dropp'd through the air—the funeral gonfalon
 Felt the new wind—the high columnar hall
 Echoed with eloquent tongues—the throated blood
 Followed the steel—the city's living stir
 Gather'd around her tribes—the waves leap'd up
 Rejoicing to the thunder.

In that turmoil

The child of night spread all his changing wings,
 And fled from me.

ΦΑΝΤΑΣΜΑ.

THE COSTERMONGER AND HIS DONKEY.

THE yards and wards of Newgate have often presented to the eyes of an observer as much appearance of merriment as any of the scenes without its walls; yet even among the groups of hardened and thoughtless criminals that inhabit the several compartments built for the temporary residence of human depravity, here and there may be detected one brooding in gloomy sadness over the ills that have invested his career in life, and which no ribaldry or raillery can arouse into levity of conduct.

To witness prisoners thus openly seized with reflection, is not very common, more especially among those already convicted; the Rubicon is passed with them, and their pride is taxed to show with what magnanimity they can dare the worst. It is only during the interval of pending trials that such moments overtake the prisoners, when hopes of escape are rife in the mind, and plans for defence engage their attention. Most of those, however, who are surprised in open reflection, are such prisoners as have not been prepared by any previous career of crime, or who little expected to be numbered with the guilty. Of such a prisoner we write. He was a tall, athletic costermonger, dressed in a fustian jacket, something the worse for wear, a ragged pair of trousers, and a hat that might be said to be placed on the head merely to indicate that he had a knowledge of such an article of dress, for it was without a crown.

His left shoulder reclined against the wall as he kept his eyes on the ground, with his head leaning on the iron bars which separate the prisoners from a stone compartment, into which their friends are admitted to confer with them. Absorbed as he appeared to be in thought, it was evidently mixed with much impatience, his foot moving rapidly on the pavement. He was manifestly in nowise playing the part of a hero, as that huge tripartite member of the great English Bell family—that iron-tongued monster, suspended in the centre of our metropolitan human warren, struck the hour when it is usual to open the gates of the prison for the admission of strangers.

The first stroke of the bell was as an electric shock to the costermonger; he awoke from his reverie as from a disturbed dream, and then fixed his eyes on the door that admitted visitors. As it moved on its hinges, his anxiety became intense; a young female, whose character none could mistake, entered, and passed on to speak with a moustached swindler; again it opened and let in a youth weeping bitterly; it was the first time of his entering a prison, and his visit was to an erring brother. His environment but too plainly spoke of crime, and impending threatening justice, it overcame his feelings, and as his brother approached the bars, he swooned. Others one by one were admitted, till the impatient prisoner began to pace to and fro before the iron bars, like a recently-caged wild animal, increasing his speed as other visitors entered the place, till at length his arm was thrust through the bars to grasp the hand of a female.

“Well, Sall,” he impatiently exclaimed, “what news? Don’t pipe your eye, I can’t stand it. I dare say I shall raise the money from some of my friends; you must go and—”

“Don’t talk of friends, Bill, now you are lumbered up here. You have no friends in trouble. You take fellows to be like yourself, sticking

to your palls like bricks and mortar. But when do the trial come on, eh, Bill?"

"Sessions," replied the husband, "begins a-Monday, and perhaps I may be first called—no telling—this is Thursday, d—ned close, and somebody, you know, Sall, must be first, and why not me? That crawling rascal mus'ent get the best of us: the brief's made out, and it's all right, but the blunt for the counsel."

"How much will that be?" inquired the wife.

"A guinea," replied her husband, "besides a half-crown for the clerk, that makes one pound three and a bender."

"But have you paid the man for the brief?"

"Why no; how is it to be done, Sall, eh?"

"That's the job, how is it to be done, Bill?"

Women in extremities are ever more fertile in resources than men, and much more ready to make sacrifices to avail themselves of them.

"Suppose," said the wife, after a long pause, during which they had only exchanged looks of despair, "suppose we part with the bed and the donkey; I dare say together they'll fetch the money."

"What! sell my donkey! don't talk arter that fashion, Sall. The donkey shan't go any how, let what will happen."

"Then you mean to let that rascal get the better on you, and no counsel to axe him a question?"

This was a home thrust, the prisoner clenched his fingers, and set his teeth firmly together.

"No, no," he muttered, "the villain mus'ent have it all his own way, but it will be hard matter to part with the donkey; I shall want him when I comes out, and you know I shall never find such another to do my work. But I must have a counsel, for they all say if I don't I shall be transported."

As the last word was uttered, the wife, with both her hands, caught hold of the iron-bars that separated her from her husband, whilst he, seeing that she was fainting, thrust his arms between the bars to support her till one of the turnkeys on duty brought a chair and some water to recover her.

The prisoner's committal for trial at the Old Bailey sessions had arisen out of a disputed ownership of a cart-whip, valued at four shillings and sixpence. The prosecutor and the accused were old acquaintances; the former was a regularly employed carter, the prisoner, besides vending edibles in the streets, occasionally jobbed in removing goods with his donkey, and sometimes a horse and cart. They had both at the same time purchased new whips, but the following day, at a drinking bout, one of the whips was lost, or more probably was stolen, when both the prosecutor and the prisoner claimed the remaining whip as being their property, and for several weeks subsequently, as either of the parties could by force or stratagem obtain possession of it, they kept it as long as they could, and used it as their own.

At length the prosecutor hit upon a plan to bring the dispute to an end, and one of our metropolitan stipendiary magistrates furthered his views. One afternoon, as the prosecutor (who had the day previously possessed himself of the whip by taking it from a van the prisoner was employed in unloading) was driving his team in a lane near London, when he espied his adversary with a horse and cart behind him.

"There's that rascal, Bill Hackers," said he to two of his companions who were with him. "Now if we go here into the Swan tap, and I leaves my whip on the copse, I bet a wager that he prigs it, and if he do, blow me if I don't put the screw on him."

The experiment was tried, and Bill did take the whip, leaving an old one in its place : he had not, however, proceeded many yards before the prosecutor and his witnesses overtook him and captured him as a thief. When the accused was before the magistrate, he essayed an attempt to explain the whole affair, but that functionary advised him to reserve his defence for another place, saying that his mind was made up to commit for a robbery.

Such hasty and injudicious conduct on the part of magistrates it is that swells the county rates, and sends numbers unnecessarily to prison, where they learn to despise those laws they ought to be taught to respect, and imbibe a rankling spirit of revenge against those classes from which they suppose law-makers are selected.

"Transported !" exclaimed the wife, as she recovered from the effects of her surprise, "they never could be such scoundrels, sure."

"Lord love your soul," said a woman who had come to visit another prisoner, "I see you know nothing of this place, why they knocks 'em down at the court-house for transportation like winking, and not long about it, neither. All's guilty as comes in here before they goes up ; there's my Harry got seven years for the simplest thing in the world."

The prisoner's wife cast her eyes towards the turnkey as if to implore his advice. The man understood her, and silencing the other said,

"My good woman, whether your husband be innocent or guilty, you had much better have a counsel for fear of accidents ; it is hazardous to trust too much to your innocence at the Old Bailey Court."

"Let me sell the donkey," said the wife, imploringly.

"Don't mention it, Sall," replied her husband, "it i'll be the worst day's work you ever did."

"But you must have a counsel you know, Bill, and how's the money to be raised any other way ?" said his wife.

"I won't sell the donkey for all that," continued the prisoner, "the villain knows that I have been offered thirty bob for him, and he'll say he's floored me if I parts with him. Besides that, I can never get such another, so once for all, I won't have him sold let what will come."

Various plans for raising the sum required were suggested and as speedily rejected as impracticable, and the call of "strangers all out," came before any final arrangement had been made between them ; the prisoner, however, did not forget to call out, as his wife was constrained to leave the place,

|| "Mind, I won't part with the donkey ; remember that, Sall."

The prisoner's wife, though in low life, was susceptible of feeling, and attached to her husband, but she could not comprehend how it was he had such a liking for a donkey ; an animal, she said, that seldom even noticed its master by any signs like other beasts, and did not possess the slightest touch of even brute feeling towards those who feed him.

Time went on very slowly with the owner of the donkey till the hour next day for again meeting his wife arrived, and called him to the bars.

"Well, Sall," said he, as she made her appearance, "what's turned up, is the donkey all safe?"

"What a fool you're making of yourself about the donkey, Bill. I'm sick of hearing about such nonsense. Now listen to me. The rascal of a prosecutor has got the money for his brief and paid it to Phillips last night."

"Phillips!" exclaimed the prisoner; "has the fellow really got Phillips? I thought of having him myself."

"Yes," said the wife, "and I hear that his master says he'll spend twenty pounds to see him through it."

"The villain has told him a heap of lies, the whip is mine; I know it by a mark I could swear to, and so I'll tell the judge. I'll murder the rascal when I gets out."

"Stop a bit, Bill, you're not out yet, nor an't likely unless you'll have the donkey sold."

"Never," vociferated the prisoner, "while I live, though he has got his master to back him."

"The want of money, Bill, will beat us, I know it will, he's already got a pull on us by having Phillips for his counsel. If you had let me sold the donkey we should have put the stopper on him there. You'll be sorry for it when it's too late: what's a man in law without money? Why, a duck in a pond without feet; you'll sink, Bill, if you don't sell the donkey."

It is a truth much to be lamented, that when even the lower class of people are caught in the meshes of the criminal law they put no faith in the justness of their case, that is, they consider innocence no protection; thinking that the result on trial wholly depends on hard swearing on the part of the witnesses, and blustering botheration on the part of a cross-examining counsel. It is the impression that the bare or naked truth will not carry them through at the Old Bailey Court, that occasions so many attempts in petty cases to bolster up causes by false swearing. For this impression the public may thank the late recorders, and a few others of their school.

It is the duty of a judge to protect the innocent and ignorant, as well as to punish the guilty. The judicial proceedings, however, at the Old Bailey Court, for a long series of years, were a disgrace even to a nation sunk to the lowest point of barbarism. Those who presided on the benches at the time of which we write, were never known in a single instance, to make an effort in a charge to the jury to impress them with the innocence of the accused. And even when a prisoner *did* escape through the intervention of a self-minded jury, he was not suffered to depart without a stigmatised character pronounced from the bench, mainly intended as a censure on the jury, and a lecture to those who were yet to be empannelled. The language generally ran thus: "Prisoner, you have been peculiarly fortunate; you have escaped this time; let it be a caution to you for the future; another time you may not be tried by such a lenient jury," &c. &c.

Happily these things, of late, have undergone some reformation, and the citizens of London have for once elected a gentleman, and a patient member of the *Law* to preside as recorder at the Old Bailey.

It may also be remarked that magistrates in general throughout England treat the poorer classes with a severity of tone and manner unjusti-

fiable, either as functionaries of the executive, as gentlemen, or Christians. They seldom allow an opportunity to pass without rating at the poor as being unworthy of consideration.

If generally an opposite course were adopted, and magistrates would, with mildness of manner, labour to impress on the poor and the ignorant that in them might be found an adviser and protector when in the right, as well as a Rhadamanthus when they were in the wrong, much more than half of the anticipated results of the benefits to be derived from educating the poor would be effected in a few years.

The costermonger and his wife might with security have rested wholly on the real merits of their case had judges been that which they have so frequently been represented to be, namely, counsels for the prisoner. As trials then were conducted the costermonger's sheet anchor was found in a paid advocate.

"Come," said the wife, coaxingly, "don't be such a fool, Bill; you know every thing belonging to you is always the best in England. We've got into this mess because you made such a bother about the goodness of the whip, and said if the man made whips to the day of judgment he'd never make such another. Now, I should like to know what's in your donkey more than in another man's donkey?"

"Breed! breed!" exclaimed the prisoner.

"Breed!" rejoined his wife, "why he's the ugliest animal in all Clerkenwell; but if he warn't, you always said two good 'uns might be found in the same day, and who knows if we parts with this whether we shan't find a better. Come, let him be sold, and overset this rascal, who is the real thief, and get out of this place."

"I'll be hanged first," exclaimed her husband in a rage, roaring after her as she turned to quit the prison, "he shan't be sold, he shan't be sold."

The following morning the prisoner's wife's mother appeared at the bars of the yard with a communication that Phil Dragsman had offered eighteen shillings for the donkey, but the prisoner, still firm to his purpose, indignantly rejected the offer, and desired that he might be troubled no more either by his wife or her mother, if they came only to bore him about the donkey.

This last effort on the part of the wife terminated the contest. His attachment to the donkey was not to be shaken, and she knew the temper of her husband too well to act in such a matter without his consent. She preferred the course of calling in a broker and disposing of all their furniture, which scarcely realised the required sum. As soon as she was in possession of the money she hastened to her husband for the brief which had been made out in the prison.

"Sall," said the prisoner, emphatically, when he saw the cash, "is the donkey all right?"

"He is, he is, Bill."

"Well, well, I'll take your word. If you had sold the donkey you and I should have parted," concluded the prisoner, as he handed his wife the brief to carry together with the money to the counsel.

The indictment against the prisoner, as might have been expected, was ignored or set aside by the grand jury; and a few days subsequently he and his wife were seen together with the donkey, on their way to recommence their labours, and, if possible, by redoubled exertions, repair the loss of their furniture.

IMMATERIALITIES ; OR, CAN SUCH THINGS BE ?

BY CHARLES HOOTON.

CHAP. III.

Faith and Philosophy—Count de Felkesheim's Extraordinary Narrative of a Spectral Appearance—Observations.

UNJUSTLY classed with monkish legends and the "pious inventions" of dark ages, spectral appearances have received little mercy at the hands of the reformed Christian and the modern philosophic world. A fact somewhat curious and paradoxical, seeing, in the first place, that revelation itself declares their existence and occasional visibility ; while, in the second, philosophy altogether fails in the attempt to disprove them upon clear and admissible reasoning of any kind. Thus the believers in revelation discredit what revelation declares, and philosophers rest satisfied with a conclusion to which their own philosophy will not safely carry them. For if "such things were" when those Divine oracles were uttered, they must be so now ; or else—what cannot be believed—the spiritual world must have since undergone a mighty change, or its wandering tenants annihilation. This is a part of the subject upon which "philosophers" feel remarkably delicate, and would, in general, be excused from speaking. The reason is sufficiently obvious, though not equally creditable. It places the question plainly between revelation and philosophy, and compels a man to proclaim which of the two is his dearest love, and which he most faithfully believes. For they are most decidedly at variance, and he must declare for either one or the other. The position is confessedly an inconvenient one ; he cannot take both sides ; he shrinks from avowing his scepticism upon matters of holy writ—politely begs that nothing whatever may be said about it—considers all its statements to be peculiar exceptions, and finally sinks into the arms of his charming philosophy for that satisfaction which, after all, the jilt can never give him. Thus "impartial investigation" commences with hypocrisy ; and the best opposing evidence is at once set aside with a tacitly understood though not openly expressed, "I don't believe it." But the honest course would be at once to avow that revelation is not worthy of credit in this matter, and ought to succumb to the superior power and truth of invincible human philosophy. The path would then be clear, and we might feel all the better prepared to admit the philosopher's own conclusion, that what he cannot account for cannot exist ; and it does not exist because he cannot account for it, and because he never personally saw it. It would be quite as well, however, to allow other people who have seen it and known its influence, some little credit for *their* belief, without branding them as superstitious, weak, and credulous. But the spirit of St. Thomas pervades and guides almost every description of modern popular investigations :—"Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe." The faith of man in man is almost banished from amongst us. The base of all credit is discovered to be in our eyes, our fingers, and our hands ; and there is no truth except such as can be felt, seen, weighed, measured, or

computed. The time appears to be rapidly approaching when the laws of mechanism and mathematics must rule in all things, and whatever of the immaterial cannot be reduced by scale and figure shall therefore be rejected.

I have said that accounts of spectral appearances have *unjustly* been classed with the pious inventions and monkish legends of earlier dark ages, and necessarily borne their share of the general and just odium thereto attached. The truth is, they are of a widely different stamp, and ought never to have been associated with them. For while with the latter there was a faith to be upheld and an interest to serve—two prolific parents of craft and falsehood—with the former no priestly or secular institution was bound up, no personal or class interest in any form identified. As a general principle, therefore, the temptation to wilfully invent falsehood and give it circulation as truth, could not be said to exist. Dr. Everyard supports no theory, nor gives evidence for any doctrine in his relation of what happened at Paris; nor could Lord Lyttelton put any pence in his pocket, or serve any sinister interest of any kind by making known to his companions the fact of his having witnessed a supernatural appearance. In authentic cases of this kind, all the common motives for misrepresentation and intentional deceit are absent—there is nothing to be gained by it—there is no shrine to visit, no needy anchoret to relieve. Nor can we, without an effort, bring ourselves to think so meanly and contemptibly of human nature as to admit the general probability of direct lying for lying's sake, and the idiotic purpose of making the vulgar wonder and stare. Such, doubtless, has been the case in many instances—nor even if so is it peculiar to this especial kind of doctrine—but as a general and pervading principle, it must meet with repudiation from every honest mind. To whatever comes from respectable and intelligent authority, it appears that some degree of credence ought to be attached, and the more especially so when subsequent facts appear to bear out, as in the instances already given, the attestations previously made. Common confidence between one individual and another demands it, or we must be reduced to the painful and by no means just alternative of considering a large body of people, merely because they entertain a particular opinion, as either fools or something infinitely worse.

Anxious to support the views here taken by the relations of foregone respectable authorities before proceeding further to relate facts which have come within my own knowledge and sphere of observation, I shall scarcely deem an apology necessary for the introduction in this place of perhaps the most remarkable modern story of this kind to be found on record. It is recorded by Sir N. W. Wraxall, in the same work to which allusion has already been made, and is as follows:

"In the autumn of 1778," says Sir William, "I visited Dresden for the second time. * * * Dresden was then a place where the *Illuminés* had made a deep and general impression on the public mind, Schrepfer having chosen it, only a few years earlier, for the scene of his famous exhibition of the apparition of the Chevalier de Saxe. Having given in a former work some account of that extraordinary imposition, I shall not resume the subject here; but I cannot help relating another somewhat similar story, which was told me during my residence in Dresden by the Count de Felkesheim. He was a Livonian gentleman settled in Saxony, of a very improved understanding, equally superior to credulity as to superstition. Being together in the month of October, 1778,

and our discourse accidentally turning on the character and performances of Schrepfer: 'I have conversed,' said he to me, 'with several of the individuals who were present at the scene of the spectre or phantom, presented by him in the gallery of the palace of the Duke of Courland. They all agreed in their account of the leading particulars. Though I do not pretend to explain by what process or machinery that business was conducted, I have always considered him as an artful impostor, and his audience as dupes. Yet am I not so decidedly sceptical on the possibility of supernatural appearances, as to treat them with ridicule, because they may seem to be unphilosophical. I received my education in the university of Königsberg, where I had the advantage of attending lectures in ethics and moral philosophy, delivered by a professor who was esteemed a very superior man in those branches of science. He had, nevertheless, though an ecclesiastic, the reputation of being tinctured with incredulity on various points connected with revealed religion. When, therefore, it became necessary for him, in the course of his lectures, to treat on the nature of spirit, as detached from matter, to discuss the immortality of the soul, and to enter on the doctrine of a future state, I listened with more than ordinary attention to his opinions. In speaking of all these mysterious subjects, there appeared to me to be so visible an embarrassment, both in his language and his expressions, that I felt the strongest curiosity to question him further respecting them. Finding myself alone with him soon afterwards, I ventured to state to him my remarks on his deportment, and I entreated him to tell me if they were well-founded, or only imaginary suggestions.

" 'The hesitation which you noticed,' answered he, 'resulted from the conflict that takes place within me when I am attempting to convey my ideas on a subject where my understanding is at variance with the testimony of my senses. I am, equally from reason and reflection, disposed to consider with incredulity and contempt the existence of apparitions. But a circumstance which I have witnessed with my own eyes, as far as they, or any of the perceptions can be confided in, and which has even received a sort of subsequent confirmation from other circumstances connected with the original fact, leaves me in that state of scepticism and suspense which pervaded my discourse. I will communicate to you its cause. Having been brought up to the profession of the church, I was presented by Frederic William the First, late King of Prussia, to a small benefice, situated in the interior of the country, at a considerable distance south of Königsberg. I repaired thither in order to take possession of my living, and found a very neat parsonage-house, where I passed the night in the bed-chamber, which had been occupied by my predecessor.

" 'It was in the longest days of summer, and on the following morning, which was Sunday, while lying awake, the curtains of the bed being undrawn, and it being broad daylight, I beheld the figure of a man, habited in a sort of loose gown, standing at a reading-desk, on which lay a large book, the leaves of which he appeared to turn over at intervals. On each side of him stood a little boy, in whose faces he looked earnestly from time to time; and as he looked he seemed always to heave a deep sigh. His countenance, pale and disconsolate, indicated severe distress of mind. I had the most perfect view of these objects, but being impressed with too much terror and apprehension to rise, or to address my-

self to the appearances before me, I remained for some time a silent and breathless spectator, without uttering a word or altering my position. At length the man closed the book, and then taking the two children, one in each hand, he led them slowly across the room, my eyes eagerly following him, till the three figures gradually disappeared, or were lost behind an iron stove which stood at the furthest corner of the apartment.

“However deeply and awfully I was affected by the sight which I had witnessed, and however incapable I was of explaining it to my own satisfaction, yet I recovered sufficiently the possession of my mind to get up; and having hastily dressed myself, I left the house. The sun was long risen, and directing my steps to the church, I found that it was open; but the sexton had quitted it, and on entering the chancel my mind and imagination were so strongly impressed by the scene that had recently passed, that I endeavoured to dissipate the recollection by considering the objects around me. In almost all the Lutheran churches of the Prussian dominions, it is an established usage to hang up against the walls of some part of the building the portraits of the successive pastors or clergymen who have held the living. A number of these paintings rudely performed, were suspended in one of the aisles. But I had no sooner fixed my eyes on the last in the range, which was the portrait of my immediate predecessor, than they became rivetted to the object; as I instantly recognised the same face which I had beheld in my bed-chamber, though not clouded by the same deep expression of melancholy or distress.

“The sexton entered as I was still contemplating this interesting head, and I immediately began a conversation with him on the subject of the persons who had preceded me in the living. He remembered several incumbents, concerning whom, respectively, I made various inquiries, till I concluded by the last, relative to whose history I was particularly inquisitive. ‘We considered him,’ said the sexton, ‘as one of the most learned and amiable men who had ever resided amongst us. His charities and benevolence endeared him to all his parishioners, who will long lament his loss. But he was carried off in the middle of his days by a lingering illness, the cause of which has given rise to many unpleasant reports amongst us, and which still forms matter of conjecture. It is, however, commonly believed that he died of a broken heart.’ My curiosity being still more warmly excited by the mention of this circumstance, I eagerly pressed him to disclose to me what he knew or had heard on the subject. ‘Nothing,’ answered he, ‘is absolutely known, but scandal had propagated a story of his having formed a criminal connexion with a young woman of the neighbourhood, by whom, it was even asserted, that he had two sons. As a confirmation of the report, I know that there certainly were two children who have been seen at the parsonage, boys of about four or five years old. But they suddenly disappeared some time before the decease of their supposed father, though to what place they are sent, or what is become of them, we are wholly ignorant. It is equally certain that the surmises and unfavourable opinions formed respecting this mysterious business, which must necessarily have reached him, precipitated, if they did not produce, the disorder of which our late pastor died; but he is gone to his account, and we are bound to think charitably of the departed.’

“It is unnecessary to say with what emotions I listened to this relation, which recalled to my imagination, and seemed to give proof of the exist-

ence of all that I had seen. Yet, unwilling to suffer my mind to become enslaved by phantoms which might have been the effect of error or deception, I neither communicated to the sexton the circumstance which I had just witnessed, nor even permitted myself to quit the chamber where it had taken place. I continued to lodge there without ever again witnessing any similar appearance, and the recollection itself insensibly began to wear away as the autumn advanced. When the approach of winter rendered it necessary to light fires through the house, I ordered the iron stove that stood in the room, and behind which the figure which I had beheld, together with the two boys, seemed to disappear, to be heated for the purpose of warming the apartment. Some difficulty was experienced in making the attempt, the stove not only smoking intolerably, but emitting a most offensive smell. Having, therefore, sent for a blacksmith to inspect and repair it, he discovered in the inside, at the furthest extremity, the bones of two small human bodies, corresponding perfectly in size, as well as in other respects, with the description given me by the sexton of the two boys who had been seen at the parsonage. This last circumstance completed my astonishment, and appeared to confer a sort of reality on an appearance which might otherwise have been considered as a delusion of the senses.

“ ‘I resigned the living, quitted the place, and returned to Königsberg; but it has produced upon my mind the deepest impression, and has, in its effects, given rise to that uncertainty and contradiction of sentiment which you remarked in my late discourse.’ ”

Such was Count Felkesheim's story.

Remark upon such a narrative as this is almost out of the question. For if any credibility be attached to it, it is clearly beyond the reach of human philosophy and the reasoning faculties of the mind. On that account alone, however, its wholesale rejection cannot fully be warranted, since the same thing may equally be said of the simple relation between matter and spirit, of the existence of the soul after death, and a thousand other metaphysical and psychological questions, which as completely set at defiance conclusive intellectual investigations; and, if believed at all, must be believed from revelation, or at most *presumed* to be real from analogy, though themselves beyond the pale of distinct logical proof.

No proposition can be more clear than this—that in both the visible and the invisible, the material and the immaterial creation, there is infinitely more presented to our perceptions which we are compelled to believe, but for which we cannot account, than there is of that which we believe merely because it can be accounted for. And this consideration alone ought to make us pause before casting away as idle and groundless, the evidence of things whose peculiar state and position in the universe of existences are at once so different from our own, and consequently so inscrutable by the ordinary laws of investigation which regulate and apply solely to our own peculiar condition and nature. The line of demarcation can never be accurately laid down between the proved part of our belief and the unproved, or that which is not provable. Nor was there ever in the world, nor can there be, a man whose belief in all things could be said to be bounded by proofs existing to his own mind, and whose disbelief began as it were abruptly, distinctly, and decidedly, exactly at the point where proof ceases. There is yet faith in even the most faithless; faith of one kind or other upon one subject or another: for faith is a necessity of our nature, and can no more be utterly destroyed, than any the

most elementary principle of our intellectual being. Hence, between that philosophical feeling which would subject all things to proof and demonstration, and that great inevitable necessity which is always compelling us to believe without proof or demonstration, we are tossed from side to side like vessels amidst contrary winds and currents; while each for himself credits either what he can, or what he pleases, and with remarkable inconsistency and self-contradiction, believes some things by faith alone, while he rejects others merely because faith alone constitutes their title to credit, and because they are not susceptible of direct conclusive proof.

With especial reference, too, to the subject now under consideration, the very inappropriate and singular question of "utility" has been not only raised but made the ground-work of determined objection. The poetical rule of never summoning the gods except upon adequate occasions, has been applied most absurdly to this investigation; and the disbelief in apparitions has received a kind of indirect support from the really unmeaning questions: "What do they appear for?—What object is ever attained by or through them?—What good did they ever effect?" True enough, in the very instance just given, no practical object appears in view, or to have been even attainable. For had the former pastor been guilty, as it would seem, of the murder of his children which that singular appearance seemed to indicate, yet he was already gone to his great account, and beyond the reach of human law and punishment. And had it never been witnessed at all, the subsequent discovery of the bones must equally have been made when next the stove should have been put in operation. All this, however, militates nothing against the reality of the appearance itself. And, if not in this case, no more in any other that might have been or may be adduced.

Other appearances in nature innumerable, might with equal cogency have the same questions applied to them, and with equal insignificance. We might ask what does the aurora borealis, or a common meteor, or an ignis fatuus, appear for? What object is ever attained by it? What good did they ever effect? And so of nineteen-twentieths of all the objects which are presented to our senses. It is like asking why a mountain stands where it does instead of in the next valley; or what end is attained by a tree growing spontaneously in a particular spot, rather than a yard or two removed from its present position. To know that these things occur in the chain of causes and effects, that they result from circumstances and laws altogether unknown to us, and, perhaps, without any regard whatever to those peculiar qualities which we understand by utility, or its opposite, inutility, is quite as much as we can expect to know; though it may not be sufficient to allay the appetite of insatiable curiosity. In this respect we are all alike children. We want to know too much, because we strive to know more than can be known. And as children pull their toys to pieces in order to ascertain how they are made, so we tear the objects of our investigations to fragments and lose them altogether, in the fruitless endeavour to attain, by their analysis, a comprehension of the first cause of all; a knowledge of the ever-hidden why and wherefore. We act too much as though the human mind were omnipotent: as though within the circle of its comprehension alone lay truth, and beyond it realities could have no existence. It is true, we do not think so in the abstract, but it is equally true that we act very much as though we never thought at all, or quite overlooked the very limited range of the thinking faculty under even its most perfect developments.

THE YOUNG VILLAGE DOCTOR.

A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

BY E. LYNN.

I AM tired of the parks—disgusted with the clubs, *ennuyé* with the shops, and the sights, and the smiles of Regent-street—wearied with the theatres—sated with the opera—and bored to death with myself and every friend that I possess. I am certainly in a very comfortable frame of mind! But what am I to do? I cannot go abroad;—there is so much trouble in that plan! There is, first, that senseless visit to Poland-street,—next, that worst of all evils, a dirty steamboat and its dirtier inmates,—and afterwards, the vile horde of foreign cheats of every description, and the detestable *gens-d'arme* and passport—demanding insolents at every turn. I cannot go abroad—and I shall die if I remain in town! What am I to do? Do! I have it! I will go and pay my long-promised visit to my cousins the Smithses, of Crays-foot, in Cumberland. I have never seen Cumberland, and I hear there are some rather fine hills and goodish lakes there. So I will go. True: I have not seen these same worthy relations of mine since I was first exhibited in my best lace cap, as “the finest babby that ever was!” to every unfortunate who chanced to inquire after my mother’s health; but then, I had always kept up a regular correspondence, and a mutual interchange of kind wishes and good offices with them.

“I will go to the Smithses,” I said. And to the Smithses of Crays-foot, Cumberland, I went.

I knew that they lived in a country village, eleven miles distant from the nearest town: but then, it was all so much the more romantic, and the inhabitants were so much the more freed from the evils of a large society, and from every vice of the towns! My ideas of a country village, London-bred as I was, were very fine.

For example: I expected to see a collection of neat white houses, each surrounded by its pretty garden of flowers, and flowering shrubs, and sweet-smelling herbs, and picturesque vegetables—such as cucumbers, and French beans, and vegetable marrow, and artichokes, &c., &c.; and each latticed with rustic work, amongst which twined climbing plants of every sweet perfume and graceful form. Intermixed with the dark green ivy would be seen the pale petals of the starry jasmine, and the odorous buds of the trumpet-shaped honeysuckle, and the deep red rose would open her glowing bosom to the night winds, and the eglantine and clematis would wreath their tender sprays in one screen of scented loveliness, to shield those bright-eyed girls who are clustering at the opened casements from the scorching summer’s sun. And I expected to see these bright-eyed inmates of these bower like cottages all gaily dressed in blue bodices and scarlet petticoats—very short, to show to greater advantage the well-turned ancles in their coloured stockings—and the neat feet in their shining shoes. And they were all to be as pretty as rustic houris, and as blithe as rustic larks. The children, too, were to do nothing all day long but run about the woods in snow white

pinafores and little flat straw hats, chasing the butterflies, and gathering wild flowers, as they are invariably doing in the pictures, and lispings out all sorts of poetic gems, as they invariably do in the poems and romances. The men—brown, handsome, well-made fellows, with clustering hair and glancing eyes—their clean shirts open at the neck, displaying a perfect cervical model of manly beauty,—they were to return home from their work, singing as they came, and after the husband's and the father's fond kisses, and the son's hearty greeting, and the lover's ardent salutation, they, of course, would lead out the above-mentioned rustic hours to the far-famed village-dance on the village-green. Perhaps the more manly might assemble on the cricket-ground, to win themselves fresh honours, and so make themselves still more dear in the eyes of their respective loves.

As a vignette to this picture, the Smithses and the Joneses, of whom they spoke so much in their letters, and the Prices, of whom they declared that "they were the dearest things on earth," were to mingle, but yet with the reserve of lady-like good-breeding mixed with their condescension, in the dance and the games. And they were to be looked upon by the grateful and adoring peasantry as beings of a superior order—as a kind of links between angelship and womanhood.

Such being my anticipations, I had made up my mind to exist for a fortnight in this rural paradise; and I made no doubt but that I should be able to kill the time pretty well with fishing in the lakes and hunting on the hills.

It was almost dark when I arrived at Crays-foot; but sorra a bit!—as the Irishman would say—had I seen of lake or mountain! My way had lain over nothing but a wide barren heath, which had seemed interminable.

The first sounds which I heard on entering the village—a long narrow lane flanked by a few dirty and dilapidated hovels and called "The Toon!"—were the shouts and screams of a drunken brawl, the barking of lawless dogs, the squeaking of democratic pigs, and the cackling of national police geese. This rather shocked the delicate idea which I had so fondly cherished. It covered its face and blushed. I tried to console it, though faintly! being forced to confess that sound, at the least, was at open war with it.

I drove up to the door of a moderately-sized brick house. The three stone steps were worn away, and the door admitted a free current of air between itself and them. This was pleasant, though! Country-houses are always so abominably close! Of the garden I caught only a glimpse. This glimpse revealed a coarse pebble—not gravel—carriage-drive, and a hay-crop lawn in the centre. A large, old, mossy apple-tree was in the midst of this, and a rough, unpainted seat went round the stem of the apple-tree. A few clumps of lavender—straggling and untrimmed, a few blue flags—a few thorny common rose-trees—were all the flowers there.

"The garden and greenhouses are beyond. They must have fine flowers and fruit in the country!" thought I.

The driver knocked at the door. Four rough ugly brutes of Scotch terriers ran barking out; a dirty slipshod servant-girl followed with a stable lantern; two huge Goliath boys, of the respective ages of twelve and sixteen, followed her; and a perfect forest of female heads brought up

the rear. Black, red, brown, and flaxen—all shades and colours seemed there.

"Cousin Edward! Cousin Edward!" they all shrieked in concert: and even the very dogs seemed to bark an echo.

"Dear Ned!" said my uncle—a little fat, good-natured, snuffy man, in brown smalls and gray worsted-stockings. "You are welcome to Crays-foot!" and, putting both hands in mine, he kissed me. Some of the snuff, which of all things I loathe the most, dropped on my lips;—*my* lips! for which even the bright red,—but no matter!

"La! Ned! how you are grown!" cried my aunt—a large, fat, good-natured, and dirty woman—giving me a hug like that of a good old mother-bear.

This extraordinary growth of mine was not a matter for much wonder, considering, as I said before, that I had not seen, or been seen by them, since the blissful days when I first began to "feel my feet."

"Oh! Cousin Edward!" said all my cousins, as they crowded round me—each holding up a pretty or an ugly pair of lips, as it might be, to be cousinly saluted. Well! they *were* young! That was a consolation!

The two young Goliaths nearly broke my perfumed hand with their loutish grasp, and the servant-wench stared with open mouth and breathless awe as she scanned me from head to foot: then turning to George Smith she said, "Lauk! what a handsom mon, Maister Geoorge!"

At last they hauled and hustled, rather than led, me into a dark, low, old-fashioned dining-room, where, without giving me time or invitation to cleanse myself from the dust of travelling, they absolutely forced me into a chair, and commenced piling up my blue delf plate—I always ate off silver until now!—with all sorts of abominations in the shape of pork chops, and sausages, and poached eggs, and a vile compound they called brawn, &c., &c.; making a running commentary of recommendation on this odious text, and interlarding it with prayers to eat, and hymns of praise at my "fashionable appearance!"

"Fashionable! I should think so! Of what use is my getting so deep in my tailor's books if I am not 'fashionable?'"

The miseries of that meal must remain untold. No pen of mine could do justice to the exquisite torture which my nerves and senses underwent with every moment that passed. At last it was over, and I breathed again.

All the Miss Joneses and all the Miss Prices were "to come to tea," and in a short time they trooped in, eleven in number, seven of the first, and four of the last, in white muslin dresses, short sleeves, coloured scarfs, and faded ribbons.

"Will he come?" whispered Matilda Price to Charlotte, my youngest coz., who, to do her justice, was an exceedingly pretty girl, as she stood there with her brown hair, and red dimpling cheeks and fresh lips, and merry, hazel eyes, in all the bloom of seventeen. "Dear fellow! *will* he come?"

"I saw him ride past on his way home, not half an hour ago," said Miss Jones in a languishing voice. "I hope that he will not be called out!"

Charlotte, my pretty cousin, blushed a little and laughed a good deal, as she answered, "Oh no! he's sure to come, for he promised pa and ma that he would!"

"How handsome he looked to-day when we met him on the common,"

said Jane Price to her sister Matilda; "Didn't he, Tilly, look just like an angel?"

"What! did you see him, Jenny!" cried my eldest cousin, Bessy, with a spiteful laugh; "you know, of course, that he is attending Tom Scott's wife on the common?"

"Oh yes, we saw him!" returned Jane and Matilda together, "and he stopped his horse, and talked *such* a time!"

"Did he ask after us?" cried half-a-dozen Smithses.

"And us?" echoed half-a-dozen Joneses.

"Did he, Tilly?" said Jane, appealing to her sister with a well-acted look of importance and indifference. "I'm sure I forget! Did he ask after the others? I don't remember!"

"Nor do I," replied Miss Tilly, musingly; "but dare say he did."

"I'm sure he would," cried Bessy Smith, in rather a loud voice, "I know he would."

"He always does," said pretty little dumpling Charlotte, "it's not likely that he wouldn't to-day!"

"I don't think he did," said Jane, provokingly.

"And I'm quite certain he didn't," chimed in Matilda.

The ladies were getting warm. I had been an amused auditor and spectator of this scene; and escaping by main force from the clutches of the old gentleman, who was boring me to death by asking me if I knew his old companions, "Captain Brown, a dashing young fellow," or "Tom Green, a sad dog," or "Harry Johnson, a first-rate scholar," I made my way amongst them.

"And who is this mysterious 'he,' fair ladies?" I asked as gallantly as I could; that is, smiling on each separately, and looking as if I admired each amazingly.

But they were silent, and only blushed, and giggled, and looked at each other, and hung down their heads, and sidled "behind backs;" and I heard a great many half-suppressed "hushes!" and "now don'ts," and "be quiet's," as I saw many a sly pinch given and received. All this only excited my curiosity the more, "Are they insane?" I wondered.

"Nay, this is cruel!" I said in my most fascinating tone. "You should not so pique my pride as to make me suppose that I cannot extract a trifling secret from any of those fair lips! unless, indeed," and here I smiled more than ever, and—the graces forgive me—tried to look arch and sly as I added, "unless, indeed the secret be a *tender* one!"

"Oh la!" "What nonsense!" "Just hold your tongue!" cum multis aliis ejusdem naturæ, were the only answers that I could get.

So I gave up the question in disgust, and could do nothing better than wonder into what Hottentot society my evil star had led me.

As the evening wore on, I noticed that a certain figetty restlessness took possession of the seven Miss Joneses, and the four Miss Prices, and the five Miss Smithses, and I noticed many a fair countenance droop, and many a bright pair of eyes look as if *listening*, as they were turned toward the door.

Nine o'clock struck. This is very late in country parlance.

"He will not come now!" sighed Matilda Price.

"I wonder who has called him out," said Charlotte Smith, with something like a tear in her hazel eyes.

"Thompson's wife is ill, you know," said Bessy, in an encouraging manner.

"And Johnson's boy has broken his leg," added Jane Price.

"Williamson's baby has the measles," said Sarah Jones.

"And Miss Seymour was not at church last Sunday!" whispered her sister Fanny.

"Oh! that odious Miss Seymour!" "He has gone there!" "How can he like her?" "He doesn't!" "What an artful girl she is!" "And so ugly!" burst forth from them all, as with one accord; having received the idea of this mysterious "He's" attendance on Miss Seymour, the no less mysterious she, they seemed to lose all hope, and dispersed themselves about the room in the most melancholy disorder possible.

Gaiety was at an end. Commerce and three-card loo were successively proposed and played at; but I, though I am not, according to report, wholly disagreeable to some of the finest women in London, though I "joined banks," and paid compliments, and even pressed sundry fat hands (by accident), even *I* could scarcely win a smile from those downcast eyes.

Ten o'clock struck, half-past chimed, and the Prices and Joneses, having discussed the sandwiches, tarts, and apples prepared for them, rose up to cloak and bonnet.

"You have had a very stupid evening, but it was not our fault; he said he would come!" said Bessy to the young ladies on parting.

"Oh no! very nice—enjoyed ourselves very much!" were the replies, given in tones that seemed as if sobs were not far off, and with eyes all but overflowing.

But the Smithses shook their heads, and expressed a belief that "they knew better."

The next morning at about ten o'clock, having breakfasted at eight, my cousins proposed a walk on the common. "There was such a fine view!"

I could not help remarking that a certain glance—I can hardly call it sly, but the twin sister of sly—passed between them as they thus arranged the promenade; and I must have been blind not to have seen the extraordinary bustle and fuss, and speed which they made, about getting ready and starting. And I must have been deaf, too, if I had not heard many a "shall we meet him?" whispered from one to the other. But I made no remark, but quietly mounted my hat, drew on my gloves, and offered my arm to two of my fair cousins, taking care that the pretty Charlotte was one of my supporters.

We passed through the village. As I said before, this was a long, narrow, dirty lane, bordered on each side by a row of small hovels rather than cottages. The two most decent-looking houses, excepting those belonging to the three families, of whom I have spoken so much, were two inns, of rather more respectable character than the host of low ale-houses, which were scattered about in every direction. The gardens of the pretty cottages ornés of my delicate idea, were pig-styes and refuse heaps; the children were dirty, neglected, unkempt, and unwashed; the women were in linsey-woolsey petticoats and short cotton jackets, called "bed-gowns," not spoiled by over cleanliness, and coarse, bold, and dirty; the men were their fit mates, many smoking, and more half-tipsy even at that early hour, as they lounged idly about, exchanging coarse jokes with the women.

So far is reality from romance ! And this is not an exaggerated picture, the *extreme* country villages in Cumberland are one and all faithful likenesses of this copy.

In this High-street (!) were pigs, donkeys, geese, dogs, and children, all mixed up in one unordered mass of filth ; the one grunted, the other brayed, the rest hissed, barked, and cried, as we passed. The women stared, and pointed at "t' stranger," while they wondered "for which o' t' young ladies he was ;" and the men gaped as I handed my fair companions over the wide stepping-stones, which were our only means of transit across a dirty stream. Happily this did not last for ever. Soon we were on the fine open common, where the air blew fresh and keen, and seemed to invigorate even my languid blood.

A young man on horseback came riding hastily along. He was a tall, good-looking Goth enough, with black curling hair, and open honest eyes. There was some thing that I liked about him. He had a frank smile, and a good-tempered glance which won almost irresistibly. His horse was well-made, with clean limbs, small head, bright eyes, and springy fetlock. He sat her as gracefully as a drill-sergeant. This unknown was evidently of a different and higher stamp than cousins George or Tom, my young Goliaths, or even than the pretty little Charlotte, and her tribe of female relatives and friends. He raised his hat with an easy air and bowed—though familiarly, still with a gentlemanlike familiarity. With his riding-whip he gently switched my eldest cousin's shoulders, as he inquired after her health. I felt the blood mount in my face—a little.

"Country etiquette !" I thought, and so calmed myself.

Reader, have you ever seen a bed of peonies in full bloom ? Then you have seen the exact counterpart of my five cousins at the moment when this fascinating young gentleman rode up. Such flushed cheeks, such sparkling eyes, such giggling lips, I had never looked on since the first hour I had "come out !" What is it all about ?

"You naughty creature !" cried Bessy.

"Oh ! for shame, Doctor Harding !" said Mary.

"Why didn't you come last night ?" asked Emma, Maria, and Charlotte, in a breath.

"I was engaged !" laughed the young village doctor, and on his cheeks too, burnt a sudden flush.

Was a blushing fever rife at Crays-foot !

"Where ? where ? where ?" they all cried.

"Miss Seymour was indisposed," he answered, looking straight before him, and speaking with evidently forced indifference.

"Oh !" they said significantly. And there was a dead silence for some moments.

"Your first visit, sir ?" asked the young doctor, turning to me as if for relief.

"Yes, it is so," I replied; mentally adding, "and my last !"

"Fine country !" said he.

"Very !" said I, staring fixedly at the wide bleak common, where nothing finer than the gorse-bushes broke the barren prospect.

"Will you come this evening, Doctor Harding ?" said Bessy, imploringly, her heart in her eyes.

"If I have time, I will do so," said the doctor; "but I am very busy just now, and fear that I shall be prevented."

"Oh!" they cried again, more significantly than ever.

"Do come!" urged Charlotte, earnestly.

"If I can—if I can," urged this Adonis of pills, as he galloped away, waving his hand, and laughing.

And for this interview my cousins had dragged me out at ten o'clock across this dreary heath!

A small knoll, or hillock, round which the road wound, soon hid the doctor from our sight, and only the echoes of his horse's hurrying feet remained to cheer the drooping hearts of my listening cousins.

"And he is your only beau?" said I.

"Yes!" said they.

So now I understood it all. Poor things! Five Smithses, seven Joneses, and four Prices—all young, ranging from sixteen upwards; all pretty, or approaching prettiness so nearly, that the Graces might have laughed at the mistake of calling them their sisters—fresh, full of health and spirits, and only one young village doctor for them all to break their hearts about! Poor things! poor things! No wonder that they are so like a bed of peonies!

But who is Miss Seymour?

We had not gone very far on our road homeward—now the purpose of the walk having been accomplished—when we met a fair and gentle girl. She was plainly, nay, almost poorly dressed; yet she had that undefinable air of elegance which of itself bespeaks the gentlewoman. Her coarse straw-hat, her common stuff-gown and plaid shawl, were not indications of much wealth; but oh! what a mine of truest wealth lay hidden in those large, earnest, dove-like eyes, what riches did that high pure forehead contain, what treasures of the heart and soul that tender, loving smile! Like a bright angel from some starry planet she appeared before me; refreshing to my heart like water to the traveller in the desert, after the arid waste through which I had passed. She was so pure and intellectual! so pale and delicate! so unlike the plump, rosy, mindless prettiness by which I was surrounded.

I think I was half in love.

My cousins bridled, bowed, and hurried on. The stranger bent her sweet head with a patient soft smile, in which there was a glance almost of pity.

"Who is she?"

"That odious Miss Seymour."

"And who is Miss Seymour?"

"A proud, horrid girl; the daughter of a deceased naval officer; she lives with her mother; poor, and is so proud! You can't think how haughty she is! and she flirts *so* with Doctor Harding. Oh! she's evidently trying to catch him!"

It was now my turn to say "Oh!" significantly.

Pressing letters of business the next day demanded my instant return to town. I certainly did receive two letters, one from Laura S—telling me of Lady Mary Wren's musical party, and one from Richard Brown telling me that Tom Noakes and Jack Styles had had a quarrel at the club.

As I was preparing to step into the chaise, the village church bells

began to peel, the children to run, the men to gape, and the women to chatter and congregate. I ran, too, for sympathetic curiosity, as my cousins scampered to the large gates, and, opening them, looked into the High-street.

"Help! help! Bessy is fainting; Charlotte is crying; Maria, Emma, and Mary are all in hysterics!"

"What on earth is the matter with the girls?"

All the Joneses and all the Prices now came flocking to the garden. In a dreadful state of startled trepidation and panting dismay were they!

"Oh!" they cried in one breath, "have you heard the horrid news?"

And the answers of my cousins were tears.

What was the news? and why did they weep? Why? Is not Doctor Harding walking down the church-yard with Miss Seymour, clothed in white, leaning on his arm, and perseveringly looking down at her feet?

So no wonder my cousins cried, and the other young ladies screeched.

"Poor things! poor things!" I said, as the horses dashed away with me. "Well! youth will be young, and nature will be natural, in spite of fathers, and mothers, and wise saws, and artificial restraints, and false moralities! And in a remote country village, where neither interest, amusement, occupation, nor object, beguiles the weary hours, it is only according to this nature of youth, that sixteen unmarried girls should one and all fall in love with their only beau—the faithless VILLAGE DOCTOR!"

A MADMAN'S STORY.

BY ARNHELDT WEAVER.

THIS cell has not always been my abode. I once laughed and leapt beneath the blue dome of Heaven. I once revelled with the best of them. My taste then set the fashion. I was the prevailing authority. The new poem succeeded if I praised it. The new play was inevitably damned if I denied it my approbation.

I have lost the reckoning of days, and months, and years. It seems a century since they first confined me here. I cannot count the summers and winters I have known here; I preserved their number for a long time, but during a brief but severe illness that must have happened years ago, I lost the stick on which I had notched them with a rusty nail I discovered in my cell, and it seems to me that I have dreamt ever since, for time has played wild pranks, as if *he*, too, took delight to sport with my diseased intellect.

They have granted me, for their own purposes undoubtedly, the use of pen, ink, and paper, and the resident surgeon assures me, that what I now write will be published to the world. I am glad of it. I will indite an episode in my life which may possibly attract public curiosity towards myself, and beget sympathy for my wretched condition.

When I was in the world, I know not how many years have since elapsed,

but George the Fourth was on the throne, and he must have died ages ago, I displayed a dual character. One while I was the retired student, making companions in my lone study of the world's chiefest sages, exploring nature in her secret depths, and riving treasures from her reluctant bosom. At other times I was a rollicking blade, an adept in all mischief, and the very idol of the female sex.

But let me be precise.

It was on the 12th of January—I remember the month and the day, but the Anno Domini has escaped my recollection. The Great Unknown, as he was called, was writing his novels; Byron, too, was just dead, that is all I am certain of. Perhaps both these authors are no longer read, perhaps they will be as enduring as time—I do not know. It was on the 12th of January, however, that I found myself the inheritor of a large fortune. My memory must wonderfully have failed me, since I cannot remember how I came by it, some relation was deceased, I know not whom. I cannot recollect the amount of my income, only that it was very large, and that I was universally considered the happiest of men.

But I was any thing but happy. I was the most miserable of the human race. I loved devotedly, and my passion was met unrequited.

The object of my love was very beautiful—oh God! she was angelic. I never saw a face which in the least approached hers in loveliness. Nature—does not Ariosto use the prettiness—broke the mould in which her features were cast.

I loved this woman better than my life.

I had no other life but in constant waking thought, and nightly dream of *her*. She was all my world. And she hated me in return, and her hatred drove me —.

No, not MAD. I am sane as the coolest and wisest of my brethren. But her dislike affected my health, I neglected my person. My friends wondered and whispered. I overheard their remarks hissing through their closed teeth, and from that moment I shunned them.

Once more, let me be precise. The lady of my love married. Her husband was a frigid, worldly individual, whose blood flowed sluggishly through his veins. He was young, and expected a large fortune, larger even than mine, at his father's death. His father died, and, marvel of marvels, was found to be insolvent. For his lethargic son, bred to no pursuit, there was not a doit. I sent them money through a channel unknown to her. She might have guessed the source from whence flowed the unfailing stream of gold that supplied daily comforts for herself and husband. She might not. I do not know. Of this only I am certain of, that for four years they subsisted upon the resources with which I furnished them. At length one day she presented herself before me.

I shall never forget it. They *say* I am mad, but I can recall every incident of this eventful epoch of my life, as vividly as if it were graven with pen of iron on impenetrable tablets. She, the wife of another, presented herself at my feet to implore pardon for the wrong she had done me, for the contumely she had heaped upon me.

I raised her and embraced her. At that moment the door was burst open, and her husband, accompanied by two of his friends, entered the room. It was a plot arranged between them. *She* was a betrayer. An action was brought, and the damages and legal expenses deprived me of half my fortune. Even my former benefits were turned against me. No

one believed my Quixotic generosity. From that period I grew careless, and even desperate. I plunged into wild speculations, and I soon found myself a ruined man. Now, if it please you, I *was* mad. Almost destitute myself, I married a young creature whose parents were just dead, and who, hitherto, had been bred in the very lap of luxury. I had some talent, but it was not of an available kind. I was not qualified for either trade or profession. I had no expectancy—no means of living, and yet I married a young, delicate girl, penniless herself—yes, I *was* mad, indeed.

From this date misery became my housemate, my bread, it was soon literally bread, was steeped in tears. Yet she, angel as she was, upheld and cheered me—never repining, never giving utterance to a single complaint. Gracious power how it became me to have cherished her! But I did not, I did not, I ill-used her.

Yet she never complained.

Chill penury smote us. I worked as a menial, but could obtain only a scant subsistence. An infant came to add to our care. My poor wife sickened, but she did not die. Grief is strong, but devoted affection and maternal love are stronger still.

I know not whence came the wicked whisper that prompted me to steal, but the suggestion grew to be ever present with me. Some demon must have urged me on. Aye, I will tell you what demon it was. The same that haunts the footsteps of men whose faces are haggard and whose eyes are bloodshot—on whose menial condition society sets the seal of scorn—who work for inadequate wages—who behold wives and children starving on insufficient food. There are frightful demons laying wait in such men's paths. Heaven send they may soon be exorcised!

I yielded to the wrongful impulse. I can scarcely recollect what I stole. I was hired to convey a package to a coach-office. I remember that it was heavy, and unless my memory has altogether proved treacherous, it was a bale of linen. I have said that I worked as a menial—I, who was once the fashion, had become a ticket-porter. Better that than be dishonest, but I was dishonest notwithstanding.

Better I had died.

But I must go on. I was detected, and committed to prison. The judge was lenient. I had formerly known that judge, and had paid a hundred guineas for a dinner at Long's, of which he had partaken. He sentenced me only to a month's imprisonment. When my brief term of confinement was expired, he sent me a bank-note for fifty pounds, and he had succoured my wife and child in the meantime. I fell upon my knees and returned thanks to Heaven.

My affairs now took a better turn. Touched by my misfortunes, some of my wife's friends set a-foot, among themselves and connexions, a subscription to get us a passage to America. I refused to go; I was incensed at the thought of expatriation; I persisted in clinging to the soil that gave me birth. "The stars are everywhere," said a friend, endeavouring to unhinge my determination. "Yes," I replied, "and the sun, and moon, and the green, rejoicing earth also, but I love England and its metropolis—I will abide in London."

Oh that I had consented to exile, that I had planted my foot in swamp or savannah, that I had scorched myself to fever beneath the fiery sky of the torrid zone! *There* I should at this moment have been at liberty, and have escaped the consequences of a fearful crime.

When a man has once committed a great fault, there is no redemption for him; no security will be accepted for his subsequent good conduct; no pardon will be extended to him.

From this epoch I was a marked man. Good conduct would avail me nothing. I had no further right to character.

Yet I might have been redeemed.

I might—I might—I feel it here in my heart of hearts. I know that my nature was not destitute of good. If they had but have trusted me! They did otherwise, and I went from bad to worse.

I remember that when evil thoughts assailed me at that time, that an influence, begotten of my old studies, sought to win me back. I had been a student—I had “unsphered the spirit of Plato.” My lamp had shone at midnight hour—aye, and till it was eclipsed by the dawning daylight—when I was a youthful and ardent seeker after knowledge. And those nights returned upon me now, and the spirits that I had questioned, came in crowds—in crowds, and with piteous solicitations endeavoured to turn me from the path of guilt. My old college days—my old college friends—my old college hopes and aspirations—all came back, and gathered round me, and would not leave me, but pursued me through thronged thoroughfares, and where men stood with money-getting faces, and where the sons of mirth and drunkenness laughed and quaffed from morn to noon, and noon to dew-descending night. For whole weeks they left me never, but attended me whither I went, and still followed me on and on.

They soon quitted me in despair.

For I cast the benign influence behind me, and plunged yet deeper in guilt.

A woman had crossed my path. I knew her immediately: how could I forget her—the author of all my misery? Amidst the throng in Cheapside I gazed upon her unnoticed. Her husband had prospered upon the legal damages of which he had defrauded me. He was a great man now, and society caressed him and cherished him. Already an alderman, it was said he would soon be lord mayor. Oh! I knew better than that, for the devil again whispered in my ear.

I laid my plan. I ascertained that the man I hated went at a certain hour to attend a meeting. I rushed home, and took from my poor wife the last wreck of her finery. I pledged it; and with the money procured by that means, purchased an old horse-pistol. I laid wait for the alderman, and fired into his carriage. Ha! ha! my aim was unerring—the ball went through his heart. They seized me on the spot. I was tried, and—oh! Justice, how wert thou cheated! I was saved from the halter on the ground of insanity.

Since that time, I have dwelt here.

Since that time, I have grown old. White hairs cover my temples, and death comes not. Sometimes I feel that I shall never die.

I lie awake on moonlight nights, and wonder where my wife is!—where my children! I see them here at times; but I know I am deceived by phantoms. Yet, I feel that they, the issue of my body, and she, my helpmate, are not dead, but breathe and live without these walls.

A "PASSAGE OF ARMS" AT LEON.

FROM HISTORICAL SOURCES.

ON the 1st of January, 1424, and at one o'clock in the morning, John II. of Castile and his court were at Medina del Campo, celebrating one of those festivals which were so common in his reign—a reign celebrated for luxury, gallantry, and magnificence, as well as for the frequent rebellions by which it was disturbed. In a large hall, in the king's most ancient castle, decorated with all the splendour of the epoch, and illuminated with a thousand lights, the principal courtiers and ladies of the kingdom were dancing. The king sat on a richly gilded chair, in the company of his queen, Dona Maria, his son, the Prince Don Enrique, and the Constable Don Alvaro de Luna, admiring the grace and gallantry of those who took part in the ball, and occasionally withdrawing his attention from them to read some verses which Don Inigo Lopez de Mendoza (afterwards Marquis of Santillana) had recently composed, and had just presented to him. Don Juan, who took great delight in works of genius, highly commended the productions of the celebrated poet, and presently showed them to the persons around him.

The dancing had stopped, when ten knights of gallant appearance, and all clothed in white, made their appearance. The whole company were much astonished at the sight of these unexpected guests, but regarding them with greater attention, they soon recognised in the foremost of the party, Suero de Quinones, one of the principal knights of the constable's house, and in the others, gentlemen of known nobility and valour. The colour of their arms, and the right courteous air with which they presented themselves, gave no room for a suspicion that they came to interrupt the festival. Indeed the opinion rather was, that this apparition indicated some adventure that would cause fresh diversion.

Don Suero approached the king with the most humble air of reverence, and kissed his hand, craving pardon for the intrusion. A herald who accompanied him, then presented the following petition :—

"It is but just, that those who are in prison should desire to receive their liberty, and as I have been long prisoner to a very beautiful and honourable lady, in testimony whereof I wear this chain on my neck every Thursday, I vow, by the name of Saint Jago (James), that I have devised a plan for my ransom. This ransom shall consist of 300 lances, broken by me, and these knights who attend me. We purpose to break three with any knight and gentleman, who shall come to the place appointed, reckoning a lance broken every time blood is drawn. The contest shall commence fifteen days before the festival of Saint Jago the Apostle, shall last fifteen days after, unless my ransom is completed in a shorter time, and shall take place to the right of the road, where persons ordinarily go on their pilgrimage to the Sepulchre of Saint Jago. I, therefore, give notice to all the knights and gentlemen who may come to the spot, that they will find accoutrements, horses, arms, and such lances, that any one may venture to use them without fear of their breaking with a slight shock. I also give notice to all ladies of honour, that if any one of them shall repair to the place, without taking a knight who shall em-

ploy arms to her honour, she shall lose the glove on her right hand. All that I have said, is, however, on two conditions, viz., that neither your Majesty nor the most magnificent Constable Don Alvaro de Luna shall take part in the contest."

The king, who perfectly understood all the formalities in cases of the sort, so frequent in his martial and chivalric age, retired from the hall, and held council with the principal knights of his court. Having decided that it was right to grant the petition of Don Suero, and to allow him to free himself from his captivity, they all returned to the ball-room, and this proclamation was made: "Let all the knights and gentlemen of our most noble lord the king be aware, that his majesty gives leave to this knight to carry out his intention in the manner described." After this, Don Suero went to one of the knights who were in the hall, and requested him to take off his helmet. He then ascended the steps of the dais where the kings used to sit, and addressed him as follows:—

"Mighty lord, I thank your majesty right heartily for granting me a favour so necessary to my honour, and I hope to God, that I shall serve your majesty as those to whom I owe my being served the puissant sovereigns from whom your majesty has descended."

Having thus spoken, Don Suero made a profound reverence to the king, and returned to his companions to disarm himself, and put on an attire suitable for the ball. The rest of the night was passed in dancing, and when this was over, Don Suero caused to be read the conditions of the tournament, which was to take place in six months, and to be proclaimed in as many nations of Christendom as possible, in order that all the Spanish and foreign knights who pleased might distinguish themselves by their prowess.

Five leagues from the city of Leon, and on the road to Santiago, is an ancient bridge, built across the river Orvigo, which serves to connect the villages of Lapuente and Hospital. The former of these is named from the bridge itself, and the latter from a very old temple which it contains, and which belongs to the Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem. The banks of the river, especially the right one, are very shady, and on one side of the road is a pleasant forest. This was the spot selected by Don Suero for his purpose. In the midst of it was a spacious plain, for the lists and tents, and while the heralds went among the different people of Christendom, proclaiming the conditions of the "passage," and inviting the most renowned knights, numerous workmen were employed here in making preparations for the tournament. As many as 300 cars, drawn by oxen, were used to convey the wood which was necessary for this purpose, and which was cut down in the mountains of Luna, Ordas, and Val-dellanos—all places situated in the territory of Don Suero's father. The enclosure formed by palings about the height of a lance, was one hundred and forty-six paces long. In the middle of the lists, and carried along the whole length of the enclosure, was a kind of lattice-work formed of strong stakes, which indicated the course the knights were to take. Round about were raised some scaffoldings decorated with the most splendid tapestry. One, by the last entrance, was for Don Suero and his companions, that they might look upon the tournament when they did not fight. The two beyond were for foreign knights, who might come to do feats of arms, and in the centre were two others for

the judges, heralds, trumpeters, and scriveners, who took note of whatever occurred. The remaining two were reserved for persons of great distinction, who might honour the tournament with their presence. At each end of the lists was a door for the entrance of the knights, decorated with the arms of Don Suero de Quinones.

By the side were set up twenty tents where the knights might rest themselves, and as many persons as were necessary for the maintenance of good order and due solemnity might be assembled—not forgetting the leeches, armourers, tailors, and carpenters, whose assistance was indispensable, considering the various mishaps that were likely to arise from such perilous sport. Near the entrances were two other tents for the knights to arm themselves, and in the midst of all was a large room constructed of wood, and covered with French cloth and other valuable stuffs. In this were placed two tables, one for Don Suero and the knights who came to combat in the lists, and the other for those who came as mere spectators. Don Suero, as head of the tournament, entertained all the visitors in the most splendid manner, and lodged them both in the tents and in the neighbouring villages, all of which are situated in his father's territory. To show the way to the place where the tournament was held, a marble statue, which pointed to an inscription, and which was made by Nicolao, a celebrated artist, was set up on the road.

At break of day, on Sunday the 11th of April—fifteen days before the festival of St. Jago the Apostle—was heard the sound of trumpets and other musical instruments, which, while they filled the air with warlike echoes, incited the hearts of the knights, and inspired them with courage for the tournament. Don Suero appeared on the back of a strong, high-mettled horse, attired in trappings of blue, with gold embroidery, which represented the badge of his servitude, with this device, "Il faut deliver." Over his glittering armour, of which only the arm-pieces and greaves were visible, he wore a padding of green velvet with a brocade tunic; his hose were of Italian cloth, and the elegant hat adorned with various-coloured feathers, was of the same material. In his right hand he carried a naked sword, and on his right shoulder a motto, worked in blue letters, which said :

"Si a vous ne plait d'avoir mestre,
Certes je dis
Qui je suis
Sans venture."

Behind Don Suero rode three pages, in whose dresses, as well as the trappings of their steeds, rich damasks, valuable skins, plates of gold, and indeed all that the luxury of the period could afford might be observed. The middle one was rendered conspicuous by a helmet from which rose a tree with green leaves and gilt apples, round which a serpent was twining, while above stood a sword, with this inscription, "Le vrai ami." This page bore Don Suero's lance, while the other two carried his shield and helmet. In front of him rode his nine companions, who were all of the first rank, some being of royal descent, and greatly distinguished for their achievements in the field. Their hose and paddings were of fine cloth, their tunics blue, bordered with gold, with the same device as Don Suero's, and their horses were caparisoned in the

same manner. They were all preceded by a car drawn by two beautiful horses, within which were carried the three hundred lances, covered with a piece of velvet embroidered with flowers, while a dwarf, who guided the vehicle, sat upon the top.

At last the trumpets of the king-at-arms and the knights were heard to sound, together with kettle-drums and other Moorish instruments, which had been brought by Pedro Barba, the judge of the tournament. The other knights who had merely come to witness the spectacle, and among whom were the sons of Don Alvaro de Luna, and some of the noblest by birth in Castile, were magnificently attired, and to show due honour to Don Suero, held the reins of his horse. The procession went twice round the enclosure, and at length stopped before the judges, when Don Suero required them to award to every combatant his just share of honour, without being influenced by private friendship or respect to persons. The judges formally agreed, and added some new conditions to those already published by Don Suero, when the son of the Count de Benevente raised his voice and requested Don Suero to allow him to take his place, in case any accident should prevent him from finishing the tournament in person. Many other knights made the same request, but the *mantenedores** of the tournament setting forth their own rights, it was determined that they alone should enter the lists, and that those who remained unhurt, should prosecute their fortune, taking the place of their wounded companions, without the assistance of the other knights. This ceremony being completed, they went to a grand feast, and all prepared for the encounters of the following day.

The eventful morning arrived, and the first of the *mantenedores* who had to enter the lists, was Don Suero de Quiñones, which he did, to the sound of the musical instruments, delighting all who saw him by his gallant demeanour. A German knight, named Arnold, presented himself on the opposite side. The judges examined the arms of both parties, and finding them equal, returned them as approved, taking note of the fact that Arnold's horse was stronger than Suero's. They then commanded the king-at-arms and a herald to make proclamation, that whatever should happen to any of the knights, no one should give any sign to him under pain of losing his tongue or his hand. The penalty was no vain menace, for a squire, who some time before had failed to comply with this regulation, seeing his lord in danger, was thought to have made a fortunate escape, when the judges, softened by the entreaties of some highly honourable gentlemen, commuted the punishment into one less painful, but more degrading. When the proclamation was ended, and the German's right spur, which (according to the custom adopted with regard to the *conquistadores*) had been hanging up by the judge's platform, had been returned, the music sounded to the charge, and the king-at-arms and the herald gave the signal, by exclaiming aloud:—"Legeres aller, legeres aller, et fair son dever." The two champions, pointing their lances, rushed like lightning to the encounter. Suero struck the German on the shoulder, laid bare his right arm, and broke his lance. Arnold did not break his, but took off a piece of armour from his adversary's left arm, receiving such a severe shock that he nearly fell to the ground. They then ran again several times, making in all five

* The *mantenedores* are Don Suero and his friends as defenders in the tournament. The others, or the attacking party, are the *conquistadores*.

encounters, in the course of which Suero broke one lance more, and Arnold one also. Having thus broken three lances, according to the conditions of the tournament, the two warriors approached the judges, who told them that their duty was completed, and ordered them to quit the lists. Suero invited the German to supper, and they departed to their lodging, accompanied by music. It would be tedious to enumerate the knights of all nations who came to acquire glory at this tournament. They were sixty-eight in number, and all of great valour and might. In the thirty days, during which the tournament continued, 742 encounters took place, and 166 lances were broken, the number of 300 not being attained, for want of a sufficient number of *conquistadores*. In these encounters the greatest variety ensued. Sometimes a gentleman would come to the spot, who had not been dubbed a knight, and would request this honour at the hands of Don Suero, who, taking him to the entrance of the list, would administer the oath, and dub him accordingly. Immediately, on receiving the honour, the new-made knight would mount on his horse, and, entering the lists, would show to Don Suero that he was worthy of the order he had entered. Sometimes a lady, on her pilgrimage to Santiago, would stop at the place, and give up the glove of her right hand, which was suspended to the judge's platform, until some knight redeemed it, by breaking three lances, as prescribed. The glove was sure to be recovered in a short time, and the lady would pursue her journey. On one occasion Don Suero, having laid it down as a condition that three knights should be allowed to fight, each omitting one piece of his armour, rode into the lists, short of three pieces, and stating that he combined three knights in himself alone, offered to fight with three others. This was on the eve of the festival of St. Jago, and was intended as a mark of honour to the saint. The judges would not allow him to expose himself to such danger, and even ordered him to be confined in his tent for having broken his own regulations. The encounters which took place, had not always a fortunate result. There were some heavy falls, many terrible wounds, and one knight died in consequence of being pierced by a lance; Don Suero himself had his right hand dislocated.

Thus passed the thirty appointed days, and on the evening of the last, when the jousting was over, the judges ordered the musical instruments to give a joyous sound, to signify the honourable termination of this famous tournament. They then returned the spears of those knights who had not been able to enter the lists, thanking them for their good intentions, and telling them that their honour had received no stain, since it was not themselves, but a want of time, that had hindered them from engaging. Then Don Suero de Quiñones, as the chief of the tournament, followed by his companions, and with the same train, as on the first day, rode through the lists, and stopping before the judges, said aloud:—

"My honourable lords, it is well known to you that I presented myself to you thirty days ago, with the knights and gentlemen who are now present, and that I came here to free myself from the captivity in which I had been placed by a very virtuous lady, and as a sign of which I wear a chain about my neck every Thursday. And now, my lords, thinking that I have fulfilled all my conditions, I request that you will authorise me to remove this chain from my neck in testimony of my deliverance."

The judges replied:—

“Valiant knight, we have witnessed your prowess, and it appears just to us, that we should declare your ransom fully paid. We therefore order the king-at-arms and the herald to take off the chain.”

Upon this the parties designated came down from the platform, and, in the presence of the notaries, took the collar from the neck of Don Suero. His liberty being thus attained, the other knights, who had assisted at the tournament, requested a testimonial as a badge of honour to their families. This request was readily granted by the judges.

After one day more spent in feasting, the whole party returned to the city of Leon.

A DREAM OF THE PAST.

BY J. L. FORREST, ESQ.

THERE's a joy for the young,
There's a dream for the old,
Far brighter than sunlight
Can ever unfold.
There's a bloom in the heart,
Where bright hopes are amass'd,
As it revels in joy
O'er a Dream of the Past!

There's a vision that lights
On the mind's inward sight,
As moonbeams fall gently
When gathers the night;
And its radiance, like starlight,
Though the sky be o'ercast,
Is the light of the soul,
When it dreams on the Past!

There is hope for the mourner,
As life wears away,
For the scenes of the Past
May be present to-day.
Though the heart may be seared
By Adversity's blast,
Yet there's joy in the soul
As it dreams of the Past!

For oft when the coldness
Of friendship we mourn,
To the friend of our youth
We all trustfully turn;
When the smile on our soul,
Though too fleeting to last,
Is a smile of our youth—
'Tis a Dream of the Past!

Youth points to the Future,
And Hope cheers him now,
For the Rainbow of Promise
Encircles his brow.
Age turns to the dial,
As Time fleeteth fast,
But he points with a smile
As he dreams of the Past!

The Poet regards not
The Present's acclaim:
He looks to the Future
For praise and for fame;
Yet his heart, while it throbs,
And hopes on to the last,
Is cheer'd by one thought—
'Tis a Dream of the Past!

THE MUSICIAN AND THE MAGPIE.

CHAP. I.—SOME ACCOUNT OF THE MARSEILLES SHOOTING-BOXES.

THERE exists at Marseilles an ancient and solemn tradition of an annual migratory flight of wild pigeons. Every male inhabitant of that venerable seaport town having preserved, with his ancient municipal privileges, the right of carrying a gun, is also a sportsman. In the north, a country of activity, the sportsman goes after his game: in the south, a land of indolence, the sportsman waits till the game comes to him. Hence this fabulous tradition of a migratory flight of wild pigeons. Every Marseillaise sportsman has, further, his private shooting-box. This is a hole dug in the earth, and covered by dead branches and leaves. Close by there are two or more pine trees, the most elevated twigs of which are carefully bared of their leaves. On Sunday mornings the Marseillaise sportsman goes and places himself in his hole, his head covered with a cap of faded green, which marries well with the colour of the dead branches. If he is a Sybarite, he places a stool at the bottom of the hole to sit upon, if he is a zealous sportsman, he simply kneels down. In both cases he waits with patience. But it may be asked, what does he wait for? Generally speaking, the Marseillaise sportsman waits for thrushes, blackbirds, ortolans, becfigues, robin red-breasts, or any other game, for his ambition has never extended to a quail. As to a partridge, it is as a phoenix to him, he believes in it because he has heard speak of it; and as for a hare, that is believed at Marseilles to be a fabulous animal, allied to the unicorn.

But as thrushes, blackbirds, and robin red-breasts, could have no motives of their own for perching on the top of the pines, the Marseillaise sportsman is accompanied by a boy, who carries various cages, by means of which, specimens of the birds above-mentioned, are hung upon the lower branches of said pine-trees, and this induces the unfortunate birds, deceived by their chirping, to alight upon the bare twigs above. It must be acknowledged, however, that this happens very rarely. It is then that the sportsman's turn comes. If he is skilful, he kills the visiter; if he is unskilful, he misses him. The Marseillaise sportsman is, generally speaking, unskilful. The calculation is as follows. The sportsman goes every eight days to his post. One day out of eight one bird alights upon the top of the pine-tree. Out of eight birds one is killed. Thus, including purchase of gun, purchase of land for shooting-box, purchase of birds, and keeping the box in order, every robin red-breast or other game bird, costs five or six hundred francs.

In extraordinary times, that is to say, at the time of the flight of pigeons, the Marseillaise sportsman takes with him only one tame pigeon, which he ties to an upright twig at the top of the tree, so that it cannot rest, but must be continually flying. This is meant to attract portions of the great flights that are about to pass on their way from Africa to Siberia. At the lapse of four Sundays, the pigeon dies from want of rest. But as the migration of pigeons lasts three months, that is to say from the 1st of October to the end of December, the sportsman requires two more pigeons for the season. The sportsman waits patiently the lapse of this long migratory period, yet in the memory of the oldest Marseillaise Nimrod, no one ever saw a pigeon go by. That does not prevent his relying upon so authentic and solemn a tradition.

All these explanations were given to me in the ascent of Notre Dame de la Garde. Marseilles and its environs are visible from its heights, and

upon a space of about a square league, I counted one hundred and fifty shooting-boxes. I asked my companion and informant if he could introduce me to one of these sportsmen, he appeared to me to be of a particular species, and well worthy of a separate study. Mery promised me that I should be gratified that very evening.

On parting, we agreed to meet at the theatre ; after the play we were to sup at Sybillot's. Mery was to order the supper, and to invite a sportsman. I was at the theatre at the time appointed, Mery joined me soon afterwards. I asked him if he had found a sportsman ?

" Oh, yes ; a celebrated one," was the answer.

" Where is he?"

" There, in the orchestra—the fourth violoncello."

" Why, he does not look like a sportsman."

" Is he not, though; stop till you hear him."

The Semiramide over, Mery made a signal to the fourth bass, who answered it, that he would take home his instrument, and be with us in five minutes. And true to his signal, we had scarcely arrived at Sybillot's than the sportsman joined us.

It appears that the act of moving one hand horizontally and the other perpendicularly, is favourable to the appetite, for M. Louet, the fourth bass, scarcely spoke a word during supper, but that important object discussed, and a bowl of punch having been placed, smoking, on the table, the musician threw himself back in his chair, looked at us as if he now saw us for the first time, and smiled benevolently.

" M. Louet, take a cigar?" said M. Mery.

" Thank you, my illustrious poet, I do not smoke. I have remained faithful to the snuff-box, will you pinch, sir?"

" Thank you, your snuff is super-excellent, M. Louet."

" It is a secret mixture, the receipt for which was given to me by a cardinal at Rome."

" You have been to Rome, M. Louet, have you?" I asked, inquiringly.

" Yes, sir ; I lived there for nineteen or twenty years, that was one of my shooting expeditions."

" Is it possible? Would you be kind enough to relate the circumstances?"

CHAP. II.—HOW M. LOUET, THE MUSICAL SPORTSMAN, PURSUED A MAGPIE.

" CERTAINLY, if you wish it. It was a very remarkable shooting expedition. You must know, gentlemen, that it was in 1810 or 1811, at the time that the French held the greater part of Italy, but that the English fleet kept its coasts in a state of close blockade ; I was about thirty-five years of age. It was at the season of the passage of the pigeons."

" Hum!" interrupted Mery.

" Yes, sir," continued M. Louet, visibly annoyed, " at the time of the passage of the pigeons. I read about them the other day in Cooper's 'Pioneers.'"

" Yes, but that is in America," said Mery.

" Well, and if they pass in America, why should they not pass at Marseilles. The ships that go from Alexandria and Constantinople to America pass by Marseilles ; why should not the pigeons?"

" True, true," replied Mery, " I never thought of that before. I will not question the point again."

" Oh! discussion is open to all. Well, gentlemen, I had repaired to

my shooting-station before daybreak. My pigeon was up, beating the air like a mad-cap, when I saw something by starlight that was perched upon my pine. Unfortunately, it was so dark that I could not tell if it were a bird or a bat; so I remained quiet, and waited—the object did the same. By the first beams of the rising sun, I saw that it was a bird. I brought the barrel of my gun cautiously to bear upon it. When I had taken careful aim, I pulled the trigger. Sir, I had had the imprudence not to discharge my gun; it had been loaded since the previous night, and made long fire. No matter, I saw by the manner in which the bird flew away that it was hit, so I watched it till it stopped. When I turned round to look at the station, I found that, strange to say, I had cut the string by which the pigeon was fastened, and that it had flown away. So finding that I could have no sport that day at my shooting-box, I resolved upon giving chase to the magpie—I forgot to tell you, gentlemen, that the bird was a magpie.

“Unluckily, I had no dog; so when I reached the cover where the magpie had descended, the bird ran away and got up behind me, at a time when I thought he was ahead. I turned round on hearing the noise of his wings, and took a flying shot at him. It was a shot thrown away, gentlemen, as you can easily imagine, but I saw some of his feathers fly—he was evidently hit. I did not lose sight of him, and started again in the pursuit. But the bird was now wide awake; he arose out of shot; I fired at him nevertheless; who knows sometimes where a pellet may go! But he took a third flight of about a mile. No matter, I had sworn to have him, so I continued the pursuit. Oh, the rascal! he knew whom he had to do with. He started at fifty paces’ distance, sometimes at sixty; still I always fired. I was like a tiger. If I had hit him, I should have devoured him alive. Nevertheless, I began to get very hungry; but luckily, as I had intended to spend the whole day at my post, I had taken my breakfast and dinner in my game-bag, so I eat as I ran.”

“Excuse me, M. Louet,” I interrupted, “but I perceive another difference between the sportsman of the north and his brother of the south. The former takes out his game-bag empty and brings it home full, the latter takes it out full and brings it home empty.”

“Gentlemen,” continued M. Louet, regardless of the interruption, “it was no longer blood that flowed in my veins, it was vitriol. I passed plains and mountains in the pursuit of my magpie. But the bird was bewitched; it might have been that of Prince Caramalzaman! I left Cassis and La Ciotat to the right; I entered upon the great plain that stretches from Ligne to St. Cyr. I had been fifteen hours on foot, now in one direction, and then in another; for if I had gone on in a straight line I should have been beyond Toulon. My legs were giving way beneath me. As to the magpie, he was nowhere to be seen. At last night was coming on; I had only half-an-hour remaining to overtake the infernal bird. I made a vow to give a silver magpie to Notre Dame de la Garde, if I could catch him. Night kept coming on apace. I gave the magpie one more chance shot; he must have heard the pellets whistling by, for that time he took such a flight that I could not follow him with my eyes, I could only see him disappear in the obscurity in the direction of the village of St. Cyr, so I determined to go and sleep there also. Happily that night the theatre was closed.”

III.—HOW M. LOUET ARRIVED AT THE BLACK EAGLE AND BORROWED
A POINTER.

"I TOOK up my quarters at the hotel of the Black Eagle; I was dying of hunger. The landlord was an old friend of mine. I told him to get supper ready and prepare a bed, and I then gave him the narrative of my chase.

"‘Oh!’ he said, ‘your magpie must be in the heath to the right of the road.’

"‘Exactly so,’ said I, ‘that is where I lost sight of him. Is it moonlight?—I will show you the place.’

"‘Oh, to-morrow morning will do. I will take my dog, and I promise you that we shall find him.’

"‘Well, that will make me pass a good night; I feel quite happy again. I would never have it said in Marseilles that such a pitiful bird had got the better of me.’

"I was determined that nothing should impede my success the ensuing morning; so I unloaded my fowling-piece and washed it. You cannot imagine, gentlemen, how dirty it was. The fact is that I had fired it at least fifty times during the day; and if small shot only vegetated, you might have followed my footsteps from Marseilles to St. Cyr. I then placed the barrels in the corner of the fire-place, so that they might dry, took my supper, went to bed, and slept till five o’clock in the morning, with my fists closed. At that hour my landlord aroused me. As I intended to return to Marseilles by the road by which I came, I had taken the precaution to put the remainder of my supper into my game-bag. My landlord had to supply me with powder and shot; mine was all exhausted. I ought to have seen by the grain that the powder was worthless, but in my anxiety I did not look at it. We started—I, the landlord, and Soliman. His dog was called Soliman—it was an excellent dog. We had scarcely arrived on the heath, than he made a dead point.

"‘There is your magpie,’ said the landlord.

"I rushed forwards, looked over the dog’s nose, and there was really my magpie, three paces distant. I took aim at him.

"‘What are you going to do?’ exclaimed my host; ‘you will blow the bird to atoms, and hurt my dog into the bargain.’

"‘Right,’ I answered, and drew back a few paces. Soliman remained steady as the dog of Cephalus. My host urged him on a little—the magpie rose. I covered it, sir, as never magpie was covered before—I had it at the end of my gun; but powder thrown to the winds, sir; a mere puff; it had not the virtue to kill it, sir!

"‘Well, neighbour,’ said my landlord, ‘if you do no more execution than that, I think the magpie will lead you to Rome!’

"‘To Rome!’ I answered, ‘and what if it should? If it were destined to go to Rome, I would follow it. I have always wished to go to Rome to see the pope. Who can prevent me seeing the pope? Is it you?’

"I was furious, as you may judge. If he had retorted, I think I should have given him the other barrel; but he only said,

"‘Oh, you are free to go where you like: if you wish it, I will leave you my dog; you can bring him back on your return.’

"‘I shall be delighted,’ I answered, and we parted.

"Soliman was instinct personified. He had watched the magpie alight, and he went right away to it; but it was in vain that I looked over his nose, I could not see it. While I was bent double, trying to see it, the

bird flew away. I turned round, and gave it both barrels, sir!—pan! pan! Powder blown away, sir! Soliman looked at me, as much as to say, ‘What does this mean?’. The look of that dog humiliated me! but I answered him as if he could have heard me, ‘It’s nothing, you shall see.’ Sir, you would have thought that he understood me. He went off again; and at the end of ten minutes, he came once more to a dead point—it was the magpie again, sir. I walked up on tip-toe, advanced beyond the dog’s nose, and the bird passed between my legs—actually between my legs, sir! I was too excited to have sufficient command of myself. I fired the first barrel when he was too near, the second when he was too far off. Soliman looked at me with a very droll look, and then turning round, he went away by the road by which he had come! You can understand that if a man had so insulted me, it would have cost his life or mine; but what could I do with an animal that God had not gifted with reason?”

“No,” interrupted the implacable Mery, “not more than to the magpie!”

IV.—HOW M. LOUET PASSED THE NIGHT IN AN ORANGE GROVE.

“THIS insult, and from a dumb animal, too, you can easily imagine only increased my passion. I said to myself, ‘When I have killed the magpie, I will rub it against his nose.’ From that moment the road to Marseilles was forgotten. Step by step I arrived—where do you think, gentlemen? I arrived at Hyères. I had never seen Hyères, but I knew it by its orange groves. I am very fond of oranges; and upon this occasion the ardour of the chase had heated my blood, and I was insatiably thirsty. I accordingly gave up the magpie to all the demons of the air, for I thought that it was enchanted. I had seen it pass beyond the walls of the city, and descend into a garden. I entered into an hotel, and ordered supper, requesting at the same time permission to go and eat oranges in the garden while supper was getting ready, and to place them to my account. I was less tired than the evening before, which shows, sir, that one gets accustomed to the road, and I went at once into the garden. I was in a frenzy of delight: only imagine, nothing but to stretch forth the hand, and gather oranges as large as one’s head. I bit at one of them, as a man of Normandy does at an apple, when, just in the midst of my happiness, I heard ‘Pi, pi, piii, pi!’ It was the whole vocabulary of the magpie, which I now knew off by heart. I doubled myself up, sir—I got a ray of light from the Great Bear, and between me and the constellation, I perceived at the top of a laurel tree, my magpie seated, sir, at fifteen paces’ distance. I stretched out my hand for my gun, but, alas! it was in the corner of the travellers’ room.

“‘Ah! Mr. Magpie,’ I said, as I aimed at him with my fingers, ‘you are lucky. Chatter away—if I had only my gun, I would teach you to chatter.’”

“But why did you not go and fetch your gun?” I inquired.

“I was no such a fool, and let him fly away in the meantime to unknown regions. No, no—I said to myself, ‘I have ordered supper—sooner or later it must be ready—then the landlord will come and fetch me, and I shall tell him to go and bring me my gun.’”

“Certainly,” I said, “it was a profound conception.”

“I accordingly remained, my eyes fixed upon the magpie. He chattered, wagged his tail, and turned it in a rather significant manner

towards me, when suddenly I heard a noise behind. I waved my hand in signal of silence.

“ ‘I beg your pardon, I interrupt you,’ said the landlord.

“ ‘No, no—not at all,’ I answered; ‘look here, in this direction.’

“ ‘Why, yes—a magpie,’ he answered.

“ ‘Hush! go and fetch me a gun.’

“ ‘What for?’

“ ‘To kill that bird—he is my personal enemy.’

“ ‘You cannot fire now, it is too late.’

“ ‘Too late!’

“ ‘Yes; there is a fine of three francs twelve sous, and two days’ imprisonment, for firing a gun within the precincts of the city after vespers.’

“ ‘I will go to prison, and pay the fine, only fetch me my gun.’

“ ‘Oh, indeed, that I may be denounced as your accomplice; no, no, to-morrow it will be daylight.’

“ ‘Well, then I shall go and fetch it myself.’

“ ‘Go, but I promise you that you shall not find the magpie on your return.’

“ ‘What, would you dare to frighten it away?’ I said to the landlord, seizing him by the collar.

“ ‘Prrrouuu!’ called out the landlord. I put my hand upon his mouth.

“ ‘No,’ I said, ‘do not do that, go and bring me my gun, and I promise you upon my word of honour that I will not fire it before matins, at the last bell I pull the trigger, and kill him; look, he is insulting me now!’

“ ‘Honour of a sportsman! No, let us do better than that. Remain here, since it is your pleasure, your supper shall be brought to you, and to-morrow, as the matins ring I will bring your gun.’

“ ‘Landlord, you take advantage of my position. Will you not fetch my gun, once, twice, thrice?’

“ ‘No.’

“ ‘Then bring me my supper, and make as little noise as possible.’

“ ‘Oh, no fear, if he has not gone with all the noise that has been made he will not go now, look, he is going to sleep.’

“ And exactly as he said, sir, the bird, as if he knew that he could not be disturbed till matins, was most composedly putting his head under his wing. My host kept his promise, he brought me my supper; the wine was good, and when I had satisfied my appetite, my eyes closed themselves against my will. I opened them and rubbed them, but it was in vain, sir, they would shut themselves, and I fell asleep.

“ I dreamt that the tree upon which my magpie was sleeping sank into the earth, like the trees at the theatre of Marseilles, so that I could seize my enemy with my open hand. It had such an effect upon me that I awoke. The bird was still at the same place. I did not go to sleep again. I heard it strike two o’clock, three, four o’clock. It was break of day, and my magpie awoke. I was sitting upon thorns. I heard the first bell for matins. I scarcely breathed with anxiety. My landlord kept his word; after the matins he brought the gun. At the moment when he brought the gun, the magpie uttered a shriek and flew away. I climbed up the wall, I could have escalated the steeple of a church. I saw him alight in a field of hemp. The bird, sir, had not breakfasted, it was nature that spoke to him. I jumped down the other side of the wall, after throwing the landlord a crown for his supper, and I advanced into the field of hemp.

I was so intent on my object, that I did not observe a gamekeeper, who came up and seized me by the collar.

"'In the name of the law,' he said, 'you must follow me before the mayor.'

"At this moment the magpie flew away. If it had been a regiment of grenadiers that had opposed me I would have passed through them to follow my magpie. I upset the gamekeeper as I would have done a doll, and hastened away from this inhospitable country.

"Luckily the bird had taken a distant flight, so that I was a long way from my antagonist when I arrived at the place where I had marked him down, but I was so out of breath, that I could never get him at the end of my gun. I said to him 'What is deferred is not lost,' and I continued my pursuit. I marched, sir, all day. This time I had nothing in my game-bag. I feasted upon wild fruits, I drank the water of torrents, the perspiration ran from my forehead, I must have been hideous to contemplate. I arrived upon the borders of a great river without water."

"It must have been the Var," interrupted Mery.

"Precisely so, sir, it was the Var. I crossed it without being aware that I was walking upon foreign soil, but no matter, I saw my magpie jumping along about two hundred paces in front of me upon a land where there was not a bush to hide himself behind. I approached with stealthy steps, aiming at it every ten paces, and he was only three lengths of my gun from me, sir, when a rascally kite that had been for some time back making circles over my head, dropped down like a stone, seized my magpie, and flew away with it.

"I remained annihilated, gentlemen. I now for the first time felt all my pains. My body was covered with wounds inflicted by rocks and thorns. My inside was upset by the horrible refreshment it had had recourse to. I fell down on the borders of a highway; luckily a peasant came by: 'Friend,' said I, 'is there any town or village near here?'

"'Gnor si,' he answered me, '*c'è la città di Nizza, un miglia avanti.*'

"I was in Italy, sir, and did not know a word of Italian, and all this for a miserable magpie."

V.—HOW M. LOUET IMPROVISED A CONCERT AT NICE.

"THERE was no alternative, I got up as well as I could, I leant upon my gun as upon a stick, and was an hour and a half in getting over the mile. I had been sustained by hope, that hope had left me and I now felt all my weakness. At last I got into the town. I asked for the best hotel, a stranger, who spoke French, indicated to me the York Hotel. I ordered a room for one and a supper for four.

"'Monsieur expects three friends?' inquired the waiter.

"'Get the supper ready,' I answered.

"I then put my hand in my pocket to see how much I could dispose of for my supper, for I thought I should never have enough. I drew my hand back, sir, and a cold perspiration bedewed me, I thought that I was going to faint. My pocket had got a hole in it. I had taken three or four five-franc pieces with me, their weight had worn a free passage through my pocket, and I had sown them with my shot on the road from Hyères to Nice. It was in vain that I explored each pocket, not an abolus; I had not wherewith to have payed my passage of the Styx. My supper ordered for four persons came back to my mind, and I felt my hair rising up upon

my head. I rushed to the bell. The waiter thought there was some one strangling me, and hurried up-stairs.

“‘Waiter!’ I said, ‘waiter, have you ordered the supper?’

“‘Yes, sir.’

“‘Countermand it, then! countermand it immediately.’

“‘And monsieur’s friends?’

“‘Oh, they have just called up at the window that they are not hungry.’

“‘But that does not prevent monsieur from supping?’

“‘You understand,’ I said, getting peevish, ‘that if my friends are not hungry I have no right to be hungry myself.’

“‘Monsieur then wants nothing.’

“‘Nothing but to be left alone.’

“The waiter went out with a queer smile playing upon his lips. He either took me for an Englishman or a madman.

“My position was certainly not an agreeable one. My clothes were in tatters. There only remained my gun and a brilliant ring; but the latter was the gift of a much-beloved person, gentlemen, and I would rather have died of hunger than have parted with it. As I could not sup I went to bed, and I was so tired that notwithstanding my appetite and anxiety I went to sleep. I awoke with the hunger of a dog. As I sat up in bed deliberating what to do, I perceived a violoncello in a corner of the room. I uttered an exclamation of joy. It was like the face of an old friend, and there is nothing that makes my ideas come like the sound of the bass.”

“Well, M. Louet,” interrupted Mery, “I am sure that you had scarcely placed the instrument between your legs when ideas came to you by fifties or by thousands!”

“No, sir, it was not precisely the ideas that came to me, but the servants of the hotel, who rushed up in numbers. My situation had passed into the soul of the violoncello. Its sounds were expressive, to the highest degree, of my sufferings. At one moment soft regrets for my native soil, at another the desires of an empty stomach came almost involuntarily from the deep-toned instrument. I heard a murmur of approbation; the sound of clapping of hands reached me. My door opened, and the landlord himself came in. My bow was moving in an ecstasy; I was in the costume of Orpheus, a simple tunic.

“‘I ask your pardon, sir, for the liberty that I take,’ said mine host, ‘but monsieur appears to be a most distinguished instrumentalist.’

“‘I have refused the situation of first violoncello to the Opera of Paris.’

“It was not true, but it was no use letting myself down in a foreign country.

“‘Yet that must have been a good place.’

“‘Ten thousand francs’ salary, and breakfast every day upon cutlets and claret.’

“I could not help it, the cutlets and claret would come out.

“‘I preferred,’ I added, ‘to travel in Italy, the country of the sublime Paësiello and of the divine Cimarosa.’

“I wished to flatter my landlord a little.

“‘And could not monsieur be prevailed to stop in our city?’

“‘What for?’

“‘Why, to give a *soirée*.’

“Sir, this was like a flash of light to me.

“ ‘A *soirée* !’ I replied with a half-sneer, ‘do you think that a town like Nice would meet the expenses ?’ ”

“ ‘How, sir; at this moment we are full of consumptive English. In the York Hotel alone I have fifteen. If monsieur will let me announce the *soirée* and distribute the tickets, I will guarantee him a hundred crowns.’ ”

“ ‘A hundred crowns !’ I could not help exclaiming.

“ ‘It is not much I know, sir, but Nice is neither Paris nor Rome.’ ”

“ ‘It is a charming town, sir, and the York Hotel the best hotel in it. The table is reputed to be excellent. If I give a *soirée* am I to be fed as at the Opera at Paris ?’ ”

“ ‘Fed, sir, and taken care of.’ ”

“ ‘Announce me then, sir.’ ”

“ ‘Your name, if you please ?’ ”

“ ‘M. Louet, come from Marseilles to Nice in the pursuit of a magpie.’ ”

“ ‘But that is not necessary to put in the announcement ?’ ”

“ ‘Yes, sir, it is indispensable, as I am in a shooting-dress, otherwise the public might think that I was wanting in respect.’ ”

“ ‘Well, it shall be as you wish it. I will order up your breakfast at once.’ ”

“ ‘Remember, sir, that I shall judge by this prospectus of your manner of fulfilling your engagements.’ ”

“ ‘You can rely upon me,’ and as he went out I heard him say, ‘a first-rate breakfast for No. 4.’ ”

“ I looked at my door—I was No. 4. I was so overcome with joy that I took the violoncello in my arms and executed a *pas de deux*. As I was reconducting my partner to her place, the waiter came in with the breakfast. I acknowledge that I sat down with a certain degree of avidity. I had not broken my fast for twenty-eight hours. I was swallowing a cup of coffee when the landlord returned.

“ ‘Is monsieur satisfied ?’ he inquired.

“ ‘Perfectly so.’ ”

“ ‘On my side every thing is done, monsieur; the concert is announced.’ ”

“ ‘I will do honour to the announcement, sir. Can you, sir, in the interim, tell me by what means I can best return to Marseilles. I should wish to leave to-morrow.’ ”

“ ‘Yes, sir, there is a brig in the harbour that will sail to-morrow for Toulon. The captain is one of my friends, a real sea-wolf.’ ”

“ ‘Well, I have no objection to go by Toulon, but I have a dread of the sea.’ ”

“ ‘Pooh, the sea is like oil just now.’ ”

“ ‘How long does the voyage last ?’ ”

“ ‘About six hours, a mere trifle.’ ”

“ ‘Well, I will go by the brig.’ ”

“ The concert took place at the time appointed; that is all that my modesty permits me to relate. I received my hundred crowns, and the next morning having given the waiters an air on the violoncello as a remuneration, I embarked on board the brig ‘The Virgin of the Seven Griefs,’ Captain Garnier.

